

THE
POETICAL WORKS
Of the Honourable
Sir Charles Sedley Baronet,
AND HIS
SPEECHES in PARLIAMENTS,
WITH

Large Additions never before made Publick.

Published from the Original MS. by Capt. ATLOFFE,
a near Relation of the Authors.

With a New MISCELANY of Poems by several
of the most *Eminent Hands*.

And a Compleat Collection of all the Remarkable Speeches
in both *Houses of Parliament*: Discovering the Principles
of all *Parties and Factions*; the Conduct of our *Chief Min-
isters*, the Management of Publick Affairs, and the
Maxims of the Government, from the year 1641, to the
Happy Union of *Great Britain*: By several Lords and
Commoners.

V I Z.

The Duke of *Albemarle*,
Earl of *Clarendon*,
Earl of *Bristol*,
Lord *Wharton*,
Earl of *Pembroke*,
Lord *Hollis*,
Lord *Brook*,
Earl of *Essex*,
Earl of *Argile*,
Lord *Melvil*,
Lord *Haversham*,
Lord *Belhaven*, &c.

Algernoon Sidney Esq;
Mr. *Waller*,
Sir *Francis Seymour*,
Mr. *Pym*,
Richard Cromwell,
Mr. *Strode*,
Sir *William Parkins*,
Sir *William Seroggs*,
Sir *J— P—*,
And several other Lords and
Commoners.

London, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by B. Bragg,
at the Raven in Pater-noster-Row, 1707.

of the most famous hands.
With a New Introduction of Poems by several
of the best Relations of the Authors.
Published from the Original MSS. by Capt. ALLEN.
Large Additions never before made Publick.



[The page contains faint, illegible markings and bleed-through from the reverse side.]

at the House in Peterhoff-Road, 1877.

**THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.**

THE Age, of late, has been so
pestered with Miscellanies, that the
Press ran as great a Risque of being
ungrateful to Mankind, (not to call
it a Nuisance) as from those intolerable Crowds
of Pamphlets, which are every Day obtrud-
ed upon us; Such a Glut of Verse and Prose,
that, what with indifferent Authors merce-
nary and partial Pens, scandalous Libels, and
abominable Panegyrics, one wou'd almost

The Preface to the Reader.

forswear reading any thing that is New, to prevent the Miseries of Disappointment. *Parnassus* is in Arms against it self, and the Daughters of *Helicon* as mutinous as the execrable Sons of the Earth. The Factious Ensigns are every where display'd, and the Various Wits rank'd in formidable Batallions. If a Man sets up for a Poet, he is immediately attack'd by a Satyrical Party; Destruction is the Word; and, as for Quarter, they give none: These are the Blood-thirsty Hussars of *Parnassus*, cut out for the Ruin of others, tho' rarely with any great Honour to themselves. Whence comes it (Gentlemen) that such Civil Diffensions harraßs the Castalian Plains? Does not every Chocolate-house furnish you with Matter enough for your pointed Wits? And are there not Follies and Vices enough in Mankind, but you must traduce one the other? Let our Age have its *Bavii*, and its *Mævi* too; the Ashes of our *British* Worthies are no ways Disturb'd at the recent Account the Two Volumes give of 'em: But why foment an unnecessary (not to call it an unequal) War, between the Ancients and the Moderns. If *Dryden* nodded, so did *Homer* too; if *Virgil* is inimitable, *Milton* can't be read without Wonder and Delight. The gallant easie Wit of *Horace* is not always much superiour to the *Normanby's*, the *Dorset's*, the *Rochester's*,

The Preface to the Reader.

chester's, and the *Sedley's*; nay we have *English Sapho's* too: The Immortal *Cowley* shew'd us, that in him alone were collected Beauties of the *Thespian Dames*.

Our Theaters have done no small Honour to the Tragic Buskins; and *Terence* and *Plautus* wou'd contentedly sit out the *Old Batchelour*: 'Tis not that we have no others, but to name 'em all would be endless; *Bellamira*, and the *Mulberry-garden*, shew, what an *English Pen* can do, when in a Gentleman's Hand; *Cleopatra* dy'd not more gallantly in *Alexandria*, than by our Author in *Drury-lane*. Why shou'd we step back to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, to *Shakespeare* and *Ben. Johnson*? We have later Proofs (tho' not greater) of the *English Genius*: We have the *Utile dulci*, the natural and sublime. *Thirsis* is not more easie, or more amorous, more tender or more taking in any Part of the *Eclogues*, than in what he is here; from our Author *Ovid* might learn to Love, and *Martial* to Paint Mankind. As he liv'd in the most glorious Reign of Wit and Mirth, so was he one of the Glories of it: And if his untainted Love to his Country, had not commanded his most precious Hours, we had been blest doubtless with more of his Productions: But this we must say for his Honour, and to discharge a Debt in us, that his

The Preface to the Reader.

Wisdom was our Security, as his Wit will ever be our Delight.

'Tis pity that the private Institutions of Mechanics shou'd rob the World of having all his Works together; Not, that we can in Justice resume what we generously give away. There are more of his Works which are too well known to the World to need being mention'd here; and if some of these have seen Light, without his Knowledge, 'twas by the Perfidiousness of some about him, whom he employ'd to engross what he writ: But being all corrected by his own Hand, I thought it wou'd not be unacceptable to the World to see them again, since better dress'd, or otherwise at least; For, Sir Charles Sedley had that Felicity of Thought, that Solidity of Judgment, that he cou'd alter, but rarely mend. If there is any thing that suits not with the Gravity of some Nice, or rather Supercilious Pretenders to Reformation, it is hop'd the Generous will impute them to the Freedom of those Happy Days, when he was Young, and the Kingdom blest in a long-wish'd for Return of their Natural Prince: So I leave the Judicious and Ingenious, the Candid and the Gay, to be charm'd and improv'd; the Captious, and Cenforious, to the Serpent and the File.

It

The Preface to the Reader.

It may now be expected I shou'd say something of my self, but I am as unwilling to give an ill Character of my self, as of any other particular Person whatever : That common Method of begging Pardon of Mankind, whenever we appear in Print, I think has more of Self-conceit, Pride and Hypocrisie in it, than the Generality of People are aware of. The Affinity between Sir *Charles Sedley* and me, gave the first Honour of his Acquaintance ; and his own Candour and Indulgence continued me in it during that Interval of Peace we have since enjoy'd. His Character is too well known to be endeavour'd to be drawn by me : My Vanity is not great enough to undertake it ; His own Merits have shewn him to the World : He was a Man of the first Class of Wit and Gallantry ; His Friendship was courted by every Body ; and no Body went out of his Company but pleas'd and improv'd : Time added but a very little to Nature ; he was every thing that an *English* Gentleman cou'd be : And we have no Reason to suspect our selves ; more especially when we are in a just Scale with our affected Neighbours. Honour, Love, Friendship and Gallantry, receive as great a Lustre from the *Albion-Muses* as any : And if we have flagg'd sometimes, others

The Preface to the Reader.

have done so too, as haughtily as they carry themselves. But Sir Charles was a Gentleman that needs no Commendation; he is beyond Censure; and I glad of this Opportunity to pay my last Devoirs to so deserving a Relation.

Reader, Farewel.

W. AYLOR.

THE

THE CONTENTS

T H E

CONTENTS

O F

Sir Charles Sedley's Works.

A Pastoral Dialogue between Thirsis and Strephon, upon the Loss of Galatea.	Page 1
<i>A Song to Phillis.</i>	p. 6
<i>Another to Celia.</i>	p. 7
<i>Another to Thirsis.</i>	p. 7
<i>Another to Cloris.</i>	p. 9
<i>Indifference Excused.</i>	p. 10
<i>Advice from Orinda to Cloris.</i>	p. 11
<i>The Complaint.</i>	p. 12
<i>Constancy.</i>	p. 13
<i>The Platonick.</i>	p. 14
<i>The Expostulation to Celia.</i>	p. 15
<i>The Answer.</i>	p. 16
<i>To Amarantha, whom he fell in Love with at the Play- house.</i>	p. 17
<i>The Submission.</i>	p. 18
<i>To a Devout Young Gentlewoman.</i>	p. 19
<i>To Celia, a Song.</i>	p. 20
<i>Her Answer.</i>	p. 21
<i>A Dialogue Between Amintas and Celia.</i>	p. 22
<i>A Song on Drinking.</i>	p. 25
<i>A Song concerning the Nature of Love.</i>	p. 26
<i>A Song to Phillis, on her Pride.</i>	p. 27
<i>A Song to Celia.</i>	p. 29
<i>Another to the same Person.</i>	p. 30

A

The CONTENTS.

<i>A Song to Aminta.</i>	p. 31
<i>Another.</i>	p. 32
<i>The feigned Love.</i>	p. 34
<i>On the Birth-day of the late Queen Mary.</i>	p. 35
<i>To Cloris.</i>	p. 37
<i>The Soldiers Catch.</i>	p. 38
<i>The Indifference.</i>	p. 40
<i>A Song on Mariana's Eyes.</i>	p. 42
<i>The 8th Ode of the 2d Book of Horace.</i>	p. 43
<i>A Ballad to the Tune of Bateman.</i>	p. 45
<i>A Song to Phillis.</i>	p. 48
<i>Advice to the old Beaux.</i>	p. 49
<i>A Song to Pastora.</i>	p. 50
<i>A Song.</i>	p. 51
<i>Another.</i>	p. 51
<i>To King William on his Birth-day.</i>	p. 54
<i>A Dialogue between Mars and Cupid.</i>	p. 56
<i>Out of Lycophron.</i>	p. 57
<i>To Liber.</i>	p. 58
<i>A Song to Phillis.</i>	p. 59
<i>To Coscus an Epigram.</i>	p. 60
<i>A Song upon Hymen.</i>	p. 61
<i>On Don Alonzo, who was cut to Pieces for making Love to the Infanta of Portugal.</i>	p. 62
<i>To Phillis a Song.</i>	p. 63
<i>On a Cock at Rochester.</i>	p. 64
<i>A Song Alamode.</i>	p. 65
<i>Out of French, to a Friend.</i>	p. 66
<i>The Doctor and his Patients.</i>	p. 66
<i>A Prologue.</i>	p. 68
<i>Upon the Author of the Satyr against Wit.</i>	p. 69
 Epigrams : Or, Court Characters.	
<i>To Maximina, from Horace, Lib. 2. Ep. 41.</i>	p. 71
<i>To Sextus, Lib. 2. Ep. 55.</i>	p. 72
	T

The CONTENTS.

<i>To Nisus.</i>	P. 73
<i>To Classicus, Lib. 2. Ep. 69.</i>	P. 74
<i>To Sextus, Lib. 2. Ep. 38.</i>	P. 75
<i>To Posthumus, Lib. 4. Ep. 12.</i>	P. 76.
<i>To Scæva.</i>	P. 77
<i>To Sertorius.</i>	P. 78
<i>To Cloe.</i>	P. 79
<i>To Canidius.</i>	P. 80
<i>To Septimus.</i>	P. 80
<i>To Flavius.</i>	P. 81
<i>To Candidus, Lib. 2. Ep. 43.</i>	P. 82
<i>To Gaurus, Lib. 2. Ep. 89.</i>	P. 83
<i>To Thrafo.</i>	P. 84
<i>On Coscus, Lib. 2. Ep. 77.</i>	P. 85
<i>To Maximus, Lib. 2. Ep. 53.</i>	P. 86
<i>To Bithinicus, Lib. 2. Ep. 12.</i>	P. 87
<i>To Julius.</i>	P. 88
<i>To Flavia.</i>	P. 89
<i>To Quintus.</i>	P. 90
<i>To Sergius.</i>	P. 91
<i>The Maidenhead.</i>	P. 91
<i>On Arria and Pætus.</i>	P. 92
<i>To Milo.</i>	P. 93
<i>To Sabinus.</i>	P. 94
<i>To Phryne.</i>	P. 95
<i>To Bassa.</i>	P. 96
<i>To Cilla.</i>	P. 97
<i>On Sextus.</i>	P. 98
<i>The Happy Pair : Or, A Poem on Matrimony.</i>	P. 99
<i>The 4th Book of Virgil's Georgicks.</i>	P. 112
<i>Unhappy Corydon and Phillis, a Song.</i>	P. 137
<i>On a Lady that did not love Apples.</i>	P. 138
<i>On Fruition.</i>	P. 139
<i>The Royal Knotter, a Song.</i>	P. 146
<i>Advice to Lovers, a Song.</i>	P. 153
<i>Against his Mistresses Cruelty.</i>	P. 161
	The

The CONTENTS.

The Petition, a Poem.

p. 162

Speeches in the House of Commons upon several weighty Matters, by Sir Charles Sedley.

A *Speech in the House in the House of Commons, made on the Bill for raising Money for the Civil List, in the First Year of the Reign of King William the 3d.*

p. 209

A Speech in Parliament on the Bill for disbanding the Army, made 1699.

p. 111

A Speech upon the Vote for bringing in a Bill for the dissolving the Parliament by an Act of the Legislative Power.

p. 212

Another Speech upon the said Bill for dissolving the Parliament.

p. 214

Upon a Bill relating to the Civil List;

p. 216

Upon the Bill of Ways and Means.

p. 218

Upon the Bill for Tryals, &c.

p. 220

An Essay on Entertainments.

p. 222

The End of Sir Charles Sedley's Works.

Poems by several Hands.

O *N the Duke of Marlborough's Victory, by N. Brady, D. D.*

p. 140

An Answer to the Verses on Mrs. Digby's coming to Town, by another Hand.

p. 142

Upon a Lady's leaving the Town the last Spring.

p. 147

Dorinda's Appearance at the Wells, by another Hand

p. 149

Under a Lady's Picture.

p. 150

To

The CONTENTS.

To himself.	p. 151
To Flavia in the Snow.	p. 152
A Poem lamenting the Death of Mrs. Tempest, which happened on the Day of the great Storm, by another Hand.	p. 155.
To a Fair Lady Singing at Tunbridge-Wells, by another Hand.	p. 163
On Margarita.	p. 164
On Mrs. Tofts.	p. 165
Upon the Death of a Fair Maiden Lady.	p. 166
On the Death of the Celebrated Mrs. Tempest.	p. 167
On a Lady playing with a Snuff-box.	p. 168
Seeing a Lady on a Bed of Violets.	p. 168
To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, on his late Success in Flanders.	p. 169
Upon a Lady's Visit, at a Country Seat.	p. 172
An Ode upon the Duke of Marlborough.	p. 175
The Brave Roman.	p. 178
An Epitaph on a Young Gentleman reported to Dye for Love.	p. 179
The Taylor turn'd Poet.	p. 180
The poetizing Beau.	p. 181
A Hymn to St. Tack.	p. 183
To an Old Man upon his Address to a Young Lady.	p. 185
A Prologue intended to be spoken at the Performance of Camilla the last Winter.	p. 186
The Priviledge of our Saints in the Business of Perjury, by Mr. Butler.	p. 188
A Dialogue betwixt Amintas and Alexis, occasioned by the Death of Ambrosia.	p. 194
On Valentine's Day.	p. 200
The Play-house, by J. Addison, Esq;	p. 202
Upon the Sight of Mrs. N— by another Hand.	p. 207

Speeches

The CONTENTS.

Speeches in Parliament by several LORDS and COMMONERS.

- M**R. Bagshaw's Speech about the Judges Oath, &c.
in 1640. p. 3
- The Lord Wharton's Speech being an Account of Edge-
hill Fight. p. 9
- Mr. Strodes Speech on the same subject. p. 17
- The Earl of Pembroke's Speech. p. 18
- Sir Francis Seymour's Speech in Parliament, 1641, for
Priviledge of Parliament, and against Civil Mini-
sters, Priests and Jesuits, &c. p. 19
- Sir William Parkins's Speech in Parliament, 1641, against
Archbp. Laud, and for establishing a Church Govern-
ment. p. 20
- Mr. Grimstone's Argument concerning Bishops, with
a New Regulation of the Government of the Church in
1641. p. 22.
- Mr. Waller's Speech to the Lords, at a Conference, being
a Charge against Mr. Justice Crawley, one of the
Judges that declared Ship-money Lawful, spoke July 6.
1641. p. 25
- Mr. Waller's Speech in Parliament, for Law and Li-
berty, against absolute Monarchy, spoke in 1641. p. 34
- The Speech of Dewril Holles, Esq; deliver'd at the Lords
Bar the 15th of June, 1642. upon the Impeachment
of the Earls of Northampton, Devonshire, Mon-
mouth and Dover, for leaving the Parliament, and
not returning upon Summons. p. 37
- Mr. Pym's Speech against Evil Councillors, and the Justice,
Reasonableness and Necessity of changing them, spoke
in 1642. p. 44
- The Earl of Pembroke's Speech in Parliament, on Monday
the 19th Decemb. concerning Accommodation. p. 51

The CONTENTS.

- The Lord Brook's Speech, in Answer to the former, against Accomodation, and order'd to be Printed by the House of Commons, Decemb. 19. 1642.* p. 54.
- The Earl of Pembroke's Speech in Parliament, on the Debate of the City's Petition for a personal Treaty with the King in London, 1648.* p. 57
- The last Will and Testament of the Earl of Pembroke.* p. 71
- Richard Cromwell's Speech to his Parliament after the Death of Oliver, 1658. in which he makes a short Panegyric on his Father, assures them of his Love for Parliaments, &c.* p. 76
- General Monk's Speech to the Members of Parliament met at White-hall, Feb. the 2d. 1659.* p. 81
- The Declaration of his Resolution to settle the Nation in a Commonwealth Foundation deliver'd the same Day.* p. 81
- General Monk's Speech in Parliament, Feb. the 6th, 1659, recommending a speedy Settlement of the Nation, a free full Parliament, Readmittance of the seclused Members, a Gospel Ministry, and Encouragement of Learning.* p. 85
- The Earl of Bristol's Speech in Parliament, July the 20th, 1660. upon the Bill of Indemnity.* p. 87.
- A Letter from the Earl of Clarendon, to his Daughter Anne, Dutches of York, on her turning Roman Catholick.* p. 92
- Sir William Scrogg's Speech of the Duties of a Judge.* p. 98
- The Earl of Essex's Speech against the King's calling a Parliament at Oxford, with some Lords Petition against it.* p. 104
- The Speech of Paul Foley, Esq; for the Bill of Exclusion, as our only Defence against Popery and Arbitrary Power.* p. 108
- The Lord Melvil's, (King William's high Commissioner for Scotland) Speech to the Parliament, April the 15th,*

The CONTENTS.

- 15th, 1690, shewing the Benefit of the Revolution,
desiring a Subsidy and recommending Moderation. p. 113
- A Speech for the Bill against Occasional Conformity, by
Sir J. P. Baronet. p. 116
- The Lord Haversham's Speech in the House of Lords,
Nov. the 3d, 1704, on our Neglect of our Sea Forces,
and Trade, on the Exportation of our Bullion, on the
Protestant Succession, and Act of Security in Scotland,
and the Arming the Heritors, &c. p. 121
- The Lord Haversham's Speech in the House of Peers,
Nov. 15, 1705, on the March of the Army to the
Moselle, the Business of Overische, on our Trade,
and for inviting over the Presumptive Heir of the
Crown to reside among us. p. 125
- The Lord Haversham's Vindication of his Speech in Par-
liament, Nov. the 15th, 1705. p. 130
- The Lord Haversham's Speech on Feb. the 15th 1707,
for a Federal, and against an incorporating Union. p. 141
- The Lord Bellhaven's Speech in the Scotch Parliament
the 2d of Nov. on the Subject of the Union. p. 160
- The Speech of the Earl of Argyle at his Tryal, on the
12th of December, 1681. p. 164
- Algernon Sidney's Speech upon the Scaffold on Tower-
hill, on Friday, Decemb. 7. 1683. p. 169
- Dr. Cartwright the Dean of Chester's Speech to King
James the Second, August the 27th, 1687. p. 175
-

THE

**THE
Miscellaneous WORKS**

OF

Sir Charles Sedley, Bar^t.

Pastoral Dialogue

BETWEEN

THIRSI and STREPHON.

Thirsis. **S**trephon, O Strephon, once the jol-
liest Lad,
That with shrill Pipe did ever Mountain glad;
Whilome the Foremost at our rural Plays,
The Pride and Envy of our Holidays:
Why dost thou sit now musing all alone,
Teaching the Turtles, yet a sadder Moan?
Swell'd with thy Tears, why does the Neigh-
bouring brook
Bear to the Ocean, what she never took?
Thy Flocks are fair and fruitful, and no Swain,
Then thee, more welcome to the Hill or Plain.

B

Strep. I

Strep. I could invite the Wolf, my cruel
Guest,

And play unmov'd, while he on all should feast:
I cou'd endure that every Swain out-run,
Out-threw, out-wrestled, and each Nymph
shou'd shun
The hapless *Strephon*. —

Thir. Tell me then thy Grief,
And give it, in Complaints, some short Relief.

Strep. Had killing Mildews nipt my rising
Corn,
My Lambs been all found dead, as soon as
born;
Or raging Plagues run swift through every
Hive,
And left not one industrious Bee alive;
Had early Winds, with an hoarse Winter's
Sound
Scatter'd my rip'ning Fruit upon the Ground:
Unmov'd, untoucht, I cou'd the loss sustain,
And a few Days expir'd, no more complain.

Thir. E'er the Sun drank of the cold Morn-
ing-dew,
I've known thee early the tuskt Boar pursue:
Then in the evening drive the Bear away,
And rescue from his Jaws the trembling Prey.
But now thy Flocks creep feebly through the
Fields,
No purple Grapes, thy half drest Vine-yards
yields: No

Sir Charles Sedley Baronet. • 3

No Primrose nor no Violets grace thy Beds,
But Thorns and Thistles lift their prickly
Heads.

What means this change?

Strep. Enquire no more;
When none can heal, 'tis Pain to search the
Sore;
Bright *Galatea*, in whose Mateless Face
Sat rural Innocence, with heavenly Grace;
In whose no less inimitable Mind,
With equal Light, even distant Virtues shin'd;
Chast without Pride, and Charming without
Art,
Honour the Tyrant of her tender Heart:
Fair Goddess of these Fields, who for our Sports,
Though she might well become, neglected
Courts.

Belov'd of all, and loving me alone,
Is from my Sight, I fear, for ever gone.

Thir. Thy Case indeed is pitiful, but yet
Thou on thy Loss too great a Price dost set.
Women like Days are *Strephon*, some be far
More bright and glorious than others are:
Yet none so gay, so temperate, so clear,
But that the like adorn the rowling Year.
Pleasures imparted to a Friend, increase,
Perhaps divided Sorrow may grow less.

Strep. Others as fair, to other Eyes may
seem,
But she has all my Love and my Esteem:

4 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Her bright Idea wanders in my Thought,
At once my Poison, and my Antidote.

Thir. Our Hearts are Paper, Beauty is the
Pen,

Which writes our Loves, and blots 'em out
agen.

Phillis is Whiter than the rising Swan,
Her slender Waist confin'd within a Span:
Charming as Nature's Face in the new Spring,
When early Birds on the green Branches sing.
When rising Herbs and Buds begin to hide,
Their naked Mother, with their short-liv'd
Pride,

Cloe is ripe, and as the *Autumn* fair,
When on the Elm the purple Grapes appear.
When Trees, Hedg-rows, and every bending
Bush,

With rip'ning Fruit, or tasteful Berries blush,
Lydia is in the Summer of her Days,
What Wood can shade us from her piercing
Rays?

Her even Teeth, whiter than new year'd
Lambs,
When they with tender Cries pursues their
Dams.

Her Eyes as Charming as the Evening-sun,
To the scortcht Labourer when Work is done,
Whom the glad Pipe, to rural Sports invites,
And pays his Toil with innocent Delights.
On some of these fond Swain fix thy Desire,
And burn not with imaginary Fire.

Strep.

Sir Charles Sedley Baronet. 5

Strep. The Stag shall sooner with the Eagle
soar,

Seas leave their Fishes naked on the Shore ;
The Wolf shall sooner by the Lambkin die,
And from the Kid the hungry Lion fly,
Than I abandon *Galatea's* Love,
Or her dear Image from my Thoughts remove.

Thir. *Damon* this Evening carries home his
Bride,

In all the harmless Pomp of rural Pride :
Where, for two spotted Lambkins, new!y
yea'd,
With nimble Feet and Voice, the Nymphs
contend :

And for a Coat, thy *Galatea* spun,
The Shepherds Wraastle, throw the Bar, and
Run.

Strep. At that dear Name I feel my Heart
rebound,

Like the old Steed, at the fierce Trumpet's
sound :

I grow impatient of the least delay,
No Bastard Swain shall bear the Prize away.

Thir. Let us make hast, already they are
met ;

The echoing Hills their joyful Shouts repeat.

SONG

P*Hillis*, let's shun the common Fate,
 And let our Love ne'er turn to Hate;
 I'll dote no longer then I can,
 Without being call'd a faithless Man,
 When we begin to want Discourse,
 And Kindness seems to tast of Force,
 As freely as we met, we'll part,
 Each one possesst of their own Heart.
 Thus whilst rash Fools themselves undo,
 We'll Game, and give off Savers too;
 So equally the Match we'll make,
 Both shall be glad to draw the Stake:
 A Smile of thine shall make my Bliss,
 I will enjoy thee in a Kiss:
 If from this Height our Kindness fall,
 We'll bravely scorn to Love at all:
 If thy Affection first decay,
 I will the Blame on Nature lay,
 Alas, what Cordial can remove
 The hasty Fate of dying Love?
 Thus we will all the World excel
 In Loving, and in Parting well.

SONG.

SONG.

NOt *Celia*, that I juster am
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each Hour like them,
Were not my Heart at rest.

But I am ty'd to very thee,
By every Thought I have,
Thy Face I only care to see,
Thy Heart I only crave.

All that is Woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find,
For the whole Sex can but afford,
The Handsome and the Kind.

Why then should I seek farther Store,
And still make Love a-new ;
When Change it self can give no more,
'Tis easie to be true.

THirsis no more against my Flame ad-
vise,
But let me be in Love, and be you wise :

Here end, and there begin a new Address,
 Pursue the vulgar easie Happiness :
 Leave me to *Amaranta*, who alone
 Can in my sullen Heart erect her Throne :
 I know, as well as you, 'tis mean to burn,
 For one who to our Flame makes no return :
 But you, like me, feel not those conquering
 Eyes,

Which mock Prevention by a quick Surprise:
 And now like a hurt Deer, in vain I start
 From her, that in my Breast has hid the Dart,
 Though I can never reach her Excellence,
 Take somewhat in my hopeless Love's de-
 fence.

Her Beauty is her not esteemed Wealth,
 And Graces play about her Eyes by stealth ;
 Vertue in others, the forc'd Child of Art,
 Is but the native Temper of her Heart :
 All Charms her Sex so often court in vain,
 (Like *Indian* Fruit, which our cold Earth dis-
 dain)

In her grow wild, as in their native Air,
 And she has all Perfection without Care.
 Of Lovers Harms she has the tend'rest Sense,
 That can consist with so much Innocence.
 Like a wise Prince, she rules her Subjects so,
 That neither Want, nor Luxury they know.
 None vainly hoping what, she may not give,
 Alike humble Slaves at small Expence we live:
 And I the wretched Comfort only share,
 To be the Least whom she will bid Despair.

T O
CLORIS.

Cloris, I cannot say your Eyes
Did my unwary Heart surprize;
Nor will I swear it was your Face,
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace:
For you are so intirely Fair,
To love a Part, Injustice were;
No drowning Man can know which Drop
Of Water his last Breath did stop;
So when the Stars in Heaven appear,
And joyn to make the Night look clear;
The Light we no one's Bounty call,
But the obliging Gift of all.
He that does Lips or Hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more;
But I love All, and every Part,
And nothing less can ease my Heart.
Cupid, that Lover, weakly strikes,
Who can expresse what 'tis he likes.

Indiffe-

Indifference excused.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of Sighs nor Oaths to make it known;
And, to convince the cruel'st Maid,
Lovers should use their Love alone;

Into their very Looks 'twill steal;
And he that most wou'd hide his Flame,
Does in that Case his Pain reveal,
Silence it self can Love proclaim,

This, my *Aurelia*, made me shun
The Paths that common Lovers tread;
Whose guilty Passions are begun
Not in their Heart, but in their Head.

I cou'd not Sigh, and with cross'd Arms
Accuse your Rigour and my Fate,
Nor tax your Beauty with such Charms
As Men adore, and Women hate:

But careless liv'd, and without Art,
Knowing my Love you must have spy'd,
And thinking it a foolish Part,
To set to shew, what none can hide.

Orinda

Orinda to Cloris.

CLoris, you live ador'd by all,
 And yet on none your Favours fall.
 A stranger Mistress ne'er was known;
 You pay 'em all in paying none.
 We him of Avarice accuse,
 Who what he has forbears to use;
 But what Disease of Mind shall I
 Call this, thy hated Penury?
 Thou wilt not give out of a Store,
 Which no Profuseness can make poor.
 Misers, when dead, they make amends,
 And in their Wills enrich their Friends;
 But when thou dy'st, thy Treasure dies,
 And thou canst leave no Legacies.
 What Madness is it then to spare,
 When we want Power to make an Heir?
 Live, *Cloris*, then at the full Rate
 Of thy great Beauty; and since Fate,
 To Love and Youth, is so severe,
 Enjoy 'em freely while th' art here.
 Some Caution yet I'd have thee use,
 When e'er thou dost a Servant chuse:
 Men are not all for Lovers fit,
 No more than Arms, or Arts of Wit:

For

For Wisdom some respected are,
 Some we see powerful at the Bar;
 Some for Preferment waste their Time,
 And the steep Hill of Honour climb.
 Others of Love their Business make,
 In Love their whole Diversion take.
 Take one of those; for in one Breast
 Two Passions live but ill at rest:
 Be wise, and with Discretion fly
 All that take Flame at every Eye.
 All sorts with powder'd Coat and Hair;
 All that dare more than think thee Fair.
 Take one of Love who nothing says,
 And yet whom every word betrays;
 Love in the Cradle pretty'st shews,
 And when't can speak, unruly grows.

T H E
COMPLAINT.

When fair *Aurelia* first became
 The Mistress of his Heart,
 So mild and gentle was her Reign,
Thirsis in hers had part.

Reserves and Care he laid aside,
 And gave a Loose to Love;
 The headlong Course he must abide,
 How steep so e'er it prove.

At

At first Disdain and Pride he fear'd;
But they being overthrown,
No second Foe a while appear'd,
And he thought all his own:

He thought himself a happier Man
Than ever lov'd before;
Her Favour still his Hopes out-ran,
Yet still he lov'd the more:

Love smil'd at first, then looking grave,
Said, *Thirsis*, leave to boast;
More Joy than all her Kindness gave,
Her Fickleness will cost.

He spoke, and from that fatal Time,
All *Thirsis* did, or said,
Appear'd unwelcome, or a Crime
To the ungrateful Maid.

CONSTANCY.

Fear not, my Dear, a Flame can never dye,
That is once kindled by so bright an Eye;
View but thy self, and measure thence my Love,
Think what a Passion such a Form must move;
For though thy Beauty first allur'd my Sight,
Now I consider it but as the Light

That

That led me to the Treasury of thy Mind,
 Whose inward Vertue in that Feature shin'd.
 That Knot be confident will ever last,
 Which Fancy ty'd, and Reason has made fast;
 So fast that time, although it may disarm
 Thy lovely Face, my Faith can never harm;
 And Age deluded, when it comes, will find
 My Love remov'd, and to thy Soul assign'd.

T H E
 PLATONICK

Fair *Amaranta*, wert thou not to blame,
 To blow the Fire, and wonder at the
 Flame?

I did converse, 'tis true, so far was mine,
 But that I lov'd, and hop'd was wholly thine;
 Not hop'd as others do, for a Return,
 But that I might without offending burn.
 I thought those Eyes which every Hour enslave
 Could not remember all the Wounds they gave;
 Forgotten in the Crowd I wisht to lie,
 And of your Coldness, not your Anger, die;
 Yet since you know I love, 'tis now no time
 Longer to hide, let me excuse the Crime,
 Seeing what Laws I to my Passion give,
 Perhaps you may consent that it should live:

First

First then, it never shall a Hope advance,
Of waiting on you, but by seeming chance;
I at a distance will adore your Eyes,
As awful *Persians* do the Eastern Skies;
I never will presume to think of Sex,
Nor with gross Thoughts my deathless Love
perplex;
I tread a pleasant Path without Design;
And to thy Care my Happiness resign;
From Heaven it self thy Beauty cannot be
A freer Gift, than is my Love to thee.

T O
C E L I A.

YOU tell me, *Celia*, you approve,
Yet never must return my Love:
An Answer that my Hope destroys,
And in the Cradle wounds our Joys;
To kill at once what needs must die,
None would to Birds and Beast deny.
How can you then so Cruel prove,
As to preserve, and torture Love?
That Beauty Nature kindly meant
For her own Pride, and our Content;
Why shou'd the Tyrant Honour make
Our cruel undeserved Wrack?

In

16 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

In Love and War th' Impostor do's
The Best to greatest Harms expose :
Come then, my *Celia*, let's no more
This Devil for a God adore ;
Like foolish *Indians* we have been,
Whose whole Religion is a Sin :
Let's lose no Time then but repent,
Love welcomes best a Penitent.

Her Answer.

T*Her sis*, I wish, as well as you,
To Honour there were nothing due,
Then would I pay my Debt of Love
In the same Coin that you approve ;
Which now you must in Friendship take,
'Tis all the Payment I can make ;
Friendship so high, that I must say,
'Tis rather Love, with some Allay ;
And rest contented, since that I
As well my self as you deny,
Learn then of me, bravely to bear,
The want of what you hold most dear ;
And that which Honour does in me,
Let my Example work in thee.

T O

AMARANTA,

Whom he fell in love with at a
Play-house.

F Air *Amaranta* on the Stage, whilst you
Pitty'd a feigned Love, you gave a true ;
The Hopes and Fears, in every Scene exprest,
Grew soon th' uneasie Motions of my Breast.
I thought to steal the innocent Delight,
And not have paid my Heart for a first Sight.
And if I ventur'd on some flight Discourse,
It should be such as could no Passion nurse :
Led by the treacherous Lustre of your Eyes,
At last I play'd too near the Precipice ;
Love came disguis'd in Wonder and Delight,
His Bow unbent, his Arrows out of sight ;
Your Words fell on my Passion, like those
Showers,
Which paint and multiply the rising Flowers ;
Like *Cupid's* self, a God, and yet a Child,
Your Looks at once were awful, and yet mild :
C Methoughts

Methoughts you blush'd, as conscious of my
Flame,

Whilst your strict Vertue did your Beauty
blame :

But rest secure, y'are from the Guilt as free
As Saints ador'd from our Idolatry.

ATMARAMA

T H E

SUBMISSION.

A H! Pardon, Madam; if I ever thought
Your smallest Favours could too dear
be bought ;

And the just Greatness of your Servants Flame,
I did the Poorness of the Spirits name ;

Calling their long Attendance Slavery,

Your Power of Life and Death flat Tyranny ;

Since now I yield, and do confess there is

No way too hard that leads to such a Bliss.

So when *Hippomanes* beheld the Race,

Where Loss was Death, and Conquest but a
Face,

He stood amazed at the fatal strife,

Wondring that Love shou'd dearer be than Life;

But when he saw the Prize no longer staid,

But through those very Dangers fought the
Maid,

And

And won her too : O may his Conquest prove,
A happy Omen to my purer Love;
Which if the Honour of all Victory,
In the Resistance of the vanquisht lie,
Though it may be the least regarded Prize,
Is not the smallest Trophy of our Eyes.

T O A
Devout Young Gentlewoman.

Phillis, this early Zeal asswage,
You over-act your part ;
The Martyrs, at your tender Age,
Gave Heaven but half their Heart.

Old Men (till past the Pleasure) ne'er
Declain against the Sin ;
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at Fifteen.

The World to Youth is too severe,
And, like a Treacherous Light,
Beauty, the Actions of the Fair,
Exposes to their fight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by't too ;
Kind Combinations seldom miss,
Let's try what we can do.

T O
C E L I A.

PRinces make Laws, by which their Sub-
jects live,
And the high Gods Rules for the Worship
give ;

How should poor Mortals else a Service find
At all proportion'd to their heavenly Mind ?
Had it been left to us, each one would bring,
Of what he lik'd himself, an Offering ;
And with unwelcome Zeal perhaps displease
Th' offended Deity he would appease.
All Powers but thine, this Mercy did allow,
And how they wou'd be serv'd, themselves
do shew.

A rude *Barbarian* wou'd his Captiv'd Foe,
Fully instruct in what he'd have him do :
And can it be, my *Celia*, that Love,
Less kind than War shou'd to the vanquish'd
prove ?

Say, cruel Fair, must then my Heart, a Flame,
Use for a while Friendship's Disguise and
Name ?

Or may it boldly like it self appear,
And its own Tale deliver to thy Ear ?

Or

Or must it in my tortur'd Bosom live,
Like Fire in unmov'd Flints, and no Light give,
And only then humbly send forth a small
Spark, when your self does on that Subject fall?
My Passion can with any Laws comply,
And, for your sake, do any thing, but die.

S O N G.

GET you gone, you will undo me,
If you love me, don't pursue me,
Let that Inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherish;
With harmless Thoughts I did begin,
But in the Crowd Love entred in;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent and full of play;
At every Hour, in every Place,
I either saw or form'd your Face;
All that in Plays was finely writ,
Fancy for you, and me did fit.
My Dreams at Night were all of you,
Such as till then I never knew;
I sported thus with young Desire,
Never intending to go higher;
But now his Teeth and Claws are grown,
Let me the fatal Lion shun;
You found me harmless, leave me so;
For were I not, you'd leave me too,

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Amintas and Celia.

Celia. **A** *Mintas*, I am come alone,
 A filly harmless Maid,
 But whether is thy Honour flown?
 I fear I am betray'd;
 Thy Looks are chang'd, and in the Place
 Of innocent Desires,
 Methinks I see thy Eyes and Face
 Glow with unusual Fires.

Amintas. Sees not my *Celia*, Nature wear
 One Countenance in the Spring,
 And yet another Shape prepare,
 To bring the Harvest in?
 Look on the Eagle, how unlike
 He to the Egg is found,
 When he prepares his Pounce to strike
 His Prey against the Ground;

Fears

Fears my Infant-love become,
'Twere want of Vigour now
Should Modesty those Hopes benumb,
The Place and You allow.

Celia. *Amintas*, hold; What could you worse
To worst of Women do?
Ah! How could you a Passion nurse,
So much my Honour's Foe?

Amintas. Make not an Idol of a Toy,
Which every Breath can shake,
Which all must have, or none enjoy,
What Course so'er we take.
Whilst Women hate, or Men are vain,
You cannot be secure;
What makes my *Celia* then a Pain
So needless to endure?

Celia. Could I the World neglect for thee,
Thy Love, though dear it cost,
In some unkind Conceit of me,
Would be untimely lost:
Thou would'st thy own Example fear,
And every heedless Word,
I chance let fall beyond thy Ear
Would some new Doubt afford.

Amintas. If I am jealous, 'tis because
I know not where you love;
With me obey Love's gentle Laws
And all my Fears remove.

Celia. Women, like Things at Second-hand
Do half their Value lose,
But whilst all Courtship they withstand,
May at their Pleasure choose.

Amintas. This were a fine Discourse, my Dear,
If we were not alone;
But now Love whispers in my Ear,
There's somewhat to be done.

She said she never would forgive;
He kissing, swore she shou'd;
And told her, she was mad to strive
Against their mutual Good.
What farther past, I cannot tell,
But sure not much amiss;
He vow'd he lov'd her dearly well,
She answered with a Kiss.

S O N G.

DRink about till the day find us,
These are Pleasures that will last;
Let no foolish Passion blind us,
Joys of Love they fly too fast.

Maids are long e're we can win 'um,
And our Passions waste the while,
In a Beer-glass we'll begin 'um,
Let some Beau take th' other Toil.

Yet we will have store of good Wenches,
Though we venture fluxing for't,
Upon Couches, Chairs, and Benches,
To out-do them at the Sport.

Joyning thus both Mirth and Beauty,
To make up our full Delight:
In Wine and Love we pay our Duty
To each friendly coming Night.

S O N G.

SONG

Love still has something of the Sea,
From whence his Mother rose;
No time his Slaves from Doubt can free,
Nor give their Thoughts repose:

They are becalm'd in clearest Days,
And in rough Weather tost;
They wither under cold Delays,
Or are in Tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the Port,
Then straight into the Main,
Some angry Wind in cruel sport
The Vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falshood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such Degrees to Joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the Sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain,
And to defer a Joy;
Believe me, gentle *Celemene*
Offends the winged Boy.

An hundred thousand Oaths your Fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thousand Years
I could no deeper love.

S O N G.

P*Hillis*, you have enough enjoy'd
The Pleasures of Disdain;
Methinks your Pride shou'd now be cloy'd,
And grow it self again:
Open to Love your long-shut Breast,
And entertain its sweetest Guest,

Love heals the Wounds that Beauty gives,
And can ill Usage slight;
He laughs at all that Fate contrives,
Full of his own Delight;
We in his Chains are happier far
Than Kings themselves without'em are.

Leave

Leave then to tame Philosophy,
 The Joys of Quietness;
 With me into Love's Empire fly;
 And taste my Happiness:
 Where even Tears and Sighs can show
 Pleasures, the Cruel never know.

Madam, for your Commands to stay,
 Is the mean Duty of a Wretch,
 Whose Service you with Wages pay;
 Lovers should at occasion catch,
 Not idly wait till it be brought,
 But with the Deed o'er take your Thought;
 Honour and Love let them give o'er,
 Who do their Duty, and no more.
 Awake, my Eyes, at Night my Thoughts pursue
 Your charming Shape, and find it ever new;
 If I my weary Eyes to Sleep resign,
 In gaudy Dreams your Love and Beauty shine;
 Dreams with such Extasies and Pleasures fill'd,
 As to those Joys they seem can only yield;
 Nor do they yield perhaps, wou'd you allow,
 Fair *Amidea*, that I once might know.

TO
C E L I A.

AS in those Nations, where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their Aid
implore :

'Tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood,
But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the God ;
So, cruel Fair, though Heaven has giv'n you all,
We Mortals (Vertue or can Beauty) call,
'Tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,
Darts to your Eyes, and to our selves the
Wounds :

Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain where your Beauty, and more vain your
Pride ;

All envy'd Beings that the World can shew,
Still to some meaner things their greatness owe;
Subjects make Kings, and we (the numerous
Train

Of humble Lovers) constitute thy Reign.
This difference only Beauty's Realm may
boast,

Where most it favours, it enslaves the most ;
And they to whom it is indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest Fetters bound :

What

What Tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known
 Cruel to those that serv'd to make him one?
 Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour joyn'd,
 Beauty a raging Plague, if never kind.

S O N G.

I Ask not my *Celia* wou'd love me again,
 In its own pleasure my Love is o'er-paid;
 I'll find such Excuses for all her Disdain,
 That shortly to Frown I'll make her afraid.

Her Neglect of me, of her self I'll think Care;
 Her Cruelty I her strict Vertue will name;
 When least kind she seems, I'll believe her
 most near,
 And call her Refusal, but a Virgin's Shame.

Thus all that was wont heretofore to cure Love
 In me shall increase and stir up the Fire;
 I'll make her at last some kind Remedy prove,
 Since all others but increase my Desire.

S O N G.

S O N G.

F^Air *Aminta* art thou mad,
To let the World in me
Envy Joys I never had,
And censure them in thee?

Fill'd with grief, for what is past,
Let us at length be wise,
And to Love's true Enjoyments hast,
Since we have paid the Price.

Love does easie Souls despise,
Who lose themselves for Toys,
And escape for those devise,
Who tast his utmost Joys.

Love should, like the Year, be crown'd
With sweet Variety;
Hope should in the Spring abound,
Kind Fears, and Jealousie.

In the Summer Flowers shou'd rise,
And in the Autumn Fruit;
His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,
And in a Scoff salute.

S O N G.

SONG.

Walking among thick Shades alone,
I heard a distant Voice,
Which, sighing, said, now she is gone,
I'll make no second Choice.

I look'd and saw it was a Swain,
Who to the flying Wind,
Did of some neighbouring Nymph complain,
Too fair, and too unkind.

He told me how he saw her first,
And with what gracious Eyes,
And gentle Speech, that Flame she nurs't,
Which since she did despise.

His Vows she did as fast receive,
As he could breath them to her ;
Love in her Eyes proclaim'd her leave,
That he alone should woo her.

They fed their Flocks still near one Place,
And at one instant met,
He gazing on her lovely Face
Fell deeper in the Net.

She

She seem'd of her new Captive glad ;
Proud of his Bondage he,
No Lover sure a Prospect had
Of more Felicity.

But the false Maid, or never lov'd,
Or gave so quickly o'er ;
E're his was to the height improv'd,
Her Kindness was no more.

Even her Dissemblings she let fall,
And made him plainly see,
That though his Heart she did enthrall,
Her own was ever free.

Now, least his Care should Pity move,
She shuns his very Sight ?
And leaves him to that hopeless Love,
She did create in Spight.

Her Name I could not make him tell,
Though vowing him my aid ;
He said he never would reveal,
In Life, or Death, the Maid.

D T H E

T H E

Feigned Love.

Cloris, tho' meaner Beauties might
Perhaps have need of some such Slight,
You may those petty Arts despise,
Secure of what is once your Prize ;
Ill us'd and scorn'd, we must adore,
And question not resistless Power :
In *Rome*, no Man was known to fly,
Whom the Emperor condemn'd to dye,
The fatal Stroke themselves wou'd give,
Rather than banisht from her live.
So to your Empire harsh or kind,
I stand by my own choice confin'd.
I daily saw how others far'd,
Whom the false Hope you gave ensnar'd ;
Like foolish Boys at Birds, that catch,
Sometimes we thought you in our reach ;
And then again, you'd mount and fly
Beyond the compass of our Eye ;
Till weary'd with the vain pursuit,
Like Birds that peck at painted Fruit,
The wiser sort their hopes disclaim,
And beat the Wood for easier Game.

O N

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF
The Late QUEEN.
A SONG.

Love's Goddess sure was blind this Day,
Thus to adorn her greatest Foe,
And Love's Artillery betray,
To one that wou'd her Realm o'erthrow.

Those Eyes, that form that lofty Meen,
Who could for Vertue's Camp design?
Defensive Arms shou'd there be seen;
No Sharp, no pointed Weapons Shine.

Sweetness of Nature, and true Wit,
High Power, with equal Goodness joyn'd,
In this fair Paradise are met,
The Joy and Wender of Mankind.

May her blest Example chase
Vice in Troops out of the Land,
Flying from her awful Face,
Like pale Ghosts when Day's at Hand.

Long may she Reign over this Isle
Lov'd and ador'd in foreign Parts;
But gentle *Pallas* Shield the while
From her bright Charms our single Hearts.

May her Heroe bring home Peace,
Won with Honour in the Field,
And all home-bred Factions cease;
He our Sword, and She our Shield.

Many such Days may She behold,
Like the glad Sun without decay;
May Time, that tears where he lays hold,
Only salute her in his way.

Late, late, may She to Heaven return,
And Quires of Angels their rejoyce,
As much as we below shall mourn
Our Short, but their Eternal Choice.

T O

CLORIS.

Cloris, I justly am betray'd,
By a design my self had laid;
Like an old Rook, whom in his Cheat,
A run of Fortune does defeat.
I thought at first with a small Sum
Of Love, thy Heap to overcome;
Presuming on thy want of Art,
Thy gentle and unpractis'd Heart;
But naked Beauty can prevail,
Like open force, when all things fail.
Instead of that, thou hast all mine,
And I have not one Stake of thine;
And, like all Winners, dost discover
A Willingness to give me over.
And though I beg, thou wilt not now;
'Twere better thou shoud'st do so, too;
For I so far in debt shall run,
Even thee I shall be forc'd to shun.
My Hand, alas, is no more mine,
Else it had long ago been thine;
My Heart I give thee, and we call
No Man unjust that parts with all.

D 3

T H E

O T
T H E

Soldiers Catch.

Room, Boys, room; room, Boys, room;
 For from *Ireland* we come;
 We have mawl'd the original Tories;
 We have baffled the League,
 Between Monsieur and Teague,
 And eclips'd the Grand *Lewis* his Glories.

They all fly in the Field,
 Their best Garrisons yield,
 They stand trembling while we take their
 Passes;
 Our brave King at our Head,
 We fear no Steel nor Lead,
 But laugh at their Beads and their Masses.

If some Blood we have spilt,
 To compound for the Guilt,
 In Love's Camp we will do double Duty,
 Mankind we'll repair,
 With the leave of the Fair,
 And pay our Arrears to true Beauty.

Our

Our worst Noise in the Pit,
Shall pass all for good Wit,
While the Cits and the Bumkins adore us.
We will pay the Rogues well
Their Wives Bellies shall swell,
And the Cuckolds at random shall score us.

The next Summer for *France*,
We will boldly advance,
Our noble Redeemer shall lead us;
We will break the Slaves Chains,
And drink off their *Champains*,
To the Health of that Heroe that freed us.

He hates *Lewis le Grand*,
Like a true English Man,
And ne'er will consent to a Treaty,
Till each neighbouring Crown
Have what's justly their own,
And the *French* strike Sail when they meet ye.

Since *Elizabeth's* Reign
No Protestant Queen
We have had, but the present God bless her;
Since our *Edward* the Fourth,
No brave Prince of such Worth,
But *William* his valiant Successor.

With a Queen so devout,
And a People so stout,
A Parliament that will supply 'em,
A Cause that is right,
And a King that will fight,
Our Enemies all we despise 'em.

T H E
I N D I F F E R E N C E .

THanks, fair *Urania* ; to your Scorn
I now am free as I was born,
Of all the Pain that I endur'd
By your late Coldness I am cur'd.

In losing me proud Nymph, you lose
The humblest Slave your Beauty knows ;
In losing you, I but throw down
A cruel Tyrant from her Throne.

My ranging Love did never find
Such Charms of Person and of Mind ;
Y'ave Beauty, Wit, and all things know,
But where you shou'd your Love bestow.

I unawares my Freedom gave,
And to those Tyrants grew a Slave ;
Wou'd you have kept what you had won,
You shou'd have more Compassion shewn.

Love is a Burthen, which two Hearts,
When equally they bear their Parts,
With Pleasure carry ; but no one,
Alas, can bear it long alone.

Im

I'm not of those who court their Pain,
And make an Idol of Disdain;
My Hope in Love does ne'er expire,
But it extinguishes Desire.

Nor yet of those who ill receiv'd,
Wou'd have it otherwise believ'd;
And, where their Love cou'd not prevail,
Take the vain Liberty to rail.

Whoe'er wou'd make his Victor less,
Must his own weak Defence confess,
And while her Power he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own Shame.

Even that Malice does betray,
And speak Concern another way;
And all such Scorn in Men is but
The Smoke of Fires ill put out.

He's still in Torment, whom the Rage
To Detraction does engage;
In Love Indifference is sure
The only sign of perfect Cure.

S O N G

S O N G.

W Ho wou'd not gaze away his Heart
 On *Mariana's* Eyes,
 Did not her high and just Disdain
 The bold Delight chastize?

Mirth and Joy She spreads around,
 Like the Sun's chearful Light,
 When his returning Beams destroy
 The Empire of the Night.

Her Beauty with amazement strikes
 (If with no more) the Old :
 Her Vertue tempers with Despair
 The Youthful and the Bold.

Her Goodness so disarms her Wit
 Of the offensive part ;
 Whilst others only charm the Ear,
 She steals the very Heart.

Let us no more defame the Fair,
 But learn to praise again ;
 Bright *Mariana's* Worth demands
 A new and nobler Strain.

So, to the feather'd Kind, the Spring
 Restores their wonted Voice ;
 On every Bough they sit and sing,
 And court their new-made Choice. The

The Eighth ODE

OF THE
SECOND BOOK

H O R A C E.

DId any Punishment attend
Thy former Perjuries,
I should believe a second time,
Thy charming Flatteries:
Did but one Wrinkle mark this Face,
Or hadst thou lost one single Grace.

No sooner hast thou, with false Vows,
Provok'd the Powers above;
But thou art fairer than before,
And we are more in love.
Thus Heaven and Earth seem to declare,
They pardon Falshood in the Fair.

And

Sure 'tis no Crime vainly to swear,
 By every Power on high,
 And call our bury'd Mother's Ghost

A Witness to the Lye:
 Heaven at such Perjury connives,
 And *Venus* with a Smile forgives.

The Nymphs and cruel *Cupid* too,
 Sharp'ning his pointed Dart
 On a old Hone, besmear'd with Blood,
 Forbear thy perjur'd Heart.
 Fresh Youth grows up, to wear thy Chains,
 And the old Slave no Freedom gains.

Thee, Mothers for their eldest Sons,
 Thee, wretched Misers fear,
 Lest thy prevailing Beauty should
 Seduce the hopeful Heir:
 New-marry'd Virgins fear thy Charms
 Should keep their Bridegroom from their
 Arms.

No sooner hast thou, with false Vows,
 Provok'd the Powers above;
 But thou art fairer than before,
 And we are more in love.
 Thus Heaven and Earth seem to decline
 They pardon Falseness in the Fair.

Sir Charles Sedley *Baronet.*

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of Bateman.

YOU Gallants all, that love good Wine,
For shame your Lives amend ;
With Strangers go to Church, or Dine,
But drink with an old Friend.

For with him tipling all the Night,
You kifs, hugg, and embrace ;
Whereas a Stranger at first sight,
May kill you on the Place.

There was a rich old Ufurer,
A gallant Son he had ;
Who slew an ancient Barrister,
Like a true mettled Lad.

All in that very House, where Saint
Holds Devil by the Nose ;
These Drunkards met to Roar, and Rant,
But quarrell'd in the close.

The

The Glafs flew chearfully about,
 And drunken Chat went on;
 Which Troops had fail'd, and which were stout,
 When *Namur* wou'd be won.

A learned Lawyer, at the laſt,
 No Tory, as I'm told,
 Began to talk of Tyrants paſt,
 In words both ſharp and bold.

He toucht a little on our Times,
 Defin'd the Power of Kings,
 What were their Vertues, what their Crimes,
 And many dangerous Things.

A Stranger that ſat ſilent by,
 And ſcarce new what he meant,
 O'ercome with Wine and Loyalty,
 Did thus his Paſſion vent:

I cannot bear the leaſt ill Word,
 That leſſens any King;
 And the bold Man ſhall feel my Sword;
 At that their Friends ſtepin.

The Quarrel ſeem'd a while compos'd,
 And many Healths there paſt,
 But one to Blood was ill dispos'd,
 As it appear'd at laſt.

The Counsellor was walking Home,
Sober, as he was wont,
The young Man after him did come,
With Sword that was not blunt.

A Blow their past, which no Man saw,
From Cane of Lawyer bold ;
The young Man did his Weapon draw,
And left the Lawyer cold.

Which Cane held up, in his Defence,
Was judg'd a Weapon drawn :
What needs there farther Evidence,
Th^e Assault was very plain.

At *Hixes's* Hall, by Jury grave,
It was Man-slaughter found ;
O what wou'd it have cost to have
A Pardon from the Crown.

Then learn, my honest Country-men,
To take yourselves the Pence ;
Wisely prevent the Courtier's Gain,
And save us that Expence.

Ye Gallants all, take heed how you
Come to untimely Ends ;
Justice has bid the World adieu,
And dead Men have no Friends.

S O N G.

SONG

HEars not my *Phillis*, how the Birds
 Their feather'd Mates salute?
 They tell their Passion in their Words;
 Must I alone be mute?
Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes
 Does like a Tyrant reign;
 But in thy heart a Child he lyes,
 Without his Dart or Flame.
Phillis, without, &c.

So many Months in Silence past,
 And yet in raging Love,
 Might well deserve one word at last
 My Passion shou'd approve.
Phillis, without, &c.

Must then your faithful Swain expire,
 And not one look obtain,
 Which he, to sooth his fond Desire,
 Might pleasingly explain?
Phillis, without, &c.

A D V I C E

A D V I C E

T O

The Old Beaux.

SCrape no more your harmless Chins,
 Old Beaux, in hope to please ;
 You shou'd repent your former Sins,
 Not study their Increase ;
Young awkward Fops, may shock our Sight,
But you offend by Day and Night.

In vain the Coachman turns about,
 And whips the dappl'd Greys ;
 When the old Ogler looks out,
 We turn away our Face.
True Love and Youth will ever charm,
But both affected, cannot warm.

Summer-fruits we highly prize,
 They kindly cool the Blood ;
 But Winter-berries we despise,
 And leave 'em in the Wood ;
On the Bush they may look well,
But gather'd, lose both taste and smell.

E

That

That you languish, that you dye,
 Alas, is but too true;
 Yet tax not us with Cruelty,
 Who daily pity you.
Nature henceforth alone accuse,
In vain we grant, if she refuse.

S O N G.

When first *Pastora* came to Town,
 The fresh Desire of every Heart,
 Her Innocence so fenc'd her own,
 She laught at *Cupid* and his Dart.

Her Looks might all the World enflame,
 Themselves, yet cold as freezing Snow;
 Which the bold Hand that thinks to tame,
 Soon with unusual Heat will glow.

As when a Comet does appear,
 We Stars and Moon no more respect;
 So while *Pastora* guilds our Sphere,
 All former Beauties we neglect.

SONG.

S O N G.

SMOOTH was the Water, calm the Air,
The Evening-Sun deprest,
Lawyers dismiss the noisie Bar,
The Labourer at rest,

When *Strephon*, with his charming Fair,
Cross'd the proud River *Thames*,
And to a Garden did repair,
To quench their mutual Flames.

The crafty Waiter soon espy'd
Youth sparkling in her Eyes;
He brought no Ham, nor Neats-tongues dry'd,
But Cream and Strawberies.

The amorous *Strephon* ask'd the Maid,
What's whiter than this Cream?
She blush'd and could not tell, she said:
Thy Teeth, my pretty Lamb.

What's redder than these Berries are?
I know not she reply'd:
Those Lips, which I'll no longer spare,
The burning Shepherd cry'd.

And strait began to hug her :

This Kifs, my Dear,

Is sweeter far

Than Strawberries, Cream and Sugar.

S O N G.

THe Sun had scarce drunk up the Dew,
Or underneath the Boughs,
The chearful Birds met, to renew
Their mutual daily Vows.

Scarce had they paid their Debt to Love,
When *Thirsis* with his Fair,
Enter'd in haft the conscious Grove,
A lovely loving Pair.

Thirsis began, Why mourns, my Dear?
Why does my *Celia* weep,
Since all things are propitious here,
And envious Man asleep?

Blame not my Tears, the Nymph reply'd,
Let them for ever flow,
E'er *Phæbus* twice his Face shall hide,
I to the Country go.

Let

Let us then snatch at flying Joy,
Cry'd out the am'rous Swain;
When cruel Flames an House destroy,
Who saves not what he can?

If, *Thirsis*, e'er we seal our Love,
We are so loth to part,
The Torment then will double prove,
And break my tender Heart.

I suddenly must cross the Seas,
To get my self a Name,
For in Love's Camp no Man can rise,
Who is unknown to Fame.

TO THE
KING,
ON HIS
BIRTH-DAY.

BEhold the happy Day again,
Destinguisht by the Joy in every Face;
This Day Great *William's* Life began,
Soul of our War and Guardian of our Peace.

Off three afflicted Realms, the choice,
When on the furious Waves of Faction tost,
They all cry'd out, as with one Voice,
Save us, Heroick Prince, or we are lost.

So in the gen'ral Deluge met [Foes;
Beasts of all Kinds, whom Nature had made
They did their mutual Hate forget,
And the blest Ark for sacred Refuge chose,

Part of thy Time, and of thy Care, [want.
Thy Native Country claims, and cannot
But we one Moment cannot spare,
(Tho' it be due) without a kind Complaint.

The Sun, who flies around the Earth,
Painting the Face of Nature where he shines,
Giving to Flowers and Fruit new Birth,
Rip'ning for us rich Spice and noblest Wines.

Permits we shou'd his Absence mourn,
Tho' for our good, like thee, abroad employ'd,
And that we welcome his return,
As if too long by distant Climes enjoy'd.

[Fame :
Hail, glorious King, fill all the Mouths of }
Vertue like thine will fiercest Envy tame; }
And may thy Life, be lasting as thy Name, }

A

DIALOGUE.

Mars. C*upid*, I hear thou hast improv'd
Thy little Art of War;
Old Men conceit they may be lov'd,
And Cripples win the Fair.

False powder'd Beaux at distance kill,
And every Fop writes Songs;
Musick imployes her utmost Skill,
And to thy Camp belongs.

Cupid. Great God of War, why shou'd not I
As well as you advance,
And by new ways make Lovers dye,
While you Bomb Towns in *France*?

William and *Louis* are your Pride,
I *elle Dives*, and *Stowel* mine,
Whof Batteries Men can less abide
Than those upon the *Rhine*.

Out

Out of Lycophrion.

WHAT shall become of Man so wise,
When he dies?
None can tell
Whither he goes to Heaven or Hell ;
Or after a few Moments dear,
He disappear,
And at last,
Perish entirely like a Beast:
But Women, Wine and Mirth we know,
Are all the Joys he has below :
Let us then ply those Joys we have,
'Tis vain to think beyond the Grave ;
Out of our reach the Gods have laid
Of Time to come th' Event,
And laugh to see the Fools afraid,
Of what the Knaves invent,

T O
L I B E R.

Liber, thou Joy of all thy Friends,
Worthy to live in endless Pleasure :
While Knaves and Fools pursue their Ends,
Let Mirth and Freedom be thy Treasure,

Be still well dress'd, as now thou art,
Gay, and on charming Objects thinking ;
Let easie Beauty warm thy Heart,
And fill thy Bed when thou leav'st drinking.

Delay no pressing Appetite,
And sometimes stir up lazy Nature ;
Of Age the envious Censure flight ;
What Pleasure's made of, 'tis no matter ;
He that lives so but to his Prime,
Wisely doubles his short Time,

S O N G.

SONG.

P*hillis* is my only Joy,
Faithless as the Winds or Seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please;
If with a Frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Tho', alas, too late I find,
Nothing can her Fancy fix;
Yet the Moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her Tricks;
Which, tho' I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing;
What need Lovers wish for more?

TO

T O

C O S C U S.

Lib. 9. Epig. 72.

O Times! O Manners! *Cicero* cry'd out,
But 'twas when enrag'd *Catilin* con-
spir'd

To burn the City, and to cut the Throat
Of half the Senate, had his *Ruffians* hir'd :

When Son and Father did the World divide,
And *Rome* for Tyrants, not for Empire
fought;

When slaughter'd Citizens on either side
Cover'd that Earth, her early Valour bought.

Of Times and Men, why dost thou now com-
plain?

What is it, *Coscus*, that offends thee, say?
Our Laws the License of the Sword restrain;
And our Prince wills that his arm'd Troops
obey :

His Reign, Success, Freedom and Plenty
crown,

Blame not our Manners then, but mend thy
own,

S O N G

S O N G.

See! *Hymen* comes; How his Torch blazes!
Loofer Loves, how dim they burn;
No Pleasures equal chaste Embraces,
When we Love for Love return.

When Fortune makes the Match he rages,
And forsakes th' unequal Pair;
But when Love two Hearts engages,
The kind God is ever there.

Regard not then high Blood, nor Riches;
You that would his Blessings have,
Let untaught Love guide all your Wishes,
Hymen shou'd be *Cupid's* Slave.

Young Virgins, that yet bear your Passions,
Coldly as the Flint its Fire,
Offer to *Hymen* your Devotions,
He will warm you with Desire.

Young Men, no more neglect your Duty,
To the God of Nuptial Vows:
Pay your long Arrears to Beauty,
As his chaster Law allows.

O N

O N

Don *A L O N Z O*,

Who was cut in pieces for making
Love to the Infanta of *Portugal*.

How cruel was *Alonzo's* Fate,
To fix his Love so high,
That he must perish by her Hate,
Or by her Kindness dye?

Tortur'd, and mangl'd, cut and maim'd,
If he triumpht o'er his Pain,
And with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
'Twas better than Disdain.

The gentle Nymph, long since design'd
For the proud *Monseurs* Bed,
Now to a holy Jayle confin'd,
Drops Tears with ev'ry Bead.

Tell me, ye Gods, if where a King
Suffers for Impotence,
True Love be such a fatal thing,
What can be Innocence?

S O N G.

S O N G.

P*Hillis*, Men say that all my Vows
Are to thy Fortune paid;
Alas, my Heart he little knows
Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I, of all these Woods, the Lord,
One Berry from thy Hand
More real Pleasure would afford,
Than all my large Command.

My humble Love has learnt to live,
On what the nicest Maid,
Without a conscious Blush, may give
Beneath the Mirtle-shade.

ON

O N A
C O C K

A T
R O C H E S T E R.

THou cursed Cock, with thy perpetual
Noise,
May'st thou be Capon made, and lose thy Voice,
Or on a Dunghil may'st thou spend thy Blood,
And Vermin prey upon thy craven Brood;
May Rivals tread thy Hens before thy Face,
Then with redoubled Courage give thee
chafe;
May'st thou be punish'd for St. *Peter's* Crime,
And on *Shrove-tuesday*, Perish in thy Prime;
May thy bruis'd Carcass be some Beggar's
Feast,
Thou first and worst Disturber of Man's
Rest.

S O N G.

SONG *A-la-mode.*

O'er the Desert, cross the Meadows,
 Hunters blew the merry Horn;
Phæbus chas'd the flying Shadows:
 Eccho, she reply'd, in scorn;
 Still adoring,
 And deploring,
 Why must *Thirsis* lose his Life?

Rivers murmur'd from their Fountains,
 Acorns dropping from the Oaks,
 Fawns came tripping o'er the Mountains,
 Fishes bit the naked Hooks;
 Still admiring,
 And desiring:
 When shall *Phillis* be a Wife.

F

Out

Out of French.

DEAR Friend, I fear my Heart will break ;
In t'other World I scarce beleave,
In this I little pleasure take :
That my whole Grief thou may'st conceive ;
Cou'd not I Drink more than I Whore,
By Heaven, I wou'd not live an Hour.

T H E

Doctor and his Patients.

THERE was a prudent Grave Physician,
Careful of Patients as you'd wish one;
Much good he did with Purge and Glister,
And well he new to raise a Blister ;
Many he cur'd, and more he wou'd,
By Vomit, Flux, and letting Blood ;
But still his Patients came again,
And most of their old Ills complain :

The

The Drunkards drank, and spoild their Liver:
 Beaux ply'd the Smock as much as ever,
 And got the high Venereal Feaver: }
 The Glutton cram'd at Noon and Supper,
 And doubled both his Paunch and Crupper.
 One Day he call'd 'em all together,
 And one by one, he askt 'em whether
 It were not better by good Diet,
 To keep their Blood and Humours quiet;
 With Tost and Ale to cool their Brains,
 Than Nightly Fire 'em with *Champains*;
 To Sup sometimes on Water-grewel,
 Than Drink themselves into a Duel; }
 To change their lewd for sober Life,
 And rotten Whore for sounder Wife?
 They all agreed that his Advice
 Was honest, wholesom, grave and wise; }
 But not one Man, wou'd quit his Vice;
 For after all his vain Attacks,
 They rose and Din'd well at *Pontack's*:

THE MORAL.

*The Wise may preach, and Satyrists rail,
 Custom and Nature will prevail.*

P R O L O G U E.

SInce glorious *Dryden* has withdrawn his
Light,
Some glimmering Stars relieve our gloomy
Night;

Poets of different Magnitudes advance,
In humble Confidence of Song and Dance;
Ballon and Tumblers please, tho' Poets fail;
At a strong back She-Criticks never rail.
When a good Place is void, we all pretend,
Some on their Merit, some their Purse de-
pend:

Our Friend can boast of neither, yet his Play
He hopes at Least may live out his third Day;
Adorn him with one Sprig, like *Christmas-*
Brawn,

His farther Plea to Bays shall be withdrawn.
In Courts of Law, under delays we groan,
But here our Poets are too soon undone;
Plays are half seen, half heard, less understood,
When the dead Warrant issues from the
Crowd:

Some are so void of Wit, they'll relish none;
Others again like nothing but their own;
Tho' outwardly they seem to carry it fair,
The Wits are always in a state of War.

This

Sir Charles Sedley *Baronet.* 63

This Play's so chaff, so void of Pagan Wit,
It might have been by a Reformer writ ;
Fops, Beaux and Parsons, shall this Night be
safe,
We bring the other Sex to make you laugh.

U P O N T H E
A U T H O R
O F T H E
Satyr against Wit.

A Grave Physician, us'd to write for Fees,
And spoil no Paper, but with *Recepe's*,
Is now turn'd Poet, rails against all Wit,
except that little found among the Great ;
As if he thought true Wit and Sence were ty'd
To Men in Place, like Avarice or Pride.
But in their Praise so like a Quack he talks,
You'd swear he wanted For his *Christmas*-box.
With mangled Names old Stories he pollutes,
And to the present Time past Actions suits ;
Amaz'd we find, ev'ry Page he writes,
Members of Parliament with *Arthur's* Knights,
It is a common Pastime to Write Ill ;
And Doctor with the rest, e'en take thy fill ;
Thy Satyr's harmless: 'Tis thy Prose that kills,
When thou Prescrib'st thy Potions and thy Pills.
Go on, brave Doctor, a third Volume write,
And find us Paper while you make us Sh—.

EPIGRAMS:

O R,

Court Characters.

*Carmina vix placeant Romæ si displicet Author
Docta premit Livor, stulta favore vigent.*

T O

MAXIMINA.

Lib. 2. Ep. 41.

OVID, who bid the Ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the Young and Fair;
For Thee his Council were not safe,
Who of sound Teeth has scarce a Pair;
If thou thy Glass, or Me believe,
Shun Mirth, as Foplings do the Wind;
At *Durfy's* Farce affect to grieve;
And let thy Eyes alone be kind.

T O
N I S U S.

How shall we please this Age? If in a
Song
We put above six Lines, they count it long;
If we contract it to an Epigram,
As deep the dwarfish Poetry they damn;
If we write Plays, few see above an Act,
And those lewd Masks, or noisie Fops distract:
Let us write Satyr then, and at our ease
Vex th' ill natur'd Fools we cannot please.

T O

T O
CLASSICUS.

Lib. 2. Ep. 69.

W HEN thou art ask'd to Sup abroad,
Thou swear'st thou hast but newly
Din'd ;
That eating late does overload
The Stomach, and oppress the Mind :
But if *Appicious* make a Treat,
The flend'rest Summons thou obey'st,
No Child is greedier of the Treat,
Than thou art of the bounteous Feast,
There thou wilt drink till every Star
Be swallow'd by the rising Sun:
Such Charms hath Wine we pay not for,
And Mirth, at others Charge begun.
Who shuns his Club, yet flies to every Treat,
Does not a Supper, but a Reck'ning hate.

T O

T O
S E X T U S.

Lib. 2. Ep. 38.

W^Hat Business, or what Hope brings
thee to Town,
Who can't not Pimp, nor Cheat, nor Swear,
nor Lye?

This place will nourish no such Idle Drone;
Hence, in remoter Parts thy Fortune try.
But thou hast Courage, Honesty, and Wit,
And one, or all these three, will give thee
Bread:

The Malice of this Town thou know'st not
yet;

Wit is a good Diversion, but base Trade;
Cowards will, for thy Courage, call the Bully,
Till all, like *Thraso's*, thy Acquaintance shun;
Rogues call thee for thy Honesty, a Cully:

Yet this is all thou hast to live upon:
Friend, three such Vertues, *Audley* had un-
done;

Be wise, and e'er th'art in a Jayl, be gone,
Of all that starving Crew we saw to Day,
None but has kill'd his Man, or writ his Play.

T O

T O

POSTHUMUS.

Lib. 4. Ep. 12.

That thou dost *Cashoo* breath, and Fo-
 reign *Gums*,
 Enough to put thy Mistress into Fits ;
 Tho' *Rome* thy Hair, and *Spain* thy Gloves
 perfumes,
 Few like, but all suspect, those borrow'd
 Sweets:
 The Gifts of Various Nature come and go,
 He that smells always well, does never so.

T O

T O
S C Æ V A.

IF *Scæva* for more Friends thou care,
Which thy great Merit cannot want ;
For me an humble Place prepare,
That I am new, make no complaint ;
Thy dearest Friends were Strangers once
like me, }
Like them, in time, I an old Friend may be, }
If thou no want of friendly Vertues see.

O T

T O

T O

SERTORIUS.

IF thou do'st want a Horse, thou buy'st a
Score,

Or if a Piece of Wine, thou'lt have a Tun;
Swords, Belts, or Hats, does any Cheat bring
o'er;

At his own Rate thou wilt have all or none.
Whil'st out of Wantonneſs thou buy'st ſo faſt,
Out of meer Want thou wilt ſell all at laſt.

T O

TO
C L O E.

L Eave off thy Paint, Perfumes, and youth-
ful Dress,
And Nature's failing Honestly confess ;
Double wee see those Falts which Art wou'd
mend,
Plain downright Uglinefs wou'd less offend.

TO

T O

CANIDIUS.

THou strut'st, as if thou wert the only
Lord;

When we all know of such there is an House,
Where I might sit, cou'd I the Price afford,
And Child has now three Earldoms out at
use,

High expectation does attend good Seed,
Yet none will buy a known Jade, for his Breed;
Boast not too much thy mighty Pedigree,
Were they alive they'd be ashamed of Thee.

T O

SEPTIMIUS.

THro' servile Flattery thou dost all com-
mend:

Who cares to please, where no Man, can of-
fend?

T O

T O
F L A V I U S!

THou quiblest well, hast Craft and In-
dustry,
Flatt'rest great Men, laugh'st at their Ene-
mies,
Rally'st the absent, art a pretty Spy,
Yet for all this in Court thou dost not rise;
Thou play'st thy Court-game booty: I'm
affraid
Th'ast promis'd Marriage, when thy Fortune's
made,
And so thou dar'st not thrive upon thy Trade.

G

T O

T O
C A N D I D U S.

Lib. 2. Ep. 43.

A L L Things are common amongst
 Friends thou say'st ;
 This is thy Morning and thy Ev'ning-song,
 Thou in rich Point, and Indian-Silk art dress'd
 Six foreign Steeds to thy Calash belong,
 Whil'st by my Cloaths the Ragman scarce
 wou'd gain ;
 And an uneasie Hackny Jolts my Sides ;
 A Cloak embroider'd intercepts thy Rain,
 A worsted Camblet my torn Breeches hides ;
 Turbots, and Mullets thy large Dishes hold,
 In mine a solitary Whiting lies ;
 Thy Train might Fire the impotent and old,
 Whil'st my poor Hand a *Ganimede* supplies :
 For an old wanting Friend thou'l't nothing
 do,
 Ye all is common among Friends we know ;
 Nothing so common as to use 'em so.

T O

O T
T O
G A U R U S.

Lib. 2. Ep. 89.

That thou dost shorten thy long Nights
 with Wine,
 We all forgive thee, for so *Cato* did ;
 That thou writ'st Poems without one good
 Line,
 Tully's Example may that Weakness hide ;
 Thou art a Cuckold, so great *Cesar* was ;
 Eat'st till thou spew'st, *Antonius* did the
 same ;
 That thou lov'st Whores, *Jove* loves a buksom
 Lass ;
 But that th'art whipt, is thy peculiar Shame.

T O
T H R A S O.

WHil'st thou sit'st drinking up thy
Loyalty,
And rail'st at Laws, thou dost not understand,
Ador'st the Ministers, who know not thee,
Sel'st thy long Freedom for a short Com-
mand,
The Power thou aim'st at, if o'er thee one have,
In a rich Coat th'art but a ranting Slave.

O N

ON
C O S C U S.

Lib. 2. Ep. 77.

C*oscus*, thou say'st my Epigrams are long ;
 I'd take thy Judgment on a Pot of Ale :
 So thou may'st say the Elephant's too strong,
 A Dwarf too short, the Pyramid too tall ;
 Things are not long, where we can nothing
 spare ;
 But, *Coscus*, even thy Disticks tedious are.

G 3

T O

O T

TO

BITHINICUS

Lib. 2. Ep. 12.

THat thy Wife coughs all Night, and
spits all Day ;
Already thou believ'st thy Fortune made,
Her whole Estate thou think'st thy fuddain
Prey ;
She will not dye, but wheedles like a Jade.

TO

TO
MAXIMUS.

Lib. 2. Ep. 53.

WOu'd'st thou be free, I fear thou art in
jest;

But if thou wou'd'st, this is the only Way,
Be no Man's Tavern, nor Domestick Guest;
Drink wholesom Wine, which thy own
Servants draw;

Of kna vish *Curio*, scorn the ill-got Plate,
The numerous Servants, and the cringing
Throng:

With a few Friends on fewer Dishes eat,
And let thy Cloaths, like mine, be plain and
strong;

Such Friendships make, as thou may'st keep
with ease,

Great Men expect, what good Men hate to pay;

Be never thou thy self in pain to please,

But leave to Fools, and Knaves, th' uncertain
Prey.

88 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Let thy expence with thy Estate keep pace ;
Meddle with no Man's Business, scarce thy
own ;

Contented pay for a Plebeian Face,
And leave vain Fops the Beauties of the Town.
If to this Pitch of Vertue thou canst bring
Thy Mind, th'rt freer than the *Persian* King.

T O

J U L I U S.

THou swear'st thou'lt drink no more; kind
Heaven send
Me such a Cook or Coach-man, but no Friend.

T O

T O
F L A V I A.

W H E N to thy Husband thou didst first
refuse

The lawful Pleasures of thy charming Bed;
Men did his Pipe, and Pot, and Whores accuse;
On his meer Lewdness the whole Fault we
laid :

Into thy House thou took'st a deep Divine,
And all thy Neighbours flockt to hear him
Preach ;

The cheated World did in thy Praises joyn,
The wiser sort yet knew thy wanton Reach,
From Sundays-crowds thou did'st thy Gallants
chuse,
And, when they fail'd thee, the good Doctor
use.

T O

T O

S E R G I U S.

THou'lt fight if any Man call *Thebe*
 Whore :

That she is thine, what can proclaim it more?

The Maidenhead.

C*Loris*, the prettyest Girl about the Town,
 Askt fifty Guinea's for her Maiden-
 head ;

I laught, but *Casus* paid the Money down,
 And the young Wench did to his Chamber,
 lead.

This Thrift my eager *Catso* did upbraid,
 And wisht that he had grown 'twixt *Casus*
 Thighs ;

Get me but half what his got him, I said,
 And to content the I'll ne'er stick at Price.

T O

T O
QUINTUS.

THou art an Atheist, *Quintus*, and a Wit,
Think't all was of self-moving At-
toms made,

Religion only for the Vulgar fit,
Priests Rogues, and Preaching their deceitful
Trade;

Wilt drink, whore, fight, blaspheme, damn,
curse and swear :

Why wilt thou swear, by G —, if there
be none ?

And if there be, thou shou'd'st his Vengeance
fear :

Methinks this Huffing might be let alone ;
'Tis thou art free, Mankind besides a Slave,
And yet a Whore may lead thee by the Nose,
A drunken Bottle, and a flatt'ring Knave,
A mighty Prince, Slave to thy dear Son's Foes,
Thy Lust, thy Rage, Ambition and thy Pride,
He that serves G---, need nothing serve beside .

O N

O N

Arria and Pætus.

WHen *Arria* to her *Pætus* gave the Steel,
 Which from her bleeding Side did
 newly part ;
 From my own Wound, she said, no Pain I feel :
 And yet thy Wound will stab me to the
 Heart.

O T

T O
M I L O.

ONE Month a Lawyer, thou the next
wilt be

A grave Physician, and the third a Priest;
Chuse quickly one profession of the three,
Marry'd to her, thou yet may'st court the
rest.

Whil'st thou stand'st doubting, *Bradbury* has
got

Five Thousand Pound, and *Conquest* as much
more;

W—— is made B——, from a drunken Sor:

Leap in, and stand not shiv'ring on the Shore;
On any one amiss thou can'st not fall,
Thou'lt end in nothing, if thou grasp'st at all.

T O

T O
S A B I N U S.

SUrly and Sour thou dislik'st Mankind;
 But most thou hat'st the Company
 thou'rt in;
 Seest all their Faults, but to thy own art blind:
 Yet still thou cry'st, When shall we meet
 agen?

Thou can'st not sit at Home, what should'st
 thou read?

For all are Fools, thou know'st that ever
 writ.

What should'st thou do abroad? this Age
 does breed

A sort of Vermin, have not half their Wit.
 Thou hat'st the World, hate Flesh and De-
 vil so,

And, for a blessed End, to *Burnet's* go;
 But, for thy Misery, th'art an Atheist too.

O N

ON
P H R I N E.

P*Hrine*, as odious as Youth well can be,
The Daughter of a Courtier in high
Place,
Met with a buggering Mass, that cou'd not
see;

His Blindness she, and that excus'd her Face.
Where she not ugly, she wou'd him despise;
Nor wou'd he marry her, if he had Eyes.
To their Defects, they're for the Match in
debt,

And, but for Faults on both sides, ne'er had
met.

TO

T O
B A S S A.

THat I ne'er saw thee in a Coach with
Man,
Nor thy chaste Name in wanton Satyr met;
That from thy Sex thy liking never ran,
So as to suffer a Male-servant yet.
I thought thee the *Lucretia* of our time:
But, *Bassa*, thou the while a *Tribas* wert,
And clashing —, with a prodigious Crime,
Didst act of Man th' inimitable part.
What *Odipus* this Riddle can untye?
Without a Male, there was Adultery.

T O

T O
SCILLA.

STorm not, brave Friend, that thou hadst
never yet

Mistress nor Wife that others did not---,
But, like a Christian, pardon and forget,
For thy own Pox will thy Revenge contrive.

H

ON

O N
S E X T U S.

W H E N I had purchast a fresh Whore or
Coat,
For which I knew not how to pay,
Sextus, that wretched covetous old Sot,
My ancient Friend, as he will say;
Left I shou'd borrow of him, took great care,
And mutter'd to himself aloud,
So as he knew I cou'd not chuse but hear
How much he to *Secundas* ow'd,
And twice as much he paid for Interest,
Nor had one Farthing in his trusty Chest:
If I had ask'd, I knew he wou'd not lend;
'Tis new, before-hand, to deny a Friend.

THE

The Happy PAIR:

O R, A

POEM

O N

MATRIMONY.

WHen first the World from the black
Chaos rose,
And Infant Beauty did the Frame compose;
When Heav'n and Man possess'd one state of
Mind,
And the pure Globe, like its CREATOR, shin'd:
When free from Sin the noble Mortal strove
To rival God in his return of Love.
When damning PRIDE, that Architect of Hell,
Made not, as yet, his tempted Soul rebel.
When plunging Avarice no Birth had found,
Nor tore the precious Entrails of the Ground;
Then, then, the new Inhabitant was blest,
Ease watch'd his Heart, and Peace secur'd his
Breast:

100 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

No earthly Thought tainted his gen'rous Mind,
That World th' Almighty gave him, he de-
clin'd;

His God-like Image made him upwards move;
He liv'd below, while his Soul dwelt above.
Riches were things too weak t' enslave his
Sence,

The daz'ling Di'mond wanted Influence.
Pearls, like the common Gravel, he contemn'd,
And what we count a God, he thought no
Friend.

With heat of Love he flam'd upon his Mate,
And on the green Swarth without Dowry fate:
Circling her snowy Neck, he sought her Heart;
A fi'ry Lover, free from Fraud, or Art.

The Object of his restless Thoughts, was Bliss,
And that he found in one Embrace, one Kiss:
One Clasp, one Hug, one eager Glance was more
Than Worlds of Pearl, or Heaps of golden Ore.
He prais'd his priz'd Affection next his God,
And thought his Wife the second chiefest Good,
The Heaven-born Dame brought to his long-
ing Arms

Her Soul, her Beauty, and resistless Charms.
Her Breast an equal active Fire did move,
She lost the Thoughts of Empire in his Love.
The splended Stile of Empress she despis'd,
The World a Cypher to the Man she priz'd:
Her crowding Wishes *Him* alone pursu'd,
No sep'rate Greatness cou'd her Love de'ude:

Her

Her *Intellectuals* pure, knew how to scan
That Great and Independent Monarch, Man;
That little, but more weighty World Refin'd,
More *apt*, and suited to her Heav'nly Mind.
She understood, that all that Good we name,
Was nicely wrapt and folded up in him.

Oh Fate! from whence proceeds the hidden
Cause,

That we at *LOVE*, that glorious Passion,
pause!

Was it with *Adam's* Innocence betray'd,
Or, by his Lapse, a Malefactor made?
Or have our own acquir'd Excesses been
So daring, to determine it a Sin?

What shou'd at once proclaim us Blest and
Great,

We fly, and court the Land-mark of our Fate:
Like murm'ring full-mouth'd *Isra'lites* we
stand,

And run on Rocks, to shun the Holy Land.
From hence the baff'd World has been invert,
Princes involv'd in War, and People Curs'd;
Friends to their Confidents Estrang'd, and those
Whom Fathers Got, to tender Fathers Foes.
Hence Lands United to themselves, divide,
And cease their strict Alliance, tho' Ally'd.
Hence hot Debates grow in Domestic Pow'rs,
The Man's unkind, the cheated Woman low'rs.
Man, like the forded Earth, from which he
sprung,

Corrupts his Soul by a base heap of Dung,

Forgetting the Celestial form he bore,
 He values not the Woman, but her Store :
 Extends his treach'rous Pledge to golden
 Charms,
 And joins his Hands to none but spangled
 Arms.

He Weds her Jewels and her Amber-Chains,
 But her Rich Self (that merits all) Disdains :
 Her Face he praises, but he courts her Ears,
 Catching the glitt'ring Pendants that she wears.
 Each Eye no longer he esteems a Star,
 Then flaming Rubies hang upon her Hair :
 And judging Love, without her Gold, a Curse,
 He scorns her Vertue, and adores her Purse.

The Woman too no less debas'd than he,
 Gives not her self, but for GRATUITY ;
 Sooths like a Merchant, with inveigling Art,
 Demands her JOYNTURE, and keeps back
 her Heart.

On *Terms* and *Articles*, with Pride proceeds,
 And Seals her cold *Affections* to her Deeds :
 Stands off and Treats like an Imperious
 State,
 And baulks her Happiness, to be made Great :
 Proclaims her Fortune of a goodly Size,
 And he that offers most, obtains the Prize.

Both Sexes now deprave their Noble Kind,
 While fordid Avarice corrupts the Mind.
 Never consult poor Vertue when they choose,
 But for a painted Cloud, the Goddess lose.

Divine

Divine Content they count a finer Cheat,
A Dish for Ornament, but no true Meat :
A meer Romance, an Idle Dream of those,
Who wanting Wealth, think to disguise their
Woes.

A *Mountebank*, that only boasts of Cures ;
But cannot work th' Effect his Cant assures.
The vain deluded Atheist thus denies
A Supreme Essence, hid from Human Eyes :
Because his Sense can't apprehend a God,
Religion's Sottish, and her Zealots Mad.

But look a marry'd and a happy PAIR,
Are now like Revelations, *Strange* and *Rare* :
But if we Reason from the Ages gone,
There scarcely was a happy Match, but
One.

We mind not now the Merits of our Kind,
Curious in Gold, but to the Persons Blind.
The Man ne'er minds his Love, for Money still
Is the base thirsted Object of his Will.

Upon condition of a promis'd Store,
He'll hugg a thing that crawls upon all Four.
Bring him an Old Rich Corps with grim
Death's Head,

He'll Swear she's Young, and her Complexion
Red.

Or if you cou'd bring one without a Face,
He'll praise her conq'ring Eyes, and charming
Grace.

Who when some skulking Wealth he does
unfold,
Honour and dread him for their new-found-
Gold.

But view, unrobe the Bosom of Disguise,
Observe the strange Aversion of their Eyes:
With Palpitations of Regret they twine,
Like Oil and Water their false Loves com-
bine.

With feign'd Embrace they seem Love's
Joys to crave,
But with their Bed, converted to a Grave:
And whilst their backward Hearts like Load-
stones meet,
They wish their Linnen were their Winding-
sheet.

He, like the Bear of Love, her Body Clips,
Instead of pressing, bites her glowing Lips.
She, like a wounded *Otter*, flings and Rails,
Fires with her Tongue, and combats with her
Nails.

Hell and Confusion sieze the Place around,
Nothing but mutual Frenzy's to be found.
They both launch out into a Sea of Strife,
A clam'rous Husband, and a brawling Wife.
The whole Armado of their Thoughts combine,
On each side Summon'd, they in Confort join.
He arms Revenge, she meets him with Dis-
dain,

And to't they rush, like Storms upon the Main.
She to her shrill loud Clamours, takes recourse,
Stamps, and invokes the Clergy for Divorce;

Detells

Detests the Light by which his Face she saw,
Curses the Bands, and Execrates the Law.

Directs to Heav'n her folded Hands with
Pray'rs,

And pouring down a Flood of briny Tears,
Hopes that kind Justice wou'd her Grief behold,
Pity an injur'd Lover, tho' a Scold :

That Death wou'd snatch him from the
loathsome Bed,

And Heav'n restore the Will which she be-
tray'd.

He with Distraction and with Rage grows
blind,

Curses the Sex, and Damns all Women-kind :

Accuses Heav'n that such a Monster made,

A Fury in deceitful Masquerade,

A gaudy Phantom, that deludes the Sight,

A Devil with the Coverture of Light ;

Blasphemes, and by his Passion cast so far,

Destroys himself by Persecuting her :

Abjures his Faith sworn to a legal Bed,

Hates her, and lays another by his Side ;

Profusely lavishes her Right each Kiss,

And wracks her with the sight of wrongful

B.ifs.

She grows provok'd upon the dismal Change,

And turns Dishonest, to retort Revenge :

The breach of Chastity she makes her Play,

Plagues him all Night, and Cuckolds him all

Day.

This

This must be then the issue, where our
Love

Does not together with our Nuptials move,
Possessions can't for fickle Joy provide,
When Love, the End of Living, is destroy'd.
Alas! we're all mistaken in the Kind,
A happy Man is measur'd by the Mind.
Suppose him born to all the Pomp of Life;
Admit he's match'd to Beauty in a Wife,
These are but Pageants, which a while may
please,

They may divert him, but procure no Ease.
The Grandeur is no Compound of our Bliss,
The rugged Bosoms of the Great confess,
The gilded Monarch's Sable stands within,
His Glory to his Troubles, but a Shrine:
His Cares, his Jealousies, Nocturnal Frights,
Imbitter all his Joys and false Delights.
His toiling Head with Grief a Crown must
bear,

Whilst he still starts and grasps, to hold it
there.

And thus all Princes to this Hell we trace,
They Reign without, and are but Kings by
Place.

But lest ambitious Maids in Scorn relate,
This is the utmost Tyranny of Fate;
That such Seditious disagreeing Pairs,
Are scarcely known in Centuries of Years.
We'll grant, (which yet no less Misfortune
breeds)

The Woman loves the Golden Man she Weds.
We'll

We'll think she brings with her Estate a Mind,
 Pure as her Sterling, from its Dross refin'd.
 Yet this is so unlikely to succeed,
 It Murders what it first design'd to Feed.
 He strait concludes her Passion a Pretence,
 Condemns her Soul, and lays the Crime on
 Sence.

Argues, she only chose to be his Bride,
 To serve and gratifie her costly Pride;
 But still we'll give this Topick larger Law,
 We'll say an equal Passion both does draw.
 We will suppose them both inclin'd to Love;
 We'll call her *Venus*, and we'll stile him *Jove*;
 Yet thro' the Tides of Business in his Head,
 He must neglect, and at length slight her Bed.
 His peeping Passion, like a feeble Sun,
 Mingled with Show'rs of Rain, will soon
 be gone.

And if perhaps there's left some poor Remains,
 Like Northern Gold, 'tis in penurious Veins.
 Diffus'd and scatter'd o'er the barren Land,
 Amidst vast Heaps of Lead and worthless Sand.
 This must be then a sad Reward of Love,
 When he thus senseless of her Choice do's
 prove.

Her Am'rous Courage ne'er can long be *bold*,
 That finds herself out-rival'd by her Gold.
 Both their Affections to the Deep are sent,
 He sinks through Weight, and she through
 Discontent.

Their Riches then shew their defect of Pow'r,
 That can't create what Want do's oft procure.

In

In thought of Wealth, he can't Intomb his
Smart,
When fullen Love preys on his stubborn
Heart.

If crouded Chests and glutted Coffers can
Restore Contentment to the anxious Man;
Possess'd of those, if he from Pain is free,
A troubled, may be call'd a quiet Sea:
Because there's Pearl and Amber on the Shoars,
And thus it's strangely silenc'd when it Roars.

But 'twere, methinks, an easie Task to prove
There's no such Curse, as Mercenary Love;
True Fire the Hearts o'th' Wealthy seldom
breed,

They may through Care, but not Affection
bleed.

Their Tenures, Lands, their Rents, and
Quarter-days,

In their distracted Heads strong Factions raise.
And whenso'er poor simpering Love peeps in,
He's by that boistrous Crowd beat out agen:
Cræsus is still perplex'd to guard his Store;
Fears 'twill be less, labours to make it more.
Thus what he hoards by the excess of Gain,
Starves his lean Joy, but feeds his pamper'd
Pain.

When Love with kind Caresses he should
please,

He forms Indentures, draws a cautious Lease;
On nasty Acres all his Speeches run,
His Heart's a Tumult, like a Market-Town.
And

And when in Bed he shou'd Embrace his
Spouse,

Like a Dull Ox, he's still amongst the Cows;
Chews all the Night upon the next fair Day,
How much this Horse, how that Load of Hay.
No thought but that of Cattle, yokes his
Heart,

His Soul's the Driver, and himself the Cart.
Nothing but Buz and Noise, his Fancy seize,
His Head's the Hive, his busie Thoughts the
Bees.

In vain the Wife do's for the Husband Mourn,
Whilst she's the Burthen, and her Love the
Droan.

Love, like a cautious fearful Bird, ne'er builds,
But where the Place Silence and Calmness
yields:

He flily flies to Copfes, where he finds
The snugging Woods secure from Blasts and
Winds.

Shuns the huge Boughs of a more stately Form,
And Laughs at Trees tore up with ev'ry Storm.
The pleasant Nightingal can ne'er be won,
To quit a Temp'rat Shade, to scorch i'th' Sun;
In some low Grove, he sings his Charming
Note,

And on a Thorn tunes the sweet Warbling
Throat.

We'll take a Rustick Couple for our Scenes,
Who Love, and know not what Ambition
means:

Who

Who such an even Competence possess,
What may support, but not disturb their Bliss.
See how unmov'd they at all Changes stand,
Shipwrecks at Sea, and Earthquakes on the
Land:

The Fraud of Courts, the Knavish Toil of
Clowns,

A Monarch's Favour, or his pointed Frowns,
Concern them not; they but themselves abuse,
In valuing that they ne'er intend to use.

Each to the other proves a solid Bliss,
Rich in themselves, no want of Happiness.
Like *Egypt*, in whose Land all Plenty grows,
Each others Bottom is their Best Repose.

When clam'rous Storms, and pitchy Tempest
Rise,

Cheek clings to Cheek, and swimming Eyes
to Eyes:

When jarring Winds and dreadful Thunders
Roar,

It serves to make 'em Press, and Love the more.
Immortal Beings thus themselves Cajol,
Spurn stinking Sence, and feed upon the Soul.
Here let us leave them bathing in pure Joy,
Whom envious Man, nor Fate can e'er destroy.
Here let 'em live to share all Wealth and Pow'r,
As Greatness can't love less, they can't love
more.

To the Divinest State of things they drive,
Like Pilgrim-Angels, on the Earth they live,
Kind Nature gave them, Fortune bore no part,
Love join'd their Souls, and Heav'n seal'd each
Heart.

THE

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL.

Next I will sing ethereal Dues refin'd,
The Heavenly Gift of Honey to
Mankind ;

Let not *Mecænus* this small Part despise,
Nature is always wonderful and wise ;
But mind, while I the Laws, Birth, Wars relate,
And sing the Leaders of this winged State ;
The Subject's humble, but not so the Praise, }
If any Muse assist the Poets Lays, }
Or invok'd *Phæbus* his small Labours grace, }
First for your *Bees*, a Seat and Station chuse,
Shelter'd from Winds and were no Cattle use ;
For they in Winds cannot bring home their
Food :

Nor let the Dew from off the Flowers be trod
By Sheep or Goats ; let no young Heifer in,
With wandring Feet to crush the rising Green ;
Suffer no greedy Wood-pecker to live,
Nor spotted Lizard, near your fruitful Hive ;
Nor *Progne's* Race admit, who long since stain'd
Her feather'd Bosom, with her bleeding Hand ;
Left

Left in their Bills they bear the Swarm away
 To their devouring Nests a cruel Prey.
 But let clear Fountains, mossy Pools be near,
 And a small Brook his murmuring Passage wear
 Between the grassy Banks; let the Hives be
 O'ershaded by some Palm or Olive-tree;
 That when new Kings first lead their Troops
 abroad,
 And the glad Youth forsake their dark abroad;
 They on the neighbouring Banks may shun
 the Heat,
 Or find on shady Boughs a cool Retreat.
 Whether the sluggish Waters make a Pool,
 Or in weak Streams with gentle Murmur rowl,
 Throw in some Boughs and Stones were they
 may stand,
 And to the Summer's Sun their Wings expand.
 If by East Winds, disperse in their short flight,
 They headlong on the Water's Surface light.
 Let Cassia's spicy Shrub be ever nigh,
 With verdant Thyme and fragrant Savory;
 And near some Fountain, on well water'd Beds,
 Let early Violets raise their Purple Heads:
 And let your Hives, whether of Barks of Trees,
 Or bending Osier have small Passages,
 Let Cold condense, or Heat the Honey warm,
 For both Extreames may equally do harm.
 Nor is't in vain; so artfully they line
 Their Cells with Wax, Herbs, Leaves and
 Flowers joyn,
 Closing with certain Glue, their Outlets, which
 For that small use excels *Idean* Pitch.

I

If

If Fame say true, sometimes they under Ground
 Make themselves Nests, sometimes their
 Swarms are found
 In the dark Vaults of hollow Pumices,
 Or in the rotten Trunks of aged Trees.
 To stop the gaping Crannies of their Hive,
 Of Leaves and Mud a yielding Paste contrive.
 Let no dire Yew, her baneful Shadow spread
 Near their small House; no filthy Crabs grown
 red
 In crackling Flames, infect the Neighbouring
 Air;
 No odious smell of Mire, no Fen be near.
 Eccho, that babbling Nymph, be far away,
 And hollow Caves that with last Accents play,
 When under Ground the Sun makes Winter
 fly,
 And with his fruitful Light expands the Sky,
 They spread o'er every Forest and dark Wood,
 Sip of each Stream, and taste of every Bud:
 Then back with Vernal Sweets, refresht they
 come,
 New build and People their beloved Home.
 Next in their artful Combs fresh holes they drill,
 Which with tenacious Honey soon they fill.
 When thou look'st up, and seest 'em all above,
 In a thick Cloud before the Weather move,
 Through yielding Skies cutting their liquid
 Way,
 No more they mean in their own Homes to
 stay,

But

But fly to the next Water or green Wood,
For there they'll swarm, if not by Art with-
flood.

Press then each Herb of greatful smell and taste,
Before them Mint and Honey-suckles cast.

Let Brass and Old *Cybele's* Cymbals beat,
Till to their Medicin'd Hives, they all retreat;

But if adventrous Kings for Empire strive,
Or civil Wars divide the factious Hive,

The Vulgars Hearts thou early maist perceive,
Trembling for Rage; and through the buz-

zing Hive,
A broken noise, like that of Trumpet's sound,

Till the hoarse Warlike Call: the Camp go
round:

Then shine their Wings, and each bold *Warrior*
Whets in his Mouth, and shakes his brandisht

Spear;

About their King and his Pavillion all
The Bravest flock, and for th' Battle call.

At his Command in the early Spring they fly
Out of their Hives, and in the open Sky,

Meet in thick living Clouds, headlong they fall;
Not faster from a freezing Cloud the Hail,

Nor drops the Acorn from the shaken Oak.
The Kings their Camp and Squadrons over-

look,
Distinguisht by illustrious Wings they go,
And mighty Courage in small Bodies shew;

So brave, to fly no King was ever found
Till half his Host lay breathless on the Ground,

These Tempests of their Mind, this mighty
 Rage;

A little dust thrown up, will soon assuage:
 But if both Kings return, the Vanquish'd slay,
 The conquering Monarch let the Swarm obey;
 One bright with various Spots, shining like Gold
 (For of th' two sorts there are) this best and
 bold

In Looks and Courage, gay with glittering
 Scales;

Deform'd with Sloth, the other poorly trails
 A gross inglorious Paunch; as of the Kings,
 Their Nations, Shape, are different, and their
 Wings;

Those foul and ruffled, like the Dust appear,
 New Spit on by some thirsty Traveller;
 These are all bright like Lumps of shining
 Gold,

And equal Spots their Painted backs unfold;
 These are the noblest kind, from such thou maist
 Sweet Honey press, and of the smoothest taste,
 Not only sweet and clear, but such as may
 The roughness of unpleasing Wines allay:
 But when the Swarms fly wanton in the Air,
 And to forsake their empty Hives prepare,
 Thou may'st with ease the Wanderers recall,
 Clip their Kings Wings; the Labour is but
 small.

No great Attempt, if he once lag behind,
 No airy March, no flight will be design'd:
 From various Flowers let grateful Odors rise,
 And place the Garden's God before their
 Eyes: Plant

Plant Thyme and Pines, from lofty Moun-
tains torn,
About their House: Let Hinds, to labour born,
Set deep, and water well the fruitful Shade:
And now did not my ending Task perswade
To slack my Sails, as to my Port I steer,
Perhaps the Art of Gardening I'd declare,
And rosie Harvests of the *Pæstan* Year,
How their broad Leaves new water'd Endives
rear,

Green Parsly-beds, slow Daffadils, and how
The bended Cucumbers to Belly grow;
Nor the *Achatus* wou'd in silence pass,
Yew, Mirtles, nor th' Ivies dire embrace;
For I under *Tarentums* lofty Towers,
On Yellow Fields, where slow *Galafus* pours
Her fruitful Stream, remember to have known
A good old Man; some Acres of his own
He did possess, but neither fit to breed
The Useful Heifer, or the Flock to feed;
No Purple Vines his naked Elms adorn,
But his Poor Soil was overgrown with Thorn;
Roots he preferr'd, and Pot-herbs of his own,
To all the Pomp and Riots of a Crown.

When late returning from his Work abroad,
He did with unbought Fare his Table load.
In the new Spring he cropt the earliest Rose,
And the first Apples ripen'd on his Boughs;
When even Rocks with cold fierce Winter
cleaves,

And every Stream his icy Chain receives,

He the soft Sprigs of yielding Bearsfoot binds,
Chides the late Summer, and flow Western
Winds:

He first made fruitful Bees his early care,
Had many Swarms, whose Combs much
Honey bear:

As many Blossoms as the Spring display'd,
So much ripe Fruit his grateful Autumn paid:
He cou'd transplant large Elms and make
'em grow,

And to a tastful Plum, improve the Slow:
And Plants remove, such as might then afford
A grateful Shade to his small chearful Board.
To treat those things at large I here want room,
And therefore leave 'em to some Muse to come;
And now proceed the Natures to declare,
Which *Jove* himself did on the Bees confer
As a Reward, for following the shrill
Sound of *Cybele's* Priests on *Ida's* Hill;
Till by their tinkling Cymbals they were led,
Where Heaven's new exil'd King they found
and fed.

Their off-spring they alone in common rear,
And their small City in like Houses share;
Under eternal Laws they wisely live,
Each knows his little Cell, and loves his Hive;
Mindful of Winter, in the Spring takes pains,
To swell the publick Stock with private Gains.
Some Food provide, and by appointment scour
O'er every Meadow, and each opening Flower.
Others at home their industry employ;
Tears of *Narcissus*, the too lovely Boy,

And

And lightest Gums from Barks of Trees they
take,
The firm Foundation of their Combs to make;
Those form the Wax, while these brood o'er
the young;
Others the Cells with liquid Nectar throng;
Some watch abroad and of the Gates take care,
Observe Clouds, Rains, and Tempests in the
Air;
Of the returning Swarm the loads receive,
Or force the idle Drones out of the Hive:
Hotly the Work is ply'd through all their
Cells,
Fragrant with Thyme, the new-made Honey
smells;
And as the Cyclops, when they Thunder mold,
Of melting Wedges, some the Bellows hold,
Draw in the Winds, and force 'em out again,
From the dark Womb of the Bulls nine-
fold Skin:
Others dip hissing Metals in the Lakes,
With their huge massy Anvils *Aetna* shakes;
In tuneful Strokes, their high-rais'd Hammers
fall:
Some turn with nimble Tongs the glowing Ball,
So if small things I may with great compare,
Cecropian Swarms in their close Work-house
fare;
Desire of Gain sollicit all Degrees,
And makes 'em ply their several Offices;
Care of the Town and Combs the Elder take;
And with *Dadalian* Art new Houses make;

The Younger late at Night with Labour worn,
 And laden Thighs, from their days Task return,
 Among the Wildings, and fat Teils they feed,
 Pale Violets, and the Osier's bending Reed;
 All the same Labour, and same Rest partake.
 Soon as 'tis Day out of their Hives they break;
 And when th' Evening calls 'em from abroad,
 Alike refresh themselves with Rest and Food;
 The House is fill'd with their returning Hum;
 But when into their inward Rooms they come,
 A Sacred Silence reigns throughout the Hive,
 And all with Sleep their wearied Limbs relieve.
 In threatening Show'rs from Home they will
 not fly,
 Nor trust, when East-winds blow, the low'ring
 Sky,
 But from their Walls, safe, short Excursions
 make,
 And from the nearest Spring their Water take.
 With little Stones they poise their flight,
 As reeling Barks by Ballast are kept right.
 'Tis strange this sort of Life shou'd please 'em
 so,
 Where kindly Joys of Sex they never know;
 To *Venus* never sacrifice, nor breed,
 With glad short Pangs, the Youth that must
 succeed;
 But gather from sweet Herbs, and Flowers
 their young,
 Choose Kings, and such as to his Court belong;
 Their little Cells, and Realms of Wax repair;
 Sometimes on Flints, their labouring Wings
 they tear : Under

Under their load some generously expire,
Of Flowers, and Honey, through too great
desire.

Though their Lives seldom seven Years exceed,
Their Kind's immortal, deathless is their Breed:
The ancient House and Families survive,
And a long faithful Pedigree derive.

Not *Egypt*, *Lydia*, nor *Hidaspis* Shore,
Their Monarch more obsequiously adore;
While he is safe, they all are of one Mind,
But if he fail, Faith Laws no longer bind;
On their own Stores tumultuously they fall,
And of their Combs, destroy themselves the
Wall;

He keeps them all in order, and in awe.
Him they admire, and guard, observe, obey,
Oft bear him on their Shoulders through the
Air;

And a brave Death pursue in Arms and War.
Some by these Signs, and these Examples taught,
Bees to partake of the eternal Mind have
thought,

And of Ethereal Race; *Jove* runs through all,
High Heaven, deep Seas, and the Earth's
massy Ball;

Hence Cattle, Men, all Animals receive
When they are born, the Souls by which they
live,

And when dissolv'd, to him return, none dye,
To their first Elements the grosser fly,
Th' ethereal Parts ascend their native Sky.

But

But if their little Stores thou can'st not seize,
 And force the Sacred Treasure of thy Bees,
 First from thy Mouth large draughts of Water
 spout,

Then, with thy Hand extended, smother 'em out.
 Twice they have Young, too Harvests in a
 Year,

One when the lovely *Pleiades* appear,
 And their new Light above the Ocean show;
 The other when those Stars feel Winters blow,
 And to moist Northern *Pisces* leave their Place,
 Hiding in stormy Seas their fullen Face.

With the least hurt provok'd, they arm for
 fight,

And dart a painful Venom where they light:
 Fixt in the Veins their Sting and Soul they leave,
 And often perish by the same Wound they
 give.

But if thou see'st a cold hard Winter near,
 And their low Minds, their sickly State declare,
 Who doubts to spare their Stores, or will delay
 To burn fresh Thyme or cut some Wax away?
 Oft on their Combs, the unseen Lizards light,
 And buzzing Moths disturb them in the night;
 Or sluggish Drones (on others Toil that thrive)
 Or Wasps with their unequal Arms arrive.
 Some filthy Worm gets in, or Spider sets
 At their Hive's Mouth, her loose and deadly
 Nets.

The more they are exhausted, still the more
 Their wasted Stock they labour to restore.

But

But if, perhaps (as Life will on the Bees
Bring our Distempers) with some new Disease
They languish, which no doubtful Signs
declare,

A horrid paleness will their Looks impair,
And dusky Colours their sick Bodies wear.

Then bear they out great Numbers of the
Dead,

And in long Pomp, sad Funerals they lead;
Or dully hang, clincht in each others Feet,

At the Hive's Mouth, or to their Cells retreat,
Through cold or hunger, for their Work unfit.

Whispers and Murmuring rise, as when a Breeze
Of Southern Winds breath on the bending
Trees,

Or troubled Seas in Ebbing Tides retire,
Or Forges labour with imprison'd Fire.

To burn *Galbanum* Fumes I would perswade,
And through fresh Pipes let Honey be con-
vey'd;

So to restore 'em to their Strength and Food.

To mix the Juice of Galls, perhaps were good.

Dry'd Roses, and new Wines half boild away,

Clusters of Raisins, Thyme, and Centaury.

There is a Flower, which we in Meadows find,

And call'd *Amella* by the Country Hind;

By those that seek it, easie to be known,

Each single Root a many Branches crown;

Yellow the Flowers, but to the numerous Leaves,

The darker Purple of the Vi'let cleaves;

With it the Altars of the Gods are crown'd,

Rough to the Taste, in fruitful Vallies found.

By

124 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

By Shepherds, that near winding *Mella* dwell.
 Boil this found Root in generous White-
 wine well.
 Then Osier-pipes with the new Diet fill.
 But shou'd the whole Stock fail, and none
 remain,
 Whence a new Progeny might rise again,
 'Tis time, the fam'd I Invention to unfold,
 Of the *Arcadian* Shepherd, how of old,
 From the bruis'd Blood of Heifers new slain,
 Bees
 Have taken Life, and swarm'd out by de-
 grees :
 Here the whole Story shall at large have place,
 While the long Fame, to its Author trace :
 For where the People of *Canopus* dwell,
 And fruitful Waters of fat *Nilus* swell ;
 On whose smooth Bosom painted Vessels ride,
 Where-e'er it borders on rich *Persia's* Side ;
 Or with seven Mouths do's the plain Coun-
 try drown,
 As far as from parcht *India* rowling down,
Egypt's green Soil, with fruitful Slime to mend ;
 All the vast Region on this Art depend.
 A Place contracted for that use they chuse,
 And the low House with narrow walls inclose :
 Of well-wrought Tyles, four Windows they
 contrive
 To the four Winds expos'd, that may receive
 The Light obliquely ; then they choose a Steer,
 Whose bending Horns proclaim his Second
 Year ;
 On

On him they sieze, and stop his struggling
Breath

At Mouth, and Nostrils, beating him to death.
With his bruis'd Entrails his warm Hide they fill,
And thus inclos'd, they leave him for a while:
Fresh Boughs, Thyme, Cassia's on his sides
they throw,

E're Western-winds first on the Waters blow;
E're Nature with fresh Colours paints the Fields,
Or on House-tops the airy Swallow builds.

The clotted Blood and dissolv'd Bones, the
while

Ferment, and into wondrous Creatures boil,
Who without Feet at first their Voices try,
And with new Wings in little Parties fly;
Till they at last break forth, as when a Shower
Hot Summers Clouds on the parch'd Moun-
tains pour,

Or as the Arrows from the *Parthian* Bow,
When twanging Strings first send 'em on the
Foe.

What, God, my Muse? who first this Secret
taught,

Or was it the high Flight of Human Thought?

The Shepherd *Aristeus* (as Fame says)

Losing his Flock, through Famine and Disease,

Forsook *Thessalian* Temple, and dismay'd,

Ran to the Sacred River's utmost Head,

And thus his Moan to his bright Parent made:

Mother, *Cyrene*, Mother who dost keep

Thy watry Court beneath this Crystal

Deep,

Why

Why dost thou say I am of heavenly Race,
 And sprung from great *Apollo's* hot Embrace,
 Since Fate pursues me thus? Is this thy
 Love?

Why dost thou bid me hope a Seat above,
 Since in this Life that little Fame decays,
 Which I by Herds and Gardens thought to
 raise?

With thy own Hand my thriving Woods
 destroy,
 Devouring Fire against my Stalls employ,
 Burn my full Barns, if I too much enjoy,
 Cut down my Vines, and blast my coming
 Years,

Since my small Fame offends a Mother's Ears,
 His Voice *Cyrene* through her Waters heard,
 While round her Nymphs *Milesian* Fleeces
 card;

Drymo and *Xantho*, *Ephyre* the Fair,
 Her Neck half cover'd with her flowing Hair;
Cydipe and *Lycoris*, one a Maid,
 The other rising from *Lucina's* Aid;
Clio and *Beroe*, both Ocean-born,
 Whom well-wrought Gold and painted Skins
 adorn;

Bright *Deiopea*, *Arethusa*, now
 No more a Huntress with her Spear and Bow;
 To these *Clymene* sings of *Vulcan's* Care,
 Defeated by the amorous God of War:
 From *Chaos* she the Loves of Gods relates,
 Pleas'd with these Tales, while the soft Flax
 abates.

FROM

Sir Charles Sedley *Baronet.* 157

From their swift Spindles, the Nymphs hear
again,

Nearer and nearer still her Son complain,
All rise astonisht from their green Abode ;

But *Arethusa* first above the Flood
Lifts her bright Head: The Cryстал Waters
bow'd,

And spying him afar, 'Twas not in vain,
Sister, she said, we heard a Voice complain ;

Sad *Aristeus*, once thy Care and Joy,

See at thy Father's Spring the weeping Boy :

By Name he calls thee Cruel and Unkind,

Fear and Amazement, seiz'd *Cyrene's* Mind.

Let him, she said, he may behold th' aboads,

And tread the Threshold of his kindred
Gods.

At his command the wondring Rivers spread,
And a new Passage for his Enrrance made.

The Waters like a Mountain stood on Heaps,

While he into their yielding Bosom leaps :

Down to the Bottom, where amaz'd he sees

His Mother's Realm and Cryстал Palaces :

And as he goes, admires the sounding Groves,

And hidden Lakes, thro' which the Water
moves

With such amazing Force, and under Ground

Beholds the Rivers that our World go round ;

Phasis and *Lycus*, and the sacred Head

Whence the deep Waters of *Enipeus* spread ;

Whence *Aniena* and fam'd *Tyber* flow,

The stony *Hypanis*, *Mysas* and the *Poe*,

Than

128 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Than which no River runs a swifter Race
 To his old Father *Neptune's* moist Embrace.
 Into her inmost Seat while they withdrew,
 And of each other took a nearer View,
 The Nymphs clear Fountains for their Hands
 prepare,
 And curious Towels of the finest Hair:
 Some with full Cups, with Banquets some
 attend,
 While in rich Smoak *Panchean* Gums ascend:
 Take this full Bowl of Wine, *Cyrene* cries,
 And to the Ocean pour the Sacrifice:
 To *Neptune* first, Father of all the Prays;
 Then Nymphs inhabiting the Woods and
 Seas;
 Pure Nectar thrice upon the Fire she throws,
 And thrice the auspicious Flame up to the
 Cieling rose:
 Embolden'd by the Omen, thus she spake,
 A Prophet dwells in the *Carpasian* Lake;
 Green *Proteus*, whom a wondrous Coach
 conveighs,
 And scaly Horses draw thro' yielding Seas:
 His own *Palene* on th' *Emathian* Shore
 He visits: Now him, all we Nymphs adore,
 And aged *Nereus* self; for well he knows
 What is, what was, what Fate will next
 expose:
 So *Neptune* has decreed, whose Herds and
 Flocks
 He feeds beneath the Ocean's craggy Rocks:

Him

Him thou must sieze, my Son, and bind him
well,

Till thy Misfortunes Cause and Cure he tell :
For uncompell'd he nothing will declare,
Nor can his Heart be touch'd with Human
Prayer.

When thou hast siez'd him, Chain, or use him
worfe,

His Shifts will fail before the God-like Force :
My self, when the Sun climbs the middle Sky,
Plants scorch, and Cattle to their Coverts fly,
Will bring thee where the aged Prophet lies
Dissolv'd in Sleep and Sloth, and easie for
surprize,

When thou hast siez'd and bound him, every
Shape

And frightful Form he'll vary, to escape ;
One while he'll seem a Dragon, or tusk'd Boar,
Then shake his yellow Mane, and like a Lyon
roar ;

Then crackle like a kindling Flame, or slide
Out of thy Chains like a declining Tide :
The more he varies Forms, my Son, the more
Urge thy Success, and never give him o'er,
Till vex't through all his Forms, that Shape
he keep

Which first he wore when he lay down to
sleep.

This said, she with *Ambrosia* scents the Room,
And 'noints his Body for the time to come,
The Steam Divine on his loose Tresses dwells,
And every Nerve with active Vigor smells.

Worn in a Mountain's side there is a Cave,
Where beat by ceaseless Winds the Waters
rave ;

And into crooked Bays the Currents glide,
Of old a Port where Vessels us'd to ride :
Within lies *Proteus*, with high Rocks in-
clos'd,

In ambush here her Son the Nymph dispos'd :
For her Retreat a distant Cloud she wove ;
Now *Syrus* scorcht the *Indians* from above,
And through the middle Sky swift *Phæbus* }
drove :

Herbs wither'd at his touch, and to the Mud,
His thirsty Beams drank up the boiling Flood ;
When *Proteus* rising from the Waves repair'd
To his old Cave ; on him the watry Herd
Of Sea-born Monsters their Attendance pay, }
And in glad Leaps shake the salt Dew away, }
Around the Shore the sleepy Sea-calves lay ; }
He, like a Herdsman on some Hill that lives,
When Night the lazy Cattle homeward drives,
And bleating Lambs the hungry Wolf pro-
voke,

Reviews and tells 'em over, from his Rock :
Seeing his time, the bold Youth on him rush'd,
And with new Chains the aged Prophet crush'd.
He on the other side tries every shape,
And dreadful Form, whereby he might escape.
One while a Monster, Flame, and then a
Flood.

Finding himself thro' all his Shifts pursu'd,

Wea-

Wearied, o'ercome, his former Shape he took,
And with a Humane Voice at last he spoke:
Bold Youth, who bid thee to our Cave repair?
What wou'dst thou learn? he said, What
mak'st thou here?

Proteus, thou know'st no Man can thee de-
ceive,

Deceive not others by the God's high Leave;
Ruin'd, undone, I come to know of thee,
What was the Cause, what is the Remedy.
Here the green Prophet cast a dreadful Look,
He star'd, he gnasht his Teeth, and big with
Fate thus spoke:

Some powerful God with no light Wrath
pursues

Thy fatal Crime; now injur'd *Orpheus* shews
His fierce Revenge, he this Contagion sent,
For his lost Wife too small a Punishment:
Unhappy Nymph, who while she headlong
fled

Thy foul Pursuit, on a loath'd Serpent's Head
Trod unawares, which then she could not see
For the long Grass, and for worse Fears of
thee:

For equal, Nymphs the *Dryades* with shrill
Complaints and Shrieks the neighbouring
Mountains fill.

The Towers of *Rhodope*, the *Gatan* Race,
The rough Inhabitants of Warlike *Thrace*;
Pangæum, *Hebrus*, *Orithyia*, all,
With their united Grief lament her Fall:

132 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

He on bleak Sands, soothing his vain Desire,
Wanders alone, and with his mournful Lyre
Feeding his Grief, pining himself away,
With her begins, with her he ends the Day.
The Jaws of *Tanarus*, Infernal Gates,
Dark Groves he past, where dismal Terrour
waits ;

To Ghosts, and their dread King, does fear-
less sue,

And Minds that never yet Compassion knew :
Charm'd with his Voice the airy People throng
About the Youth, and listen to his Song ;
Thick as small Birds to their dark Coverts
fly,

When th' Evening comes, or the tempestuous
Sky

Pours down a Storm.

Mothers with Husbands, and the breathless
Shades

Of once great Heroes, Boys, and riper Maids,
Unmarry'd Youth whom their fond Parents
mourn'd,

Before their Face t' untimely Ashes turn'd.
All these with filthy Mud, rank ugly Weeds,
Such as alone infernal Water breeds,
Styx does nine times surround the House of
Fate,

And Snake-hair'd Furies in Amazement fate.
Cerberus three Mouths were dumb, *Ixion's*
Wheel,

And Winds that move it at his Song, were
still.

Now

Now he returning, had all Dangers past,
 And freed *Eurydice* beheld at last
 The upper Sky again, following behind, un-
 seen,
 So far obeying the infernal Queen;
 Here Love, Rage, Joy, to a short Madness
 drive,
 Th' impatient Lover, (could those Gods for
 give,
 How small a Fault!) here fatally he staid,
 Rashly forgetting the Agreement made:
 With the first Glimple of fresh Ethereal
 Light,
 On his dear Wife he turn'd his longing Sight:
 Here vanish'd all his Labour, and their Law
 Those unrelenting Powers neglected saw.
 Three Peals of Thunder shook th' infernal
 Coast,
 Orpheus, she cry'd, was ever Love so crost?
 How are we both by thy rash Passion lost?
 Fate puts me back, and my declining Sight
 Feels the cold Hand of Death and endless
 Night.

Farewel, farewell for ever, now I go
 Plung'd deep in Darkness, to the World below;
 Stretching to thee, (dear Cause of all my
 Harms)

No longer thine, alas! my helpless Arms.
 And at that Word from his distracted sight,
 Like Smoak mixt with thin Air, she took her
 flight,

134 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Ne'er to return again. At the dear Shade
In vain he catcht, and much he wou'd have
said,

Too late; For surly *Charon* wou'd no more
Permit his Passage to the *Elysian* Shore.

His Wife twice lost, ah, Whither shou'd he
move?

With what soft Prayer invoke the Powers a-
bove?

Or with what Tears the Shades? cold in the
Boat,

On the dark Lake she did already float.

'Tis said seven Months he did his Loss deplore

On the bleak Rocks of *Strymon's* Desert
shore;

Singing this sad Event of too much Love,

He soften'd Tygers and made Forrests move,

As in some poplar Shade the Nightingal,

In mournful Strains, does her lost Young
bewail,

Whom some course Hind has newly torn away
From their warm Nests, unfeather'd as they
lay.

Night after Night, upon some Bough she sits,

And her sad Note no Moment intermits,

Which every Field and echoing Grove, re-
peats.

Nor Love, nor Marriage charm'd his restless
Mind;

Alone he wanders, where the Northern Wind
Beats upon snowy *Tanais* chilling Shoar,

Where Ice ne'er fails, and ceaseless Tempests
roar;

There

There his lost Wife he mourns in doleful Strains,
And of the Gods and there vain Gift complains,
The fierce *Sithonian* Women thus despis'd,
As they the feast of *Bacchus* solemniz'd,
Full of their God, and boiling with disdain,
Scatter'd his bleeding Limbs through all the
Plain.

From his firm Neck his gory Head thus torn,
Down the swift Stream of rapid *Hebrus* born,
Shriekt out, Ah poor *Eurydice*, and dy'd,
The echoing Banks *Eurydice* reply'd.

This said, he plung'd into his watry World,
About his Head the foaming Billows curl'd.
Her anxious Son divine *Cyrene* chears,
Here end thy Grief, she said, and needless
Cares :

This was the Cause of all thy Woe, the Crime,
For which the Nymphs, Companions of her
prime,
Whom she in sacred Dances us'd to lead,
Among thy Bees that dire Contagion spread.
With Prayers and Sacrifice their Wrath appease :

Napean Nymhs invok'd, forgive with ease.
Take four curl'd Bullocks of thy largest breed,
Whom now the Hills of green *Lycæus* feed ;
As many untam'd Heifers ; and for these
Four Altars in their Sacred Temples raise :
Then from their wounded Throats let out
the Blood,

And leave their Bodies in some shady Wood.

136 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Soon as the ninth *Aurora* gilds the Skies,
To *Orpheus* drowzy *Poppeys* sacrifice,
With a black Lamb; then view the Grove
again;

Eurydice, with a Calf newly slain
Thou shalt appease. Without delay he goes;
All the commands immediately he does:
Comes to the Temple, does the Altars raise;
Four mighty Bulls of wondrous bulk he slays,
As many Heifers that ne'er felt the Yoke,
When from the *East* the ninth *Aurora* broke:
He Worships *Orpheus*, to the Grove he goes;
When lo a strange and wondrous Sight arose.
From the Bulls Entrails Bees were found to
hum,

And met in Swarms from out the putrid
Womb:

In moving Clouds to the next Tree they go,
And hang like cluster'd Grapes upon a ben-
ding Bough.

While thus of Plants, Tillage, and Herds I
sung,

With *Cesar's* thundring Arms *Euphrates* rung.
Just Laws he for the willing World ordain'd;
By God-like Acts his Claim to Heaven main-
tain'd.

Me all that while proud *Naples* did embrace,
Fam'd for th' inglorious Arts of lazy Peace:
Full of the Loves of Shepherds, bold and young,
Under the Beechen Shade, thee, *Tityrus*, I sung.

ON THE

Happy Corydon and Phillis.

Young *Corydon* and *Phillis*,
Sat in a lovely Grove,
Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
Repeating toys of Love,
And something else, but what I dare not name;
But as they were a playing,
She ogled so the Swain,
It sav'd her plainly saying,
Let's kifs to ease our pain, and something else.
A thousand times he kist her,
Laying her on the Green;
But as he further prest her
A pritty Leg was seen, and ———
So many Beauties viewing,
His Ardor still increast,
And greater Joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breast, and ———
A last effort she trying
His Passion to withstand,
Cry'd, but 'twas faintly Crying,
Pray take away your Hand, and ———

138 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
 The Minutes wou'd improve,
 This is the time, he told her
 — To shew you how I Love, and —
 The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
 Dissolv'd in amorous Heat,
 She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
 My Dear, your Love is great, and —
 But *Phillis* did recover,
 Much sooner than the Swain,
 She blushing ask'd her Lover,
 Shall we not kiss again, and —
 Thus Love his Revells keeping,
 Till Nature at a stand,
 From talk they fell to sleeping,
 Holding each other's Hand, and —

On a Lady that did not love Apples.

HAppy our Race; and blessed all Mankind,
 Had but *Eve's* Palate been, like yours,
 (refin'd,
 Nor meanly stoop'd, while in her natures Pride,
 To taste the poorest Fruit, that Heav'n deny'd.

But

But nought tempts Woman, more than a
 (Restraint,
 Access deny, and strait on that they're bent;
 And had your Coyness, in her place been found,
 The Devil had strove in vain to give the Wound.
 Tho' cast his Serpents Skin, to be more fair,
 Tho' dress'd like Beau, and courted with
 (an Air,
 For where Man fails, the Devil must sure
 (despair :
 In vain, he'd strove your Virgin Heart to Storm,
 We'd all been sav'd, had you her part perform'd.
 But since long time, will not that change allow,
 Be but a second Eve, and save us now.

ON

FRUITION.

NOne, but a Muse in Love, can tell
 The sweet tumultuous joys I feel,
 When on *Calia's* Breast I lye,
 When I tremble, faint, and dye;
 Mingling Kisses with Embraces,
 Darting Tongues, and joyning Faces,
 Panting, stretching, sweating, cooling,
 All in the extasie, of doing.

On

*On the Duke of Marlborough's
Victory.*

By N. Brady, D. D.

I.

How! Glorious *Marlbro'* shall we sing thy
Praise?

How shall we match thy Lawrels with our
Bays?

What Muse can stretch her Wing o'er *Blein-
heim's* Plain,

Ramillies Field, and all the Grand Campaign?
Success alone, the Priviledge can claim,
Of keeping Pace with thee, in this swift Race
of Fame.

II.

Shou'd all the mighty Nine their Powers U-
nite,

'Twou'd strain their Pinions to attempt this
flight ;

And

Sir Charles Sedley *Baronet.* 141

And first, they must some humble Trophy
Sing,
Poictiers, and *Cressy*, and a new Captive King;
Hence by degrees to *Marlborough's* Triumphs
Rise,
The Pitch of *English* worth, and Glory's noblest Prize.

III.

O ! could'st thou but impart thy noble Fire,
Could'st thou as warmly as thou fights inspire,
Then *British* Bards swell'd with Exstaltick
Rage,
Shou'd make our times outvy th' *Augustan*
Age;
Ev'n *Maro's* Muse as far excell'd shou'd be,
As *Tyber* is by *Thames*, or *Romes* best Sons by
thee.

An

*An Answer to the Verses, on Mrs.
Digby's coming to Town.*

By another Hand.

WHoe'er thou art, that dar'st with impi-
ous lays,

Prophane the Sex to welcome *Digby's* Rays,
Leave off; nor mingle Scandal with Renown,
Ill-manner'd praise offends the Well-bred
Town;

She Reigns 'tis true, with a distinguish'd
Grace,

And Heav'nly Glories sparkle in her Face;
But Beauty's Sphere is, like the Milky way,
Fram'd of unnumber'd Lights, and full of
Day.

Mounthermer has unquestion'd rite to shine,
Lustre's inseparable from her Line,
Descending Graces revel in her Air,
Each Movement's Spritely, and each Feature
Fair;

And sure no Stains her Virtue can invade,
That in strict Duty Lives a Marry'd Maid.
Perfection waits where *Sunderland* is seen,
Oh Wondrous Aspect! Oh Transporting
Mien; Not

Not the gay Spring that so provokes desire,
 Boasts sweeter Bloom, nor kindles softer Fire;
 Can she neglected lie, when all that gaze,
 Conspire in Raptures, and contend to Praise.
 Loe, *Cupid* like, appears this lovely Cheat,
 Little in Size, but in subduing great.
 All that can please in charming *Bolton's* found,
 How dare thy sawcy Arms that *Venus* Wound?
 Not sickness self upon her form could gain,
 Bright amidst Paleness, Beautiful in pain;
 The Wretch was struck with Fire that Mi-
 mick'd *Jove*,
 And shall this Goddess spare thy wrongs to
 Love?
 Well might her Eyes revenge her injur'd
 Fame,
 A fiercer Lightning for thy bolder Aim.
Brudenal's a Toast immoderately fair,
Digby beholds a dang'rous Rival there,
 The God of Wine grows greater by her Name,
 And *Cupid* from her look's supply'd with
 flame;
 Behold! *Latona's* twin-born off-spring joyns;
 She moves a *Cynthia*, and a *Phæbus* Shines.
 That thing a Husband must confess such
 Charms,
 And feel a Lover's Transports in her Arms.
Carlisle in pity from the Town retires,
 Least our *Augusta* fall, like *Troy*, by Fires;
 Falsly on her those Epithets are thrown,
 The sullen wants, the proud ne'er flies Renown.
 Imperial

144 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Imperial *Hide* contemns thy lessening quill,
Turn'd of *Meridian* Rays, yet Conquering still;
The Shadows lengthen, but the Sun Shines on,
And Glory seems unwilling to be gone.

Once *Richmond*, *Manchester*, and *Essex* Shin'd,
And with Promiscuous Light surpriz'd Man-
kind;

Gods! How they Brandish'd Darts, and Scat-
ter'd Chains,

And held their Thousands in Fantastick Pains!
But Impious Time (what will not Time de-
face?)

Is a sure Tyrant to the Beauteous Race.

Not all their soft Artillery bribes His Powers,
He Gently tastes at first, and then Devours:

Not *Ormond* Scapes his Arbitrary Sway,
E'en Her Majestick sweetness knows decay.

St. *Albans* does with fading Pomp appear,
Tho' Sung by *Hallifax*, and Sprung from *Vere*.

'Twere Compliment to Flourish on their Rays,
But must we Censure, if we cannot Praise?

Our Songs, our Hearts were theirs, and let
not Time,

What's only their Misfortune, make their
Crime;

Collier's created for a longer Reign,
Nature dispens'd not so much cost in vain;
Just come to Tryumph, shall she quit pre-
tence?

Mourn not Her Fate, but mourn Thy Im-
pudence;

What!

What! Think her Charms in danger to Ex-
pire,

Whom Slaves from Parson, up to Peer admire.
Not that thy Blooming choice requires my
Blame,

Digby's Compos'd for Wonder, Born to Fame;
But with what Face could Satyr be exprest?
Let a kind silence screen the num'rous Rest;
The Fair submit to Her Superior Sight,
T' insult the Vanquish'd is a Barb'rous Spite:
But know there's one, securely Great, behind,
Last in my Verse, yet foremost in my Mind;
Young *Forrester* defies thy Keenest Rage;
She fears no *Digby*, and adorns the Age;
The Worlds too little for her growing Name,
But *Anna's* Court contains her Lovely Frame:
There Pow'r and Beauty, in extreams are seen,
The Fairest Servant, and the Greatest Queen.
Wheree'er thy Nymph appears, tho' form'd so
Bright,

She claims regard, and darts an equal Light;
To Her my Muse shall offer endleis Lays,
And Hers shall be a match for *Digby's* Praise:
Let Spite and Spleen display their Vip'rous
Arms,

My Pen shall Guard this Paradise from Harms;
Her Fame I'll Eccho to the Wondring Skies,
And Steal my Inspiration from Her Eyes:
Prometheus I, but She a Milder *Jove*;
No Vulture thence is to be fear'd, but—Love.

The R O Y A L
KNOTTER.

By Sir Chearls Sedley.

A H happy People ye must thrive,
 Whilst thus the Royal Pair does strive
 Both to advance your Glory;
 While he (by's Valour) Conquers *France*,
 She Manufacturers does advance,
 And makes Thread-fringes for ye.

II.

Bless'd we ! who from such Queens are freed,
 Who by vain Superstition led,
 Are always telling Beads ;
 But here's a Queen now, thanks to God,
 Who, when she rides in Coach abroad,
 Is always knotting Threads.

III.

Then hast, Victorious *Nassau*, hast,
 And when thy Summer Show is past,
 Let all thy Trumpets sound :

The

Sir Charles Sedley *Baronet.* 417

The Fringe which this Campagin has wrought,
Tho' it cost the Nation scarce a Groat,
Thy Conquests will surround.

*Upon a Lady's leaving the Town
last Spring.*

By another Hand.

Come anxious Grief, and ev'ry fullen Care,
Now *London* seems a Mansion for De-
spair ;

Far distant Shades, the Bright *Clarinda* warms,
And Pleasure scorns to stay behind her Charms.
How soon thy Glories Fade, Unhappy Town!
Her Presence was the Life of thy Renown ;
In vain thy Arts allure without her Sight,
E'en Musick grows imperfect in delight,
In vain we to thy boasted Ring repair,
Depriv'd of her, we Sicken at the Air ;
Tho' Heav'n serenely Smiles, thou'rt doom'd
to Mourn,

And must, till Winter and the Fair return.
But thanks to Verse, the Lovers sure retreat,
Kind Fancy's Wings convey me to her Seat ;
Methinks I there survey the Beauteous Maid,
Whose Form gives Lustre to the darkest Shade.

L 2

Now,

148 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Now, setting Nature at a Strife with Art,
Whether most Charms her Work or Look im-
part ;

Then, breathing accents in so sweet a Strain,
That Eccho Thanks *Narcissus* for disdain ;
Proud of attending her, and pleas'd to find
The Youth less Cruel had been more unkind.
Loe ! Here the Nymph with graceful motion

Treads,
And Flow'rs Unbidden make the Walks their
Beds ;

Great in their Birth, and Glorious in their
Doom,

Rais'd by her Feet, and Vanquish'd by her
Bloom.

Loe ! There some Verdant Covert courts her
stay,

And Love, tho' Blind, is ever in the way ;
Around, the Feather'd Poets tune their Voice,
And in confed'rate Harmony rejoyce.

Quick, envy'd Sphere ! Restore the wond'rous
Prize,

Retirement was not meant for Conqu'ring
Eyes ;

Cynthia her self, descends to visit Plains,
But 'tis above, the Virgin Goddess Reigns.

ON

Dorinda's *appearance at the Wells.*

By another Hand.

Hence, all ye meaner Train! Resign
 Where Harmony and Beauty joyn,
 Fly to the Shades, and cast your Light,
 There glowworms Shine by humble Right;
 Dorinda Reigns, and fills the Place
 With ev'ry Charm and ev'ry Grace;
 Such killing Eyes, a Voice so Fine,
 Nothing besides her, seems Divine:
 No wonder Mortals are on Fire,
 And *Phenix* like, in Flames expire;
 In vain the Pow'r of Streams they prove,
 Can Water be a Match for Love?
 'Tis well, such Magick draws not in
 Angels themselves to Glorious Sin;
 'Twere easy to mistake the Spheres,
 For Earth's a Heav'n, where she appears.

Under a Ladies Picture.

By another Hand.

IF Beauties faintly Copy'd strike our Eyes,
How must the Bright Original Surprise !
What Mortal's priviledg'd from Glorious
Wounds,
That dares behold such Charms, and hear
such Sounds ?
Her Looks, Her Words are Darts, nor can
they Err,
Unless you're Blind as Love, and Deaf like
Her.

To Himself.

Rouze from thy Lethargy, dull Lovesick
thing,
Cease to lament and cease of her to sing ;
Why dost thou make imaginary Wounds,
And fix to Grief, as to her Praise, no Bounds ?
Are stings so pleasing to be cherish'd on,
Canst thou abound in Love when she has
None ?

Art

Art thou so stor'd with Fewel still to burn ;
Can flames endure tho' back'd with no return ?
Leave off for shame this whining silly trade,
No more her apish property be made ;
Women may justly be compar'd to Days,
None are so bright, but others match their
Rays.

Is she of more than Mortal Frame alone ?
Has Nature Summ'd up all her Charms in
one?

Can Luminaries strike thee into Clay ?
Or can pure White and Red steal Soul away ?
Empty delusion ! Fit for *Cupid's* Tools,
Since they who first are Lovers, first are Fools.
Such Raptures only in false fancy shine,
Resume the Sight, and She's no more Divine ;
Then Cruelty as great as Beauty shows,
And then appears the Thorn as well as Rose ;
No more the Sun conceals attending stains,
Whence once Love's mist is vanish'd, Reason
Reigns.

Upon Flavia in the Snow.

By another Hand.

B Right *Flavia* ventur'd forth one Day,
And feather'd Snow did briskly play ;
Jove came address'ing in a Show'r,
Quitting for Love Almighty Pow'r ;
White was the soft beguiling Storm,
Nothing look'd purer, save her Form ;
But such a *Danae* mock'd his Arts,
No shape could bear her conquering Darts,
The greedy plumes invade her Breast,
And cling and covet to be blest ;
But by her Whiteness lose their own,
And make in Crystal Tears their moan ;
Till hard'ned by her cold disdain,
Once more they change, but change in vain ;
From trickling Drops to Diamonds freeze,
Thus to adorn the Fair they'd please ;
Forc'd by her lustre not to stay,
Soon thaw the new made Gems away ;
Again their liquid nature own,
And leave her Eyes to shine alone,
While they with gentle murmurs fall,
And Earth in pity sucks up all.

ADVICE

ADVICE to LOVERS.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

I.

DAMON, if thou wilt believe me,
'Tis not fighting round the Plain,
Songs and Sonnets can't relieve thee,
Faint Attempts in Love are vain,

II.

Urge but home the fair Occasion,
And be Master of the Field ;
To a powerful kind Invasion
'Tis a Madness not to yield.

III.

Love gives out a large Commission,
Still indulgent to the brave ;
But one Sin of large Omission,
Never Woman yet forgave.

IV.

IV.

Though she swears she'll ne'er permit you,
 Cries you're rude, and much to blame,
 Or with Tears implores your Pity,
 Be not merciful for shame.

V.

When the fierce Assault is over,
Chloris soon enough may find
 This her Cruel furious Lover
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

A

P O E M,

Lamenting the

Death of Mrs. *Tempest*,

W H I C H

Happen'd on the Day of the Storm.

By another Hand.

G Rief be my Muse! I seek no distant
Stream,
No boasted Nine to furnish out my Theam;
Unhappily Divine! Thy Fate supplies,
Assisting stores from tributary Eyes.
All with a pious envy Mourners grow,
And form one vast conspiracy of Woe;
Not Blooming Years deplore thy loss alone,
In wither'd Age the liquid Passion's shown;
How

How silent show'ers run down the Silver
Hairs,
Made doubly Silver now by Time and Tears !
Thy Sex, like flow'rs oppress'd with falling rain,
Look sweetly Pale, and charging grief sustain.
Love tho' a Child's not frightened from his
Place ;
They weep with lustre, and complain with
Grace.
Nature her self Laments thy early Death,
And shakes the World with loud Destruction's
Breath ;
Pouring forth moans at such a dreadful rate,
She Sigh'd a Storm, and well nigh made it
Fate ;
Her blasts perplex the Land, and swell the
Main,
But Art, nor Nature could elude thy Pain.
Heav'n with a jealous wonder view'd thee
Bright,
And grudg'd perfection plac'd in mortal sight,
Least Men beholding thee, might dare to
boast,
And cease to mourn the Paradise they lost ;
Then robb'd Mankind to make his Realms
compleat,
And took off Earth's pretensions to be Great.
Earth turns a solitude to human Race,
E'en London's without thee, an empty place ;

Where

Where Angels might with ease mistake the
Sphere,

Life with regret abandon'd Mortals bear;
Not all her Pomp another thee displays,
So full of Wonders, and so form'd for Praise.
Hard racking thought ! That such a study'd
Frame,

Stor'd with materials of Delight and Fame ;
T'adorn, and please more Ages than it cost,
Beguiles our hopes, and in a Moment's lost !
Others that singly boast a Mein or Face,
And faintly shew some solitary Grace ;
Safe in their little Wealth can longer stay,
Whilst Thou, the Queen of all, art snatch'd
away.

Thus Excellence is ever watch'd by Fate,
And richest Blessings have the Shortest date.
What object now regales the Starving Sight?
What Harmony can seeking Ears delight ?
All that was worthy view was summ'd in
thee,

And softest Musick with thy Voice did flee;
No Fragrant Odours now the smell conveys,
Behind thy Rosie Breath, What Sweetness
stays?

All Light, all Bliss, together disappears,
And now there's no perfection, but in Tears;
Where is the Nymph so lately us'd to blaze,
In crowded Theatres with matchless Rays?
Whose pointed lustre was so fenc'd with Arms,
The Poet made less Victims than her Charms:

Those

158 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Those were at best but painted Wounds he
drew,

Here such as gaz'd too soon confess the true.
What future Splendor can the Parks adorn,
Bereft of thee, and ever curst to mourn?

Motion's suspended for a painful rest,
The Air's disgustful when the fighs unblest;
Here sportive Zephyrs cease their selfish play,
Despairing now to fetch Perfumes away.

What spritely Fair shall drooping hours re-
fine,

And give engaging Joys to Love and Wine?
Bacchus and *Cupid* scarce attract when seen,
Their Garlands without thee are faintly
Green.

Once how each muse prepar'd a mite of Praise,
And Tempest hear'd the voice, and fir'd the
Lays;

Pale *Cypress* now invades the *Myrtle* Wreath,
And the cold business of the Sense is Death.
Thou, like the buzzing Robbers of the
Flowers,

Art slain untimely midst thy precious stores;
No sooner was thy hoard of Charms com-
pleat,

And fraught with all that's exquisitely sweet;
But rush'd a Foe too mighty to repel,
And with a sawey fury took the Cell.

Spoil'd are those Features, Wondrous in Re-
nown,

As if the Graces made thy form their
Throne;

Clos'd

Clos'd are those Eyes that furnish'd Love
with Darts,

When Rebels dar'd to boast unfetter'd Hearts;
Lost is that shape once more, than *Cynthia's*,
fine,

Had Her Celestial frame but equal'd Thine;
The bold Spectator had his Doom defy'd,
And e'er he could be chang'd, with trans-
port dy'd.

Ceas'd that distinguish'd Majesty of Air,
Which late display'd commanding *Juno*
there;

Silent that Voice which did such Accents
speak,

As from the Lips of Charming *Venus* break;
And fled are all those Glories of the mind,
That prov'd the Winning Arts of *Pallas*
joyn'd;

As if th' *Idean* Pow'r forgot their fray,
And with united Stores enrich'd thy Sway.
Oh! Why did nature play that noble theft,
And scarce a deity unrifled left,
Yet wanted some immortal Pow'r to save,
That Mass of wonders from th' usurping
Grave?

Strange! That no Paradise is fix'd secure,
E'en Fate invades when Sin can ne'er allure.
Hard sentenc'd Maid to fall in Icy Arms,
Too cold reception for thy melting Charms;
Is fate a Hymen worthy such a Bloom?
Can softness self deserve a rigid doom?

Love's

160 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Love's tender Knot ill futes his Barbarous
Hand,

And nothing but thy Look becomes Command.
Art thou his Victim now, whose Rays divine
Made Thousands once ambitious to be thine?
Around whose Altar Vows prest Vows in vain,
And Hearts flow'd thick in their own Purple
Stain ;

Yet Pain so sweetly drest ne'er fail'd to please,
To Serve was Liberty, to Bleed was Ease.
How worthless then is Life since thou art gone?
We wish but to Pursue, and breath to Moan ;
All, all with thee is vanquish'd but Despair,
That lingring sure Tormentor, who can bear ?
In pity Death, extend thy bloody Mind,
To be Destructive now is to be kind.

AGAINST

AGAINST HIS
Mistress's Cruelty.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

I.

L O V E, How unequal are thy Laws,
That Men that least endeavour
Thou favour'st, and neglect'st the Cause
Of those that most persevere!

II.

What careless Lovers have been blest,
Untouch'd with Grief and Anguish,
Since cruel *Sibyl* Charm'd my Breast,
Unmov'd to see me Languish!

III.

I find my fatal Error now
In thinking e'er to move her,
Too great the Difficulty grew
For any Mortal Lover.

M

IV.

IV.

But what advantage can it bring
 That I at last perceive it?
 'Twas rash to undertake the thing,
 And its too late to leave it.

The PETITION.

By the same Hand.

O *Hydus*, Why thus alone,
 With Arms a cross, does sigh and moan?
 Can thy *Cosmelia* prove unkind,
 Or ought prevail to change her Mind?
 She was, she is great Nature's Pride;
 In Goodness, to the best ally'd.
 In her bright Eyes such Beauties shine,
 Mercy would make her all divine?
 O ye propitious Powers above,
 That gently do incline to Love,
 Convey into her breast soft Fire,
 Amorous Thoughts and kind Desire:
 But if it be decreed by Fate,
 That I must Love, and she must Hate;
 Ah! Let not her disdain to give
 A Tear, when I no longer Live.

To

*To a Fair Lady Singing at Tun-
bridge-Wells.*

By another Hand.

TRuce with your Voice, Enchanting
Fair,
Such pointed Sweetness who can bear?
The New-born Magick of your Sounds,
At once gives Harmony and Wounds.

How fate attends your Swan-like Strains,
And sure, tho' differing, Conquest gains!
Secure from Danger you appear,
But lost Admirers die to hear.

Vain were the *Grecians* project here,
That, dreading Ruin, seal'd the Ear;
Who would on yielding Wax rely,
Your self, a Brighter Sun so nigh?

Where your Victorious Rays prevail,
That useless toy is doom'd to fail;
Turns a faint Emblem of our Hearts,
And melts, as They do, by your Darts.

With Voice divine, and matchless Face,
 You change the Nature of this place ;
 How many came for healing Streams,
 That must return in scorching Flames ?

When *Venus* first adorn'd the Waves,
 The World contended to be Slaves ;
 Pursu'd her Charms, and hugg'd their Chains,
 Suspecting there no burning Pains.

In vain they still for Freedom strove,
 Their Wonder ripned into Love ;
 And prov'd, no Passion shall expire,
 That, spite of Water, can take Fire.

On Margarita.

By Another Hand.

Where Tawny Peg displays her vocal
 Charms,
 Our Eyes defend our Ears from soothing harms ;
 Her Steps deliver whom her Strains enslave,
 She Trills to Conquer, and she Treads to save.

On Mrs. Tofts.

By the same Hand.

WHen the *Pierian* Maids with Glorious aim,
Challeng'd the Muses, and engag'd for Fame;
Had the bright Train assum'd your winning
Air,
Tuneful as you appear'd, and like you fair;
Jove's Race had lost that Battle of the Voice,
And more than one way vanquish'd, chang'd
by choice.

U P O N

*The Death of a Fair Maiden Lady.**Sed by?**By the same Hand.*

A Pollō's Darling * gave his utmost Aid,
 To check the Tyrant, and preserve the
 Maid;
 Death, that subdues the Fair, and mocks the
 Wife,
 Balk'd his designs, and snatch'd the lovely
 Prize;
 The God enrag'd stood by, and blush'd to
 own
 A Fiend more pow'rful than his Fav'rite Son;
 At last he said: Be this thy future Aim,
 To Mourn the Charmer, and Record her
 Fame;
 In spite of Fate one Glorious Task remains,
 Make her at least Immortal in thy Strains.

* Dr. G — th.

*On the Death of the Celebrated
Mrs. Tempest.*

By another Hand.

R Evengeful *Phæbus* stop'd his healing
Pow'r,
Nor would the Fair, so much his Foe, restore,
Whose Conqu'ring Eyes eclips'd his brightest
Rays,
Inspir'd our Verse, and blasted all his Bays:
The Triple God half fear'd his other part,
Lovers consulting Beauty more than Art ;
Die then, he said, thou Glorious Charmer,
Die,
And let Mankind be robb'd as well as I.

O N

*A Lady playing with a Snuff-box.**By Another Hand.*

SO sports the Charming Fair with Darts,
 And, thus regardless, takes our Hearts;
 Her Slaves are num'rous as these Grains,
 But more destructive prove her Chains;
 Those have a short-liv'd pow'r to please,
 And vanish in a gentle Sneeze;
 But these work inward, and will stay,
 Too mighty to be blown away.

*Seeing a Lady upon a Violet-bed.**By the same Hand.*

OH would the *Cynthia* God descend,
 And me with speedy Death befriend,
 I'd meet with joy the fatal blow,
 And turn'd to Vi'let, cheat my woe;

Then

Then I might bloom, like happy these,
And so transform'd, expect to Please ;
Did the just reason of my Pray'r
But reach the great *Apollo's* Ear,
Thee *Hyacinth*, he'd cease to Moan,
And rather wish thy Doom his own.

To His Grace the Duke of Marlbo-
rough, on his late Successes in
FLANDERS.

By another Hand.

WHile You, my Lord, with an extensive
Hand,
O'er distant Provinces hold wide Command,
Mean are those Honours which the Muse can
give,
That in your Name alone aspires to live.
She sees with Rapture Your Victorious Arms,
The Dawn of Liberty's transporting Charms ;
Tries her young Pinions, and would soar on
high,
But dazzled, downward is compell'd to fly.
Yet who in Silence can such Blessings share !
Thanks to the Gods a pleasing tribute are.

Thrice

Thricehappy Britain: Favourite of Heav'n!
 To whom th' Almighty's righteous Hand has
 giv'n
 A Queen, from Ages rolling down design'd,
 To break our Chains, and bless undone Man-
 kind.

She was that Godlike Boon reserv'd in Store,
 When e'er he should *Nassau* to Heav'n restore.

And now impatient to discharge Her Trust,
 She bids the Sword shake off its slavish Rust;
 Each Warlike Instrument obeys Her Will,
 As You, my Lord, command to save, or kill.
 O'er all the Confines of the Christian World,
 As Light'ning swift, Her dread Commands
 are hurl'd.

Three mighty People rais'd from sad Distress,
 The *Po*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine* confess:
 But where She does a nearer Friendship own,
 She there in Plenty pours her Blessings down.
 Replete with Joy, the grateful *Dutch* shall tell,
 How *Antwarp*, *Brussels*, mighty *Menin* fell:
 Those Towns which late, like an impending
 Storm,
 Did all the Neighb'ring Provinces alarm,
 Do now their Peace, their Liberty confirm.

Oft have *Batavia's* Sons our Queens implor'd,
 As oft have known their sinking State restor'd.
 When lab'ring under *Alva's* heavy Yoke.
Eliza free'd them, and their Bondage broke:
 Again

Sir Charles Sedley Baronet. 171

Again preserv'd by *ANNA*'s Armsthey rise,
And vanquish'd *France* forsakes the Glorious
Prize.

In vain had Industry enlarg'd that Land,
Which Nature gave with a Penurious Hand ;
In vain all Arts they 'gainst the Waves explore,
Should Tyranny Insult their wretched Shore.
Crown'd with Success, to curb the Seas they
strive,
But can no Limits to Ambition give.

Nor shall *Batavia* feel alone that Influence,
Which *ANNA* does by *Churchill's* Hand
dispencc :

Europe and all her grateful Sons shall tell,
By what Illustrious Chief proud *Gallia* fell ;
How great her Danger, sudden her Relief,
Britania's Glory, and the Tyrant's Grief.

Naked and bound *Andromada* thus lay,
To the Sea's foulest Monster meant a Prey,
Nor Tears nor Pray'rs defer the Fatal Day. }
See! the Devourer from a far appears,
And his huge Crest above the Billows rears ;
To either Shore the frighten'd Ocean flies,
And far above their Brim the Surges rise.
Look down, O *Ammon*! see the wretched Maid ;
Relent, ye Pow'rs, and send a Godlike Aid :
Our Vows are heard, the Gods a Hero give,
And the releas'd *Andromeda* shall live.

U P O N

U P O N

*A Ladies Visit at a Country Seat!**By another Hand.*

WHat light is this whose chearful Pow'r
 invades
 Our Captiv'd Sense, and brightens darkeſt
 Shades,
 Makes the Brown Face of Sullen Nature Gay,
 Extends Delight, and doubles leſſ'ning Day?
 Whence comes this Wonder but from Con-
 qu'ring Eyes?
 Sure Beauty's Sun that Pleaſing Flame ſup-
 plies.
 Loe! 'tis *Belinda* Here! What Pomp ſhe bears!
 Loves in her Form, and Graces in Her Airs.
 See! where She looks officious *Cupid* ſtands,
 And points his Arrows, and confirms his Bands!
 Hark! While She ſpeaks what melting ſoft-
 neſs Reigns?
 Deſcending Muſes warble in Her Strains.
 See! where She Steps, methinks the gladſom
 Earth
 Renews its Verdure, and contributes Mirth.

There

Sir Charles Sedley Baronet. 175

There Spring the Lillies, here the Roses
Bloom,
Rais'd by her Feet, and by her Cheeks o'er-
come.

Obsequious Trees unwonted rev'rence pay,
And with Tops bow'd salute the Golden Ray;
Mov'd with the gentle breezes of her Voice,
E'en Leaves in quav'ring Harmony rejoyce.
Joy above All the grateful Vine displays,
Breaks from restraint, and Her each breath
obeys,

Courting her Hand, and trembling for her taste
With ready Clusters, and respectful haste.

Now longer watch the feather'd Rangers
keep,

Suspend their Motion, and refuse their Sleep;
The list'ning learners sit all pearch'd around,
And catch improvement from her Charming
Sound.

The Herds as animated while she stays,
Attend with transport, and consent to gaze;
Tow'rd's Her they bend, and with unusual
cries

Report their Passion, and confess Surprise.
The finny Race, as touch'd with fond desire,
Leap to behold, and drink in silent Fire;
What Prodigies to this Fair cause we owe!
She Shines in Sable, They in Water glow.
Pressing and Wondring, loe! the Shepherds
run,

With *Persian* Zeal adore the *British* Sun,

Leave

Leave their Lov'd Labours to regard her

Rays,

And polish their rough accents with her

Praise.

So Charm'd, the Goddess sprung from Silver
Waves,

And made the World ambitious to be Slaves;

Such Glories sported in her easie Mien,

She warm'd when absent, and inflam'd when
seen ;

Her Glance, like yours, did rudest wilds prefer,

Deserts, eclipsing Courts, adorn'd by her ;

So the *Saturnian* Off-spring daign'd to view

Mortal Aboads, and scatter'd where She flew

Blessings unequal'd, till your Beams impart

Charms to the Sight, and Raptures to the
Heart ;

Well may those gifts your double Pow'r im-
prove,

You look a *Venus*, and a *Ceres* move.

Like *Jove* you stoop from your Exalted Seat,

That Spot uncurst of Paradise compleat,

To raise a low retirement, hid from Fame,

Unknown to all Perfection till you came ;

Whose humble owner fails in Homage
due,

Wanting Reception, not Regard for you ;

Thus here dispensing, you the God out-do,

Create a Shrine, and fix an Image too ;

The Heart you consecrate, where you appear,

And stamp your Form, the Brightest Object
there.

Who

Who would not Vows with zealous duty pay?
Who would not Offerings at this Altar lay?
At once the Victim and the Priest I prove,
And hourly Sacrifice in purest Love;
Flames pressing Flames, yet dare with no
return,
Save your excuse that I presume to Burn.

AN
Ode on the Duke of Marlborough.

By another Hand.

What Pow'r of Words can equal thy Re-
nown,
Illustrious God of War? What Muse can raise
Numbers sufficient for thy Praise?
Thalia, Arethusa, skill'd in Song,
The mighty Task decline;
To *Churchill's* Race the Theam belongs,
(*Churchill's* Race transcend the Nine.)
'Tis *Sunderland* alone that must inspire,
She shares the Godlike Hero's Fire;
And She must tune the Voice, and animate
the Lyre.

Marlborough

176 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

O *Marlborough*, her Influence shall supply
The Poet's mean Ability;
Whilst he to Sing prepares
The Tryumphs of thy Wars;
The Terror of thy Conq'ring Arms,
Which freed the Empire from Alarms,
And struck the trembling *Gaul* with Panic Fears.

Lewis, once call'd, *The Great*,
In Thee beholds his Fate;
At *Schellemburg* thou let'st him see
An Action worthy of Thy Cause and Thee:
On *Bleinheim's* Fatal Plain,
Thousands on Thousands slain,
Told the insulting Foe again,
That *Marlborough*, arm'd in *Anna's* Cause,
To injur'd Nations should restore
Their Rights, their Liberties and Laws.
Forsaken Justice shall no longer mourn,
Uninterrupted Streams of Faith return,
Now *Marlborough's* thund'ring Arms has broke
the Tyrant's Pow'r.

What Piramids of Praise!
What Wreaths of never-dying Bays
Shall Crown thy Glorious Head?
Who to sure Conquest do'st thy Armies lead.
The Passage of the *Granic* Flood,
Which has so many Ages stood,
Renown'd in *Gracian* Story:

With

With all young *Ammon's* Deeds, are but a
Foil

To the Superior Action of the *Dyle*,
And only serve to raise the Lustre of thy Glory.

The Heroes of Antiquity,
Great *Pompey*, *Cesar*, *Anthony*, and He
Who Kindred claim'd with *Jove*,
Shall blush to see

Themselves fall short, so infinitely short of Thee.

And oh! Thou Eldest Son of Fame!
How shall we enough adore thy Name?

To praise Thee as we ought,
The Spirit of our Lays,
Should equal that with which our Heroe
fought,

And gain'd Immortal Fame at *Rammellies*.

But Numbers are too slow,
So fast thy mighty Conquests flow;
Such is the Terror of thy Sword,
So quick the yielding Cities bow,
To recognize their rightful Lord.

Joyful *Iberia* shall declare

The Wonders thou hast done for her;
Admiring *Europe* shall confess,

To Thee, they owe the Charms of Peace,
And Nations Emulous shall Crown thy vast
Success.

Thrice happy *Britain*! Glorious Isle!

On Thee, the rescu'd Princes smile,
And bless thy fruitful Plains,

N

From

From whence their great Deliv'rer came;
 Where *Marlborough* drew his Vital
 Flame,
 And mighty *ANNA* reigns.
 But oh ! amidst th'extreamest Joy
 Of thy Exulting Swains,
 How are thy Bards deprest !
 What dire Confusion fills their Breast !
 When anxious they behold
 The *British* General, with greater Ease,
 Vanquish the Nation's Enemies,
 Than they find Words to celebrate his Victo-
 ries.

The Brave Roman.

By another Hand.

THe noble *Aelius* had the *Augur's* Word
 Much turn depended on a dappled Bird;
 That us'd to perch upon his rev'rend Crown,
 While he sat judging, and adorn'd the Gown;
 The Mag-pye fav'd, his Family should Thrive,
 Not so his Country, was she kept alive ;
 Fates were inverted, if by Him she dies,
 His own must Sink, and *Rome* to Greatness rise,
 The

The good old Man scorn'd leifure for Debate,
Bit off her Head, and rais'd the Publick State.
All worthy Patriots fhould like *Aelius* aim,
Thus to perform, and have no end but Fame.

*Epitaph on a Young Gentleman re-
ported to Die for Love.*

By the fame Hand.

Here lies *Philander* in this gloomy State,
Nigh the left Pap he met his languering
Fate,

With Pray'rs, love's fees, he ply'd a pow'rful fair,
Beauty's the best Phyfician for Delpair;
But oh! She proudly scorn'd the Whining
Swain,

Fir'd him with Charms, and kill'd him with
Difdain.

If Burning the right way to Heav'n be coun-
ted,

Hefella Martyr, and his Soul is mounted ;
Who would not covet Flames, like him to
rife ?

He fought but Earthly Joys, and gains the
Skies.

THE
TAYLOR turn'd POET.

*An Inscription Sacred to the Memory of the Au-
thor of a late Poem (intitl'd Rammillies.)
Written in Imitation of Milton.*

— Sing Heavenly Muse
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime
Remnants of Silk, and Cloth to Hell Convey'd.

By another Hand.

Nine Taylors make a Man, the *Muses* Nine
To the Completion of a Poet Join.
What shall we say of this Abortive Brat,
Nor Nurs'd by *Muses*, nor by Man Begot ;
Call *Milton's* Lofty Numbers to thy Aid,
Furnish'd with Measures from Paternal Trade.
The Poet will not hide the *Taylor*, Fop,
None e'er sat Cross-legg'd on *Parnassus* Top.
No Laurels ever will thy Temples Grace,
A good old List suits better with the Place.

Let him that hath Stole, Steal no more.

TO

*A Poetizing Beau.**By another Hand.*

M If guided Youth! Remember *Nero's*
 Doom,
 The Scepter'd Scribler was the jest of *Rome*;
 Not all his Pow'rs could force unlawful Praise,
 Spight of his legions, Satyr reach'd his lays;
 Not Royal Fustian gen'rous *Romans* sway'd,
 Those damn'd the Poet, who the Prince obey'd.
 What need I warn thee from a Forreign Soyl?
 Think on the Brainless Son of mitred B——e,
 That nearer Wonder of immortal Rhimes,
 If dullness can transmit to future times;
 With Gold possess'd he rav'd for Bays divine,
 Took Pen, and ridicul'd the sacred Nine;
 How soon the Writer did the Heir debase?
 He courted Glory, but he gain'd Disgrace.
 So fought th' *Ephesian* Wretch a lasting Name,
 And Burn'd a Temple for mistaken Fame.
 Worse than the Worst, thou Fool of fresher date,
 What scorn and shame thy worthless labours
 wait;

Other mean Blockheads will no more be known,
 Thou Conquer'st all examples in thy own ;
 Nor must thou ever in oblivion pass,
 Thy Works shall make thee Proverb'd for an
 Afs.

With Fortune's choicest gifts so early blest,
 What was thy Business but a noble Rest ?
 Must thou hunt Danger, and provoke a Muse ?
 Not wealth that screen of faults can this excuse.
 The Sex that always for the Rich declare,
 Approve the Gallant, and the Coxcomb spare ;
 No favour can immod'rate folly waste,
 Thy Nonsense creeps below the Female Taste ;
 Not thy Engaging Dress, nor Shining Face,
 Avert their Censure, nor attract their Grace.
 Leave off betimes, that Itch of Scrawls allay,
 Thou'rt form'd to furnish not compose a Play ;
 Attempts so rash if not restrain'd destroy,
 Apollo's reins are fatal to a Boy ;
 It deaf to Words thou still infect the Town,
 May some Scotch Lord assert his wrong'd
 Renown,
 Revenge his Nation, and give thine Repose,
 And strikes thee silent with convincing Blows ;
 Till late thou prove at thy own sought ex-
 pence,
 Inform'd by Kicks, and Cudgell'd into Sence.

*A Hymn to St. Tack, Sung at the
Election of the New Vice-
Chancellor of Oxford.*

By another Hand.

HAil thou Resplendent Source of High-
Church Light !
Blest Tory Saint, thy Oxford's true Delight !
How have thy Votaries of late
Impending Ruin fear'd ?
How have we trembled for thy Fate,
Since Whigs in Pow'r appear'd !
We who to serve thy Pious Ends,
Deserted both our Conscience and our Friends ;
We who gave up our Country's Cause,
And bid Defiance to thy Laws,
To raise the Splendour of thy Throne,
And fix thy Name a Terrouer to the Crown.

What tho' the Great, the High Allies
Had Sunk for want of due Supplies ?
Eugene and *Savoy* had been lost,
Withall the Towns on the *Ligurian* Coast ?
Tho' *Rammellies* had never been,
We had a Nobler Conquest seen.

184 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

For the *Dissenters* must have down,
Had but thy *Glorious Project* gone.
The *Church* (which gladly now We wou'd
Insure)
In Spite of Whigs had stood Secure.
And We thy Chosen Sons had been with
Places stor'd,
And Thou Great Saint eternally Ador'd.
For sure thy Name had never been Pro-
phan'd,
Whilst *Tories*, or their Zeal remain'd.

But the Reverse of Joys like these,
Has been the Portion of thy Votaries.
Till this *Illustrious Prince* came down
To Joyn our Interest with his own.
And tho' Repugnant to the Court,
(From whence he has his chief Support,)
Had Courage to assert thy Right :
(O Mighty Blaze of Academic Light !)
Till he with an unerring Hand,
To the Great Joy of the *Collegiate Band*,
Invested L——, with Chief Command.
Placing the Wreath on his deserving Brows,
For none with greater Zeal, to Thee, bright
Seraph, Bows.

Now We may Hope for Glorious Days
agen,
And once more Ridicule both *Church* and
Queen.

To

*To an Old Man upon his addresses
to a Young Lady.*

By another Hand.

WHat means thy Courtship to a Bloom-
ing Dame?

In Youth 'tis Glory, but in Age 'tis Shame.
Cease this preposterous Impudence of Love,
Thy Am'rous Fires are proudly lodg'd Above;
Desire can no where, but in Fancy, reign,
And all thy Passion's but a Heat of Brain.
Think not, because a Garland graceful shows
Where the faint Lilly mingles with the Rose,
That thy Grey Hairs can suit her glowing
Charms,

And Sprightly Beauty will become thy Arms.
Had some kind *Phillis* rais'd this jest of Flame,
I'd with the Marry'd to compleat thy Fame,
But rigid Virtue so secures this Fair,
That all unlisenc'd Lovers must despair.
If she be to thy empty Bed betray'd,
And to the Daughter Sacrifice the Maid,

She'll

186 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

She'll gain 'tis true an Equipage of Woes,
But opening Paradise to thee disclose,
Where, if th' inticing Fiend no entrance
find,
Thank not Thy Weapon, but Her Guardian
Mind.

*A Prologue intended to be spoke at the Per-
formance of Camilla this Winter.*

By the same Hand.

Kind Heav'n at length, indulgent to our
Pray'r,
Restores the Winter, and recalls the Fair,
Each smiling Scene of Rural Glory flies,
And Sunshine's unexpected, but from --- Eyes;
No Bloom, save Beauty's, now unfading lasts,
The Tree of Jove its shady Honours casts,
But *Daphne's* God Preserves her Verdant
Boughs,
To make immortal Wreaths for *Churchil's*
Brows;
Well was the Maid transform'd for such a
Fate,
And *Phæbus* Triumphs in Her Kinder Hate.

Winter!

Winter! thou Foe to all things but the Stage!
 Pleas'd we confess a Sweetness in thy Rage,
Thou dost thy mischiefs for our good extend,
 And tho' a Tyrant, art to us a Friend;
 Our mildest Fates depend on roughest Skies,
 'Tis from Inclemencies of Air we rise;
 'Twas thus *Aeneas* arose to Am'rous Joy,
 Dissolv'd in Raptures, and forgot his *Troy*,
 We dare not hence presage such vast delight,
 But humbly crown our Wishes in * your sight.
 Vouchsafe that Bliss, your Lov'd *Camilla* prays,
 And sure there's Magick in her melting lays,
 She courts your presence with a kindred
 grace,

Beauty it self's a Musick of the Face;
 Lovers by Thousands Kindle at the Charms,
 And bless the Power that so divinely warms;
 It speaks in features with the force of Darts,
 With Eyes they Listen, and Applaud with
 Hearts.

** To the Ladies,*

The

*Winter, thou bore'st all things but the stage!
 I doubt not but it will appear*

*And tho' a Friend, sit to us a friend;
 Our noblest Fates on toughen'd Skies*

THE Priviledge of our SAINTS

We gaze not in Raptures, and forget his joy
In the business of

PERJURY

She comes with a kindred
USEFUL FOR

GRAND-JURIES.

*Lovers by Thoughts kindle at the Charms
 And bid the Power that to divinely warms*
*It breathes with the force of Darts
 With eyes they flash, and Apples*

By Mr. Sam. Buttler, Author of Hudibras.

That Saints may claim a Dispensation
 To Swear and Forswear on occasion,
 I doubt not but it will appear
 With pregnant light, the point is clear :
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
 Too feeble Implements to bind.
 And Saints whom Oaths or Vows oblige,
 Know little of their Priviledge :
 Further, I mean, than carrying on
 Some self-advantage of their own :

The

For

For if the Devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell Truth, why the Saints should scorn
When it serves theirs, to Swear and Lye,
I think there's little Reason why:
Else h'has a greater Pow'r than they,
Which 'twere Impiety to say.
W'are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely, at all to Swear,
But to Swear idly and in vain,
Without Self-interest or Gain.
For breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self-denying;
A Saint-like vertue, and from hence
Some have broke Oaths by Providence:
Some, to the Glory of the Lord
Perjur'd themselves and broke their word;
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late Apostles Acts is.
Was not the cause at first begun
With Perjury and carried on?
Was there an Oath the Godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did not our Worthies of the House,
Before they broke the Peace, break Vows?
For having freed us first from both
Th' Allegiance and Supremacy Oath,
Did they not next compel the Nation
To take and break the Protestation?
To take th' Engagement and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not Swear at first to Fight
For the King's Safety and his Right?

And

And after March'd to find him out,
And Charg'd him home with Horse and Foot;
And yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his Defence.
Did they not Swear to live and Die
With *Essex*, and straight laid him by?
Did they not Swear to maintain Law,
In which that Swearing made a Flaw?
For Protestant Religion Vow,
Which did that vowing disallow?
For Priviledge of Parliament,
In which that Swearing made a Rent?
And since, of all the three not one
Was left in being 'tis well known.
Did they not Swear in exprefs words,
To prop and back the House of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole Houseful
Of Peers, as dangerous and unuseful?
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That Oaths and Swearing go for nought,
And that by them th'were only meant
To serve for an Expedient.
Oaths were not propos'd more than Law,
To keep the Good and Just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like mortal Cattel in a Pinfold.
A Saint's of the Heavenly Realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to Swear,
But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose as owner;
It follows, though the thing be forgery,
And false, they affirm it is no Perjury,

But

But a meer ceremony and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than meer saluting of the Book.
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but Commissions of course,
And Saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from them as they please,
Or mis-interpret them by privat
Instructions to all Aims they drive at ;
Then why shoud we our selves abridge,
And curtail our own Priviledge ?
'Tis the Temptation of the Devil
That makes all humane actions evil :
For Saints may do the same things by
The Spirit in Sencerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the Devils instance do ;
And yet the Action be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
But as on Land there is no Beast
But in some Fish at Sea's exprest,
So in the Wicked there's no Vice,
Of which the Saints has not a spice ;
And yet that thing thats pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is't not ridiculous and non-sense
A Saint should be a slave to Conscience ?
That ought to be above such Fancies
As far as above Ordinances,
The *Rabbins* writ when any Jew
Did make to God or Man a Vow,

Which

192 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Which afterwards he found untoward,
 And Stubborn to be kept, or too hard.
 Any three other Jews o'th' Nation
 Might free him from the Obligation;
 And have not two SS—— power to use
 A greater priviledge than three Jews?
 The Court of Conscience which in man,
 Should be supreme and sovereign?
 Ist fit it should be subordinate
 To every petty Court i'th' State,
 And have no power at all, or shift
 To help it self at a dead lift?
 Why should not Conscience have Vocation,
 As well as other Courts o'th' Nation?
 Have equal power to Adjourn,
 Appoint Appearance and Return?
 Do not your Juries give their Verdict
 As if they felt the Cause, not heard it?
 And as they please make matter of Fact
 Run all on one side as they're packt.
 When each man Swears to do his best
 To Damn and Perjure all the rest,
 And bids the Devil take the hindmost,
 Which at this Race is like to win most.
 Nature has made in Man no windores
 To publish what he does within doors,
 Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash Folly blab it.
 If Oaths can do a Man no good,
 In his own business, why they shou'd
 In other matters do him hurt,
 I think there's little reason for't:

He

He that imposes an Oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it :
Then how can any Man be said
To break an Oath he never made ?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly :
For if we should defend the Cause
By the strict Rule of Gospel Laws,
And only do what they call just,
The Cause will quickly fall to dust.
This we among our selves may speak,
But to the wicked or the weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection Truths, such as these are.

A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

AMYN TAS and *ALEXIS*,

Occasioned by the Death of *Ambrosia*.

By another Hand.

Alex. **A**H Dear *Amyntas* ! Once a Sprightly Swain,
The Pride and Pleasure of the Wondring Plain,
Whose Pipe assisted heavy hours to pass,
And kindled Wishes in the Coldest Laps ;
Who seem'd to make one Holy Day of Time,
Pursu'd all Sports, and counted Thought a Crime,
Why dost thou look with that disorder'd Air,
Sicken at Musick, and consume in Care ?
Why stands neglected now the chearful Bowl,
Joy to the Sight, and Rapture to the Soul ?
Why such immod'rate Springs of Sorrow rise,
As if thy Life wou'd bubble thro' thy Eyes ?
What

Sir Charles Sedley Baronet. 195

What means this sullen Change? No Nymph
can be
Unjust to Merit, and unkind to Thee.

Amy. Disdain's a Trifle to the Grief I
bear,
I mourn a Breathless, not a Scornful, Fair,
Time softens cruelty, and lessens pains,
But after Death no Help, no Hope remains.
Late I was free from ev'ry racking Dart,
Laugh'd at Concern, and dar'd a Bleeding
Heart;
My Gay Companions sung, like Birds, a-
round,
And Eccho left her Complaints to catch the Sound;
But oh! a change so swift was never known;
I sink already, and am lost in Moan.
Fate's tender spoil, *Ambrosia* I deplore,
She (can I live to speak it?) shines no
more;
Eternal Night has clos'd the Brightest Sun,
The Plains are Gloomy, and the Swains un-
done.

Alex. Darkness unusual late oppress'd my
sight,
But Winter chas'd, methought, the smiling
light,
And nature's self put on a mourning Face,
To see her num'rous off-spring Stripp'd of
Grace.

196 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Now, ah ! too soon the Fatal Cause I know,
A cause, that dooms me to incessant Woe ;
Not gawdy Flow'rs, nor verdant leaves alone,
But Beauties Boast, the matchless Charmer's
gone,

Death of all sweets her lovely Frame deprives,
And no Perfection, but her Fame, survives.
Ye fondest hopes of new-born Rays Adieu !
No future Splendor can surprize my view ;
Seasons may take successive turns, and reign,
But which can please, which bring the
Nymph again ?

She's gone — for ever gone — Oh killing
soud !

Mortality's too weak to bear the Wound.

Amyr. If thou'rt so touch'd who but at
distance gaz'd,

To what a height shall my Distress be rais'd ?
Each Lass to thee had some peculiar Charm,
Thee *Flavia's* Shape, or *Celia's* Mein could
warm,

Dorinda's Steps, or *Silvia's* melting Strains,
Made Thee a Prodigy to Nymphs and Swains ;
Whilst I liv'd happy in a single Fire,
And nothing but *Ambrosia* cou'd admire ;
I Triumph'd in her Chains, and boasted
Flames,

Nurs'd in my Veins, and kindled by her
Beams ;

And

And while her Praise the Jolly Shepherds
sung,

How my glad Ears upon those Accents hung!
I look'd, I listned, and I lov'd all Day,
And gentle Dreams beguil'd the Night away.
My Bleating Charge I little car'd to prize,
But plac'd my Treasures in her Conquering
Eyes ;

Thus blest, no other Wealth I understood ;
For she was all that was compleatly good.
Had all the Savages conspir'd to slay,
And made my Flocks their unresisted Prey,
Oh! had but my *Ambrosia* still been left,
I'd been of nothing worth complaint bereft.

Alex. Not that I wanted wishes to aspire,
I view'd far off ; but sure, where you admire,
To meet neglect as my reward, I try'd
To smother Love, but Grief I cannot hide ;
I follow'd many, but to find that one
In whom collected all their Beauties shone.
She was the foremost Glory of the Field,
Not Nature did an equal Wonder yield:
Roses, compar'd to Her, their sweetness
lost,
Lillie's bow'd down, nor durst their white-
ness boast ;
Ye Flow'rs may now your sickly Honours
rear,
There's no Superior Excellence to fear ;

198 *The Miscellaneous Works of*

Ye Birds may now attempt some warbling
strain,
For while she Charm'd the Ear, your Notes
were vain ;

Ye Stars may now pretend to cast a Light,
For in her Absence you may pass for Bright ;
Ye Nymphs may now display your little
Arts,

And force some heedless Swains to yield their
Hearts ;

For she that won her Thousands, she that
led

Amyntas Captive, Great *Ambrosia's* dead.

Learn hence, ye Fair, that Beauty must resign,
Her Frame was Mortal, yet her Form Divine,
Well might she Challenge *Venus* for a Face,
And Vanquish *Juno* in Majestick Grace ;
Such Bloom and Innocence were never join'd,
So fair an Aspect, and so pure a Mind.

Amyntas. She was my Goddess, ah ! no long-
er mine,

But sad Exchange for me ! Oh Heav'n, she's
thine,

Then why am I ? What need I stay below ?
Oh take me too, vouchsafe a second Blow ;
Break, mortal chains, and let me quickly rise,
What's Earth to me when she adorns the
Skies ?

It must not be — Fate marks me out for
Pain,

I'm doom'd to drag detested Life in vain ;

For

For this Confusion ruffles all my Form,
For this I Weep a Floud, and Sigh a Storm ;
No more the Pleasures of the Bowl I choose,
But losing her, th' intent of Drinking lose ;
For what's all Liquor with her Health not
grac'd,

But Pain to Eyes, and Poyson to the Taste ?
I loath all Food, and shun all Rural Joys,
And nothing's welcome now, but what de-
stroyes.

I hug Despair because ally'd to Death,
There's no way to be well, but not to Breath ;
I scorn the Hand that offers vain Relief,
Resolve to Languish, and indulge my Grief.
Bid Eagles Swim, and bid the Dolphin Fly,
Bid Waves be Silent when the Winds are
High,

Bid Human Joys be Fix'd, bid Heav'n to
Err,

Bid Nature furnish out another Her,
When these obey, then bid my Anguish cease,
For there's no Miracle beyond my Ease.

Alex. Look yonder, and give o'er thy dole-
ful Cries,
Amazing view ! what kindred Beams sur-
prize !

Behold the Sister, how divinely Bright !
Despair it self must vanish at her Sight ;
My Soul's new tun'd, each jarring Thought
gives way,

Grief, like the Dusky Bird, declines the Day:

At once she Weeps and Shines, like *April*
Sun,

But Tears, all others in her presence shun ;
Her Eyes all Sorrows, but their own, remove,
No Passion Reigns where she appears but
Love :

Ev'n thou *Amyntas*, shalt confess her Rays,
Endure to live, and lose Complaint in Praise ;
Thy dear *Ambrosia*'s seated in the Skies,
And as the Virgin Set, the Saint did rise ;
'Tis vain to wish her render'd to the Plains,
'Tis Sin to mourn when such a Nymph re-
mains.

On Valentin's-Day.

By the same Hand.

HAil soft beginner of Delight !
What Am'rous Scenes surprize my
sight !

Together Spring and Love appear,
'Tis Love alone can Spring endear.

What makes the Spring, but sweet Desire ?
'Tis Winter all without Love's Fire ;
Passion's

Passion's the Soul of every Frame,
Things live not that confess no Flame.

Parent of Transports! Day of Days!
Thy presence kindles me to Lays;
Within, like Birds, I feel thy sway,
Enflam'd, but not so blest as they.

Consenting Musick fills the Plain,
How soon the feather'd Lovers gain!
In tuneful Notes they murmur want,
The Fair ones hear, and hearing grant.

Let these examples *Myra* move,
E'en Birdsturn Advocates for Love;
They speak in Kisses what they say,
And bill the Laughing hours away.

I burn, I languish for her Charms,
There's Spring Eternal in those Arms;
Yield quickly, Fair, and you shall find
Reason best shown in being Kind.

T H E

THE
PLAY-HOUSE.

By J. Addison, Esq;

Where gentle *Thames* through stately
Channels Glides,
And *England's* proud Metropolis divides ;
A lofty Fabric does the sight invade,
And Stretches o'er the Waves a Pompous
shade ;
Whence sudden Shouts the Neighbourhood
surprize,
And thundring Claps and dreadful hissings
rise.

Here Thrifty *Rich*, hires Heroes by the
Day,
And keeps his Mercenary Kings in pay ;
With deep Mouth'd Actors fills the Vacant
Scenes,
And Rakes the Stews for Goddeffes and
Queens ;

Here

Here the Lewd Punk with Crowns and Scep-
ters Grac'd,
Teaches her Eyes a more Majestick cast;
And hungry Monarchs with a Numerous
Train,
Of suppliant Slaves like *Sancho* Starve and
Reign.

But Enter in my Muse, the Stage Survey,
And all its Pomp and Pageantry display;
Trap-doors, and Pit-falls from th' unfaithful
Ground,
And Magick-Walls encompass it around;
On either side Maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
And inter-mixt with Brothel Houses rise;
Disjointed Palaces in Order stand
And Groves Obedient to the movers Hand,
O'ershade the Stage, and Flourish at Com-
mand:

A stamp makes broken Towns and Trees
Entire,
So when *Amphion* struck the Vocal Lyre;
He saw the spacious Circuit all around,
With Crowding Woods, and rising Cities
Crown'd.

But next the Tying Room survey and see,
False Titles, and Promiscuous Quality;
Confusedly swarm from Heroes and from
Queens,
To those that swing in Clouds and fill Ma-
chines;

Their

Their Various Characters they chuse with Art,
 The Frowning Bully fits the Tyrants Part;
 Swoln Cheeks and Swagging Belly make an
 Host,

But Meagre Looks and Hollow Voice a Ghost;
 From careful Brows and heavy down cast
 Eyes,

Dull *Cits*, and thick Scull'd *Aldermen* arise:
 The Comic Tone inspir'd by *Congréve* draws,
 At ev'ry word loud Laughter and Applause;
 The Whining Dame continues as before,
 Her Character unchang'd, and Acts a Whore.

Above the rest, the Prince with haughty
 stalks,

Magnificent in Purple Buskins walks;
 The Royal Robes his Ausul Shoulders Grace,
 Profuse of Spangles and of Copper-lace;
 Officious Vassals to his Mighty Thigh,
 Guiltless of Blood th' Unpointed Weapon tie;
 Then the Gay Glittering Diadem put on,
 Ponderous with Brass, and Starr'd with
 Bristol-stone.

His Royal Consort next, consults her Glass,
 And out of Twenty Boxes culls a Face;
 The Whitening first her Ghastly looks be-
 smears,
 All Pale and Wan, th' unfinish'd Form ap-
 pears;

Till

Till on her Cheeks the Blushing Purple
Glow,

And a false Virgin Modesty bestows;
Her ruddy Lips the deep Vermillion dyes,
Length to her Brow the Pencils Art supplies,
And with black bending Arches shades her
Eyes;

Well pleas'd at last the Picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with Artificial Molds;
Her Countenance compleat, the Beaus she
warms,
With looks, not hers, and spite of Nature
Charms.

Thus Artfully their Persons they disguise,
Till the last Florish bids the Curtain rise;
The Prince then Enters on the Stage in State,
Behind a Guard of Candle-snuffers wait;
There Sworn with Empire terrible and fierce,
He shakes the Dome and tears his Lungs with
Verse;

His Subjects Tremble, the submissive Pit,
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention sit,
Till freed at length, he lays aside the Weight
Of Publick Business, and Affairs of State,
Forgets his Pomp, dead to Ambitious Fires,
And to some peaceful Brandy-shop retires;
There in full Gills his Anxious thoughts he
drowns,

And Quaffs away the Cares that wait on
Crowns.

The Princess next her painted Charms displays,

Where ev'ry look the Pencils Art betrays;
 The Callow Squire at distance feeds his Eyes,
 And silently for Paints and Washes dies;
 But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,
 He sees the Blended Colours melt with heat,
 And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat;
 The borrow'd Vizage he admires no more,
 And Nauseats ev'ry Charm he Lov'd before;
 So the fam'd spear for double force renown'd,
 Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.

In tedious Lists 'twere endless to engage,
 And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage;
 Where One for Twenty Years has given Alarms,
 And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms:

Another fills a more Important Post,
 And rises ev'ry other Night a Ghost;
 Through the Cleft Stage, his Mealy Face he rears,

Then Stalks along, Groans thrice, and disappears:

Others with Shields and Swords the Soldiers pride,
 More than a thousand times have chang'd their side,

And in a Thousand Fatal Battles died.

Thus

Thus sev'ral Persons sev'ral Parts perform,
Soft Lovers Whine, and blust'ring Heroes
Storm;

The Stern exasperated Tyrants Rage,
Till the kind Bowl of Poison clears the Stage;
Then Honours Vanish, and Distinctions cease,
Then with Reluctance haughty Queens undress;

Heroes no more their fading Laurels Boast,
And mighty Kings in Private Men are lost;
He whom such Titles swell'd such Pow'r
made proud,

To whom whole Realms, and Vanquish'd
Nations bow'd.

Throws off the Gaudy Plume the Purple
Train,

And in his own Vile Tatters stinks again.

Occasion'd upon sight of Mrs. N.-.-.

By another Hand.

IS This the wondrous matchless Fair,
Whose new discover'd Charms conspire
To fill each Nymph with jealous Care,
And ev'ry Swain with am'rous Fire?

Is This the Toast of high Renown,
Whose Name's the Business of the Glass,
That makes insipid Wine go down,
And lazy Hours with Rapture pass?

Strange! that Her Sway so tow'ring grows!
That Lovers thus unjustly err!
As if but She to Conquer knows,
And Myrtle only springs for Her.

What! shall one Female's Bloom, or Eyes,
Engross command in *Britain's* Sphere?
Not *Paris* now could judge the prize,
The Sex it self's a *Venus* here.

Look round the Playhouse, Court, or Park,
You'll find a Thousand form'd for Love;
But without pow'rful *Kit-kat's* Mark,
E'en Beauty must not current prove.

What Throngs surround This Piece Divine,
And catch a glance with greedy Aim,
While Brighter Dames uncrowded shine,
Only because more known to Fame!

Thus a small spangle of the Sky,
When first disclos'd to Mortal sight,
Attracts far more the wond'ring Eye,
Than *Sol's* or *Cynthia's* Nobler Light.

SPEECHES

IN THE

House of Commons,

UPON

Several Weighty Matters : Also Letters and Essays.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, Bar^t.
Printed from his Original Copies.

A Speech in the House of Commons, made on the Bill for the raising Monies for the Civil Lists, in the first Year of the Reign of King William the Third.

Mr. Speaker,

WE have provided for the Army; We have provided for the Navy; And now, at last, a new Reckoning is brought us; We must provide likewise for the Civil Lists. Truly, *Mr. Speaker*, it's a sad Reflection, that some Men should wallow in Wealth and Places; whilst others pay away in Taxes the fourth Part of their Revenue for the Support of the same Government: We are not upon equal Terms for his Majesty's Service: The Courtiers and great Officers charge, as it were, in Armour; they feel not the Taxes by reason of their Places,

P

whilst

whilst the Country Gentlemen are shot thro' and thro' by them.

The King is pleased to lay his Wants before us, and I am confident expects our Advice upon it: We ought therefore to tell him what Pensions are too great; what Places may be extinguish'd during the time of the War and publick Calamity. His Majesty is encompassed with.— His Majesty sees nothing but Coaches and six Horses, and great Tables, &c. and therefore cannot imagine the Want and Misery of the rest of his Subjects. He is a brave and generous Prince; but he is a young King, encompass'd and hemm'd in by a Company of crafty old Courtiers, to say no more. Some have Places of 3000*l.* some of 6000*l.* and others 6800*l. per Annum*; and I am told the Commissioners of the Treasury have 1600*l. per Annum* apiece. Certainly Publick Pensions, whatever they have been formerly, are much too great for the present Want and Calamity that reigns every-where else.

And it's a general Scandal, that a Government, so sick at Heart as ours is, should look so well in the Face.

We must save the King Money where-ever we can; for I am afraid the War is too great for our Purfes, if things be not managed with all imaginable Thrift: When the People of *England* see all things are sav'd that can be sav'd; that there are no exorbitant Pensions nor unnecessary Salaries: And all this applied to the Use to which they are given, we shall Give, and they shall chearfully Pay, whatever his Majesty can want to secure the Protestant Religion, and to keep out the King of *France*, and King *James* too; whom (by the way) I have not heard named this Sessions; whether out of Fear, Discretion, or Respect I cannot tell. — I conclude (*Mr. Speaker*) let us save the King what we can; and then let us proceed to give him what we are able.

A

A Speech in Parliament, on the Bill for disbanding the Army, Anno 1699.

Mr. Speaker,

I Hope my Behaviour in this House has put me above the Censure of One who would obstruct his Majesty's Affairs ; I was as early in the Apprehensions of the Power of *France* as any Man : I never stuck at Money for Fleets, Armies, Alliances, or whatever Expences seem'd to have the Preservation of our new-settled Government for that end. I am still of the same Mind ; but that was War, and this is Peace ; and if I shall now differ from some worthy Gentlemen, who have spoke before me, they will be so just as to believe it is not about the End, but the Means we contend.

Some may think *England* cannot be safe without a standing Army of 30000 Men ; and will tell us the King of *France* has 200000 in Pay, disciplin'd Troops ; that all our Neighbours are armed in another manner than they were won't to be ; that we must not imagine that we can defend our selves with our ordinary and legal Forces.

All this is very material, and wou'd have great Weight with me, if *England* were not an Island, accessible only by Sea ; and in that case, not till they have destroy'd our Navy, which is, or may be made superiour to any Force that can be brought against us.

It is very difficult to land Forces in an Enemy's Country ; the Spanish Armada was beaten at Sea, and never set Foot on English Ground ; his present Majesty with all the Shipping of *Holland*, cou'd bring over but 14000 or 15000 Men, and that so publickly, that nothing but an infatuated Prince would have permitted their landing. Our At-

tempts upon *Brest* shew us, that it is easie with a small Force to prevent an Assault from t'other Side of the Water. As we are capable of being attacqu'd in several Places, so it may be urg'd, as Reason, for several Troops more than our Purposes can bear; but if we burthen the People thus far in Peace, it may tempt some to wish for War again, every Change carrying a Prospect of better Times, and none can make it worse than a standing Army (of any number of Men) will at present. If we are true to our selves, 10000 Men are enough; and if not, 100000 too few.

A Speech upon the Vote for bringing in a Bill for Dissolving the Parliament, by an Act of the Legislative Power.

THAT the Bill pass'd the Lords unanimously, ought to be no Argument for us to pass it; for were any thing propos'd to their diminution, it wou'd find as easie a Passage in this House: How fond were we of taking away their *Scandalum Magnatum*? I remember we lost a very good Bill by attempting, and they by refusing it; but they wou'd not then, nor do they now, offer up any thing of their own for the Publick Benefit; there is not one Word concerns themselves in this Popular Bill. We have sat too long; we must never hereafter sit above three Year: They wou'd ease the People, but it must be all at the Expence of the House of Commons, not a Priviledge of their own must be shaken. 'Tis urg'd, we are the Peoples Embassadors, or Attornies, as others say; and they ought to have a Power to change us, if they find we act contrary to the Nature of the Trust repos'd in us, or are corrupted to a Court-Interest, that they are any ways dissatisfied with our Prudence or Integrity;

grity ; and therefore be it enacted a new Parliament shall be chosen every three Year. Truly I cannot see any Security for the People against an ill Parliament in this Act; for a corrupt House of Commons may undo the Nation in three Years, as well as in thirty: For admit any one Parliament to be so far corrupted, as to pass Laws to the Injury of Liberty or Property, they can never be repeal'd but by the Act of the King and Lords; who, when once they have thought it their Interest to procure such Laws, will never consent to the repeal of them: For tho' the House of Commons will be new every three Years, the King and the House of Lords will be still the same in Interest, if not Personally: So that one ill Parliament, tho' but of three Years continuance, may prove a Disease incurable. But Men will say, 'tis better the People shou'd chuse a new Parliament every three Years, than that the same Representatives shou'd be continu'd upon 'em at the King's Pleasure, how negligently, how imprudently, how dissatisfactorily soever they perform their Duty in the House. This is not to be answer'd: But we ought to have so much Esteem for our Prince, as not to think he will long continue such a Parliament upon us, and to give him a little Latitude in the calling and dissolving Part, so as not to tie him strictly to the Letter of those Laws, which, as I told you before, never were observ'd by any of his Predecessors, nor rigorously insisted upon by any of ours. When he shall have made a considerable Transgression, 'twere then time enough to enter our Complaint: But, say some Gentlemen, on the other side, good Laws are never to be obtain'd, but in the Reign of a good King; therefore this is the time to press for so good a Law as this is, that may keep an ill-dispos'd Prince in order. Truly I do not see it provides against any thing, but that an ill Prince shall

not enslave us by one continu'd long Parliament; but he may do it by a triennial one, when ever he and they can agree about it; nor call these Parliaments, but when the King has Business for them, and has also a strong Presumption, they will comply for the adjourning, proroguing, and dissolving such Parliaments as he dislikes. Thus all will be in his Power, tho' this Act pass; and even triennial Parliaments cannot give us a certain Remedy, in case of any Invasion upon our Liberty and Property; for it is the King that must appoint Time and Place. Tho' the House of Lords and Commons are essential Parts of the English Government, yet in this politick Existence they depend upon the Will and Pleasure of our Kings. The People of *England* are the same, their Reasons of Chusing the same, and I question not but they will send us the same Men, or the same sort of Men again. *Mr. Speaker*, I can by no means approve of this Bill at this time: But my main Exception lyes against the Clause which requires the Dissolution of this present Parliament, by an Act of the Legislative Power. Never was there any such Invasion upon the Prerogative of a King, never such an Indignity offer'd to an House of Commons in being. The next House may take other Measures than we have done, and then what is got by a new Parliament? If they take others, you know not what Disorders may follow.

Another Speech upon the said Bill, for Dissolving the Parliament.

THe long Parliament of Forty, was indeed declar'd extinguish'd by Act of Parliament, but all the World saw what they attempted, and what they executed: and I hope we shall never pass an Act that may couple us in History with that Sort of Men. *Mr.*

Mr. Speaker, I have seen several Parliaments in this House, yet never cou'd observe any great change of Proceeding, till the whole Nation was alarm'd at the Duke of *York's* declaring himself a *Papist*, the discovery of the *Popish Plot*, and King *Charles the Second's* being suspected for that Religion: Then there was a Change indeed; but I hope we have no Calamities of that Magnitude now to provide against: Our King is in our Interest abroad; he is an utter Enemy to *France*; he is a good *Protestant*: We are ready with our Purse to support him in the Defence of our Liberty, Religion and Property; we are honest in the main, and I cannot see the Nation can be in better Hands; however, let us be extinguish'd in the usual Way of Parliament, and not pull on our selves a violent, and, I think, an ignominious Death, by an Act of the Legislative Power for our Extinction. The long Parliament cou'd not be dissolv'd but by Act of Parliament; for they had obtain'd an Act for their Continuance, which cou'd not be annull'd but by an Act for their Dissolution; and therefore they were of necessity so dealt with. —

To conclude, Sir, for these and many other Reasons given me by Gentlemen, who spoke before me, I am against this Bill at this time.

'Tis said other Gentlemen have a right and a just Expectation of Sitting in this House in their Turns, as well as we that are now here, which this Bill will put 'em in possession of; but that Argument supposes this Parliament will be continu'd for ever, if this House of Commons be not extinguish'd by this Law at this time, which I can no ways admit of: We are all for frequent Parliaments, as well those against the Bill, as those who are for it; but some of us had rather obtain it from some ordinary Act of the King's Prerogative, or such Occasions, than extort them by a written Law, which

may be of too stiff a Temper to bend or comply with such Emergencies of State as may perhaps make the Continuance of the same Parliament a Session longer than the Law allows very advantageous, if not altogether necessary. I should have lik'd this Bill better if it had begun in our own House; then it had been a Self-denying Bill indeed; but now it looks like a Surprise upon us from the Lords, and brings us under this Dilemma, that if we pass it, we throw our selves immediately out of this House; if we reject this seeming popular Bill, we hazard our Elections into the next Parliament; for we are told by such as would have it pass, that the Gentlemen who are against this new Choice of the People, cannot expect to be elected by them into the next Parliament: Thus we are to over-look all Considerations of State and publick Concernment, and pass this Bill in order to gratifie our Corporations, that they may chuse again. Truly, Sir, for my part, I renounce those partial Measures, and if I cannot be chosen upon the Account of general Service to the Nation, I will never creep into the Favour of any sort of Men, and vote against my Judgment.

Upon the Bill relating to the Civil List.

WE shall, I hope, return to our Vote, and make Provision by a Bill, or otherwise a Clause in this or some other, that no Member of Parliament may be concern'd in the Revenue: For it sounds, *Mr. Speaker*, harsh, that the same Men shou'd be both Givers and Receivers of the Revenue. The worthy Gentleman, that spoke last, tells you we can expect nothing toward this Supply from the Revenue, for that the ordinary Revenue will not pay the Civil List by 100000 *l.* I suppose he means as the Civil List as it stands now. But there was not long

long ago an Offer made by the Courtiers, that the Profits, Fees and Salaries of their respective Offices and Places exceeding 800*l.* *per Annum* clear Money, shou'd go toward the Charge of the War; and then I hope we may expect something. Sir *Harry Vane* did a thing of this kind in *Cromwell's* time, being then Treasurer of the Navy, he acquainted the House, that the Profits of his Office were too great, for any particular Person, during such Distress and Calamity of the Common-wealth, and desir'd he might have a convenient Salary, and the rest go toward the Charge of the War. Now to find a whole Set of Courtiers as generous as I had ever yet known any one Man, charm'd me exceedingly; I think I broke into some Raptures of Kindness towards the worthy Gentlemen who shew'd such Zeal for their Master's Service, and the Defence of the Nation, as to part with something of their own, as well as ours for those publick Ends.

Mr. Speaker, The King and People have always the same Interest, and it is not the King's to take one Penny more from the People than will just carry on the Government; it is the Peoples Interest to give him full as much: But it is the Courtiers Interest to get all they can for him here, that they may obtain their Request the more easily at *White-hall*: That the Interest of the King and Courtier do sometimes differ, I thinke I can give you an undeniable Instance: King *Charles* the Second, when he came to the Crown had 360000*l.* *per Annum* in Land; it was certainly the Interest of the Crown he shou'd have kept those Lands descending to him from his Ancestors, that they might have been a constant Support and Supply for such Occasions as could not wait the Delays and Method of Parliaments; it was the Peoples Interest that the King should have kept that Revenue, for having so much of his own, he might lye the less heavy upon them: Yet
the

the Courtiers prevail'd, and got away that whole Revenue in a few Years, devouring not only the Income but the very Stock of their Master's Liberality; and, as I humbly conceive, contrary to the Interest of both King and People, and even of all succeeding Courtiers; whom we find since quarter'd upon other Branches of the Revenue. King James thought 500 l. *per Annum* sufficient for the Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber; certainly that Salary may suffice a Man that has an Estate of his own already, and is as much as any Waiting-man can pretend to for his Service.

Upon the Bill of Ways and Means, &c.

I Believe, Mr. *Speaker*, when we come to consider of it, we shall find, that it is convenient, not only to lessen the Officers of the Court and State, in Point of Profit, but in Point of Number too: we have nine Commissioners of Excise, seven of the Admiralty, three of the Post-office, six of the Customs; I know not why half may not do the Business as well. But when I consider all these, or most of them, are Members of Parliament, my Wonder is over; for tho' it may be a Dispute, whether many Heads are better than one, 'tis certainly true, that many Votes are better than one: Many of these Gentlemen have two Offices besides their Seat in Parliament, which require Attendance in several Places, and Abilities of divers Natures; but Members of Parliament, tho' well-principled, have no Privileges to be fit for any thing without Practice, Study or Application.

Sir, we are call'd by the King, and sent up by the People, and ought to regard no Interests but theirs; which as I told you before, are always the same; let us therefore proceed accordingly. The late Proposals of the Courtiers themselves, to save
the

the King Mony, was, by applying the Profits, Salaries and Fees of their Places, that exceed 800 *l. per Annum*, to the War; thus will the publick Charge lye easier upon the People, and the present Reign be more and more endear'd to 'em. What is necessary we shall chearfully supply, when we see all Men set their Shoulders to the Burthen, and stand upon an equal Footing for our common Defence, and that what we give apply'd to those Uses for which we give, and the Army paid. This Offer, Sir, as I remember, began when an Observation was made by you of the long Accounts, and that a great part of the King's Revenue remain'd in the Hands of the Receivers; to which a worthy Member answer'd, It cou'd not be help'd, by reason some Receivers were Members of Parliament, and stood upon their Priviledges. To which another Member answer'd, That we cou'd not deprieve Members of their Priviledge, but that to remedy the like for the future, we were ready to pass a Vote, that no Member of Parliament should be a Receiver of the King's Revenue. This alarum'd the whole Body of Men in Office; so that some stood up, and (to prevent the House from harping any longer upon that String) said, They so little valu'd their own Profit, that they were willing to resign all their Fees, Salaries, and Perquisites, exceeding 300 *l. per Annum*, toward the next Year's Charge. This, if really intended, was very generous; but if it were only a Compliment, Shift or Expedient, to avoid the present Vote we were upon, That no Member of Parliament should be Receiver of the Revenue, nothing was more disingenious; nor cou'd a greater Abuse be offer'd to the House, for we proceeded so far as to Vote, the Speaker, Judges and some others shou'd not be comprehended. People abroad that receiv'd our Votes will think strangely of it, if, after all those Preparations, we

we do nothing in it, and suffer our selves to be thus gull'd: But I hope better of the worthy Gentlemen, and cannot but think they were in Earnest with this House upon so solemn a Debate.

Upon the Bill for Tryals, &c.

Mr. Speaker,

THe Tryal by their Peers cou'd never be meant Peers of the King's appointment: I take the Clause in question to be very agreeable to the Title of your Bill; for it is entituled, *A Bill for the more equal Tryal of Persons accus'd of Treason, or Misprison of Treason.* Upon which the Lords have grafted a Provision for themselves in that Case, and no other; and the Provision is, that they shall be try'd out of Parliament, as they are now sitting in the Parliament: This some Gentlemen say is a weakening to the Government, which they seem to think cannot subsist, unless the Government may at any time reduce what Lords they please under the Power and Judgment of the Majority of twenty Peers, nominated by the Lord High-Steward: Which certainly is a very great Hardship upon the Peerage of *England*, and puts them in a worse Condition, as to their Lives and Fortunes, than the meanest Commoner of *England*, who may except against three Juries; whereas a Lord cannot except against one single Person of those few that are appointed to try him, tho' never so profest and so open an Enemy to him. Now, instead of this Priviledge of ours, they desire they may be try'd by the whole House, or such of them as will come to the Tryal: Others again say, If this Clause pass, by reason of the mutual Relations and Affinity between the Peers, they will be ready and able to save one another. To that may be answer'd, That of late the Lords do not much Intermarry, chusing rather to better
their

their Fortunes by Marriage into the City; the best Composition, and most usual of late, being Nobility on one side, with Mony on the other; nor do those sorts of Obligations last longer than the Wedding-cloaths. Nor are the Lords so considerable as formerly, when three or four of them in conjunction cou'd shake the Crown: Their Estates, and consequently Interests, are sufficiently decay'd since the Statute of *Henry the Seventh* gave leave to alienate their Lands: They were natural, and many of them now but artificial Lords, like the Catholick Bishops, *in partibus infidelium*. — This Clause is likewise very pursuant to the Prince's Declaration, where nothing is more complain'd, and abhorr'd, than the Injustice and Corruption of the Tryals in King *James's* Reign; and I hope we shall never be tenacious of those wicked and indirect Ways of Destroying, by which we have lost many of our best Friends; the Lords have Estates to make 'em cautious, but not dangerous: Partiality and Compliance is ever toward the Power in being: The Reigns of Princes are recommended to Posterity by the good Laws they pass; and as we have given largely for the Supply of the Government, we may hope to obtain something for the Benefit of those whose Mony we have been so liberal of: We have as yet pass'd nothing but Mony-Bills, or Bills of a private Nature: 'Tis high time we shou'd do something like a Parliament of *England*; let us not then here, among our selves, stifle this our Publick Debt, and consequently deprive his Majesty of the Glory of passing an Act, which most Men have in all Ages desir'd, but cou'd never hope to obtain, but from so gracious a Prince.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
ENTERTAINMENTS.

M*Arcus Varro*, in a Treatise written of the Number of Guests; the Disposition and Order of an elegant Supper; the Choice, Condition and Quality of such as are invited; begins with their Number, which, he says, ought not to be less than the Graces, nor greater than that of the Muses: in plain English, not less than three, nor more than nine. — They ought not to be many, that every Man may have his Turn of speaking as well has hearing. A great Table is subject to Noise and Disorder; a Number of Equals cannot easily be kept within the Bounds of Decency and Respect one to another. — Four things are principally required in what he calls an elegant Supper. — The Guests must be Men of some Quality, well bred, and not ill drest. — The Place must be well chosen; retir'd from publick View, and the common Disturbances of Passengers and Business; where they may hear no Noise, but what they make. — The Time convenient, not too late, nor too early; for an early Supper comes too fast upon a late Dinner; and a late Supper takes too much of the Night from our natural Rest; and consequently too much of the next Day from Business.

ness. — The Linnen, the Room, the Servants, and what we now call the *Bussett*, rather clean and neat, than pompous or magnificent: the Supper such as some of the Invited may give in their turn without hurting themselves. — Not all great Talkers, nor too silent; but ingenious Men, knowing when to speak, and when to hear; rather facetious, witty and agreeable, than contentious, rhetorical, or eloquent: Eloquence is proper in a great Assembly or Senate; Contention for the Bar or Courts of Justice; but in a private Company a shorter Way of Expression, and a quicker Turn of Wit is more acceptable. — The Guests shou'd not be all old, nor all young Men; for old Men talk of nothing but what was done twenty Years ago; and young Fellows of nothing but the Amours, the Disorders, and Debauches of last Week; the Old ought to put on as much Youth as they can on such Occasions; and the Young a temporary Gravity, that the two Extrems may meet in a third Point. — Stories ought to be sparingly ventur'd upon, for they impose too long a Silence on the rest of the Company, and may offend three Ways, either by being tedious, common, or unpleasant. — The Conversation shou'd not rove or dwell upon State-affairs, private Business, or Matters of Interest, which Men are apt to dispute with more Heat, Concern, and Animosity, than is consistent with the good Humour and Mirth principally intended at such Meetings; in which we shou'd rather talk of pleasant, chearful and delightful Subjects, such as *Beauty, Painting, Musick, Poetry*, the Writers of the past and present Age; whereby we may at once improve and refresh our Wits; not wrack and torture them with knotty, rugged and contradictory Disputes, occasion'd often by an Affectation of Superiority, which is the worst Effect, and greatest Proof of Self-

Self-conceit. — Such Men think themselves in the right, because others will not give themselves the vain trouble of telling them they are in the wrong, which is oftner a Tribute paid by modest Men to their invincible Obstinacy, than an Acknowledgment of their superiour Judgment. — Every Man ought to be left to his liberty in point of Wine, as well as Meat; for amongst Men, as well as Horses, some want the Curb, and some the Spur.

The End of Sir Charles Sedley's Works.



A Compleat
COLLECTION
Of all the
Remarkable Speeches
IN BOTH
Houses of Parliament:

DISCOVERING
The Principles and Temper of all Parties and Factions;
The Conduct of our Chief Ministers,
Their Management of Public Affairs,
And the Maxims of Government,
FROM THE
Year 1641, to the Happy Union of
GREAT BRITAIN.

By several Lords and Commoners.

London : Printed in the Year, 1707.



A Compleat

COLLECTION

Of all the

Remarkable Speeches

IN BOTH

Houses of Parliament,

FROM THE

Year 1641, to the Happy Union of GREAT BRITAIN.

*Mr. Bagshaw's Speech about the Judges Oath, &c.
in 1640.*

I Had rather A&t than Speak in the weighty
Busineses of the Kingdom, which have been
so excellently handled by those four Gentle-
men that spake last, and therefore I shall be
short.

When I do look upon the Body of this good-
ly flourishing Kingdom in Matter of Religion and

of our Laws, for, like *Hippocrates's* Twins, they live and die together; I say, when I behold both these in the State and Plight as they have been presented unto us, *Flere magis libet quàm dicere*: But this is our Comfort, Mr. Speaker, that we are here met together for the Welfare and Happiness of Prince and People, and who knows whether this may not be the appointed Time wherein God will restore our Religion as at the first, and our Laws as at the beginning.

The King's Honour consists in the Weal of his People: This undoubted Maxim his Majesty hath made good by his late gracious Speech and Promise to us to redress all our Grievances, the Enemies of Peace and Plenty.

To make a People rich, they must have Ease and Justice: Ease in their Consciences from the Bane of Superstition, from the intolerable Burthen of Innovation in Religion, and from the Racks and Tortures of strange new-fangled Oaths. They must be eased in their Persons, being *liberi homines*, and not Villains, from all illegal Arrests and Imprisonments against *Magna Charta*, being our greatest Liberty. They must be eased in their Lands from Forrests, where never any Deer-fees are paid; from Depopulation, where never any Farm was decayed; and from Inclosure, where never any Hedges were set: They must be eased in their Goods from Exactions and Exspoliations of Pursuivants and Apparitors, of Projectors and Monopolists, *Humanarum calamitatum mercatores*, as an ancient Writer finely calls them: And if the first have all these Easements, yet if they have not Justice, they cannot subsist; Justice is to the Civil Body as Food to the Natural; if the Streams of Justice be by Unrighteousness turned into Gall or Wormwood, or by Cruelty, like the Egyptian Waters,

ters, turned into Blood, those which drink of these Brooks must needs die and perish. The Law saith, that all Justice is in the King, who is stiled in our Book, *Fons Justitie*, and he commits it to the Judges for the Execution, wherein he trusts them with two of the choicest Flowers which belong to the Crown, the Administration of Justice, and the Exposition of Laws, that he would not trust them without an Oath required of them by the Statute of 18 *Edw. 3.* which is so strict and severe, that it made a Judge, whom I know, though honest and stout, to quake and tremble at the very mention of it.

The Effect of the Oath is, That they shall do equal Law and Execution of Rights to all the King's Subjects, as well Poor as Rich, without regard to any Person; that they shall not deny to do common Right to any Man, by the King's Letters, or for any other Cause; and in case such Letters do come, that they proceed to do the Law notwithstanding such Letters, as they will answer it to the King in their Bodies, Lands, and Goods.

Sir

*Sir Francis Seymour's Speech in Parliament,
1641, for Priviledge of Parliament, and a-
gainst Civil Ministers, Priests and Jesuits, &c.*

THis great Council (as *Tully* said of the Senate of *Rome*) is the Soul of the Common-wealth, wherein one may hear and see all the Grievances of the Subjects, and in the Multitude of such Counselors is Safety.

Amongst whom, the greatest Priviledge, is Liberty of Speech: And therefore I humbly offer it unto you, to take into Consideration, what Wrong hath been done herein, what Judgments hath been against the Members of this House, for speaking nothing, but what concerned the Good of the Commonwealth. Which said Judgments hath been against Law and Reason, and without Precedent.

What Law or Reason is there, that a Parliament, which is the highest of all Courts, should be questioned by inferiour Courts and Judges: as if the Common Pleas should question the King's Bench, or the Chancery be questioned by either of them.

Perhaps the Authors of it have Nature to plead for themselves, which indeed teacheth every Man to preserve himself.

This perhaps, makes them advance that, and those Members, which otherwise must condemn themselves. And such Things have been done, to maintain their Proceedings, as not only trench upon the Liberties of Parliament, but also upon the Liberties of the whole Common-wealth: Wherein I had rather suffer for speaking the Truth, than the Truth should suffer for want of my speaking.

Where

Where was ever more Piety in a Prince, and more Loyalty in Subjects; and yet what Commonwealth ever suffered like this!

His Majesty is the Sun, which though it ever shines alike in it self, gloriously; yet, by reason of Clouds, many times it doth not so appear; and if his Majesty, by reason of bad Members, may not appear in such Splendor, let us labour to clear those Clouds: What will it avail us, if the Fountain be clear, if the Streams that issue therefrom be not so also? I will instance in some Particulars:

If we look into the Face of Religion, that is out-faced, and such as heretofore durst not appear, come boldly into our Houses, as if they had a concealed Toleration, I mean the Seminary Priests, who though they have less Power, yet have they not less Malice, but more, so long as the Pope hath his Agents amongst us. See we not how they go to *Somerset-house* and to *St. James's* with too much Countenance? These are the Enemies of the Church, without the Church; I wish we had none within it: who pull down Churches, and I am sure they build none up again: Amongst which are our Non-residents, who o'er-sway all by worldly Preferments, and many Livings.

Christ made it the Touch-stone of *Peter's* Love unto him, to feed his Sheep and Lambs; but these Men look at their own private Gains, not taking Pains for their own double Honours, which are daily gotten.

What Thing is there more against Reason and Nature, than for one Man to have above one Wife, and for one Shepherd to have more than one Sheepfold?

These

8 *Sir Francis Seymour's Speech in 1641.*

These are dumb Dogs, that cannot speak a Word for God, of whom the People may seek spiritual Food, but can find none.

Others there are that Preach, but it is not the Gospel, but themselves; that the King hath an unlimited Power, and the Subject no Propriety in their Goods.

These are bad Divines, and worse, and more ignorant States-men; who, under the Name of Puritans, condemn all, who truly profess Religion. There are surely many, who under a Form of Godliness, cloak Impiety: but to teach, that a Man can be too holy, is the Doctrine of Devils.

And now, for fear I have been over-long, I will speak of the Subjects Liberties, wherein I remember, what was confirmed unto us by the Word of a King; and God forbid, that I, or any other, should imagine, that the King did otherwise, than he granted us.

But some there be, that have betrayed the King unto himself, and so committed worse Treason than those who betray him to others, who tell him his Prerogative is above all Laws, and that his Subjects are but Slaves: whereby the King is neither preserved in Honour, nor the Commonwealth in Safety.

*The Lord Wharton's Speech : Being an Account
of Edge-hill Fight.*

MY Lords, and you the Aldermen, and the Commons of this City, in a Business of this very great Consequence and Concernment, it was very well known to my Lord General, that you could not but be full of great Expectations ; and my Lord had according to his Duty taken Care for to give Information to the Parliament to those that had sent him, of what had proceeded : In the very next place, it was his particular Respect to this City, to my Lord-Mayor, the Aldermen, the Common-Council, and all the Commons of this City, that they might likewise be acquainted with the Success of that Business, towards which they themselves had been at so much Expences, and had shewed so much Love and Kindness in all the Proceedings of this Business, for that purpose, because that Letters might be uncertain, and might miscarry, there being great Interception of them, the Forces of the Armies being close together, my Lord thought fit to send Mr. *Strode*, a Member of the House of Commons, and my self, and certainly whatsoever shall be related by us to you, it will be good News, or else we should not willingly have undertaken the bringing of it ; and for the Truth of it, though we already hear that there are those that have so much Malignity as to oppose it, yet the Certainty of it will clear it self ; and therefore there shall need no Apologies to be made, but that which shall be said to you, shall be the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, in a very clear Way of Relation of what hath past.

Gentlemen, I shall open to you, as near as I can, as it comes within my Memory, those Things of Circumstance which are worthy the taking notice

of, and one in the first place shall be, the Occasion why so many of the Forces were not then upon the Place, which you will find to be upon very good Ground and Reason, for the Preservation of the Countries that were behind, and of this City, which is the particular Thing in the Care, and now under the Diligence of my Lord General, to preserve. There was left at *Hereford*, which lies upon the Confines of *Wales*, a Regiment of Foot, under the Command of my Lord of *Stamford*, and a Troop or two of Horse, that the Power of *Wales* might not fall in upon *Glocestershire*, and upon the River of *Severn*, and so upon the West. There was likewise left at *Worcester* (which you all know how it is seated upon the River of *Severn*, and what Advantage it hath to intercept all Force that shall come from *Shrewsbury* down into the West) a Regiment of my Lord *Saint John's*, and Sir *John Merriks*. There was for the Safety of *Coventry* (for that was a Town it was likely the King might have fall'n upon) the Regiment of my Lord *Rochford*; but it seems that his Excellence the Earl of *Essex* his Army did so quickly come up to the King's, that the King thought it no way fit or advantageous for him to spend any Time upon those Places, for certainly they would have very quickly been relieved, so that the King slipt by *Warwick* and *Coventry*, which otherwise we conceive they were Towns he had as good an Eye upon as any other Towns in the whole Kingdom, excepting this. There was likewise occasion upon the suddenness of my Lord's March, two Regiments of Foot, one under the Command of a Gentleman you all know, Col. *Hambden*, and the other under the Command of Col. *Grantham*, with some ten or twelve Troops of Horse, and these were but one Day's March behind, and upon the occasion of bringing up some Powder, Ammunition, and Artillery, which my
Lord

Lord would not stay for, purposely upon his Diligence and Desire that there should not be an Hour lost in pursuing after that Army, and that he might make all haste in coming up to this Town; and his Desire to make haste to keep with that Army was such, that he kept for two or three Days together a Day's March before that Army; and so there being another Regiment lodged in *Banbury*, occasionally for their own safety, there was with my Lord when this Battel was fought upon the Lord's Day, 11 Regiments of Foot, and about the Number of 35, or 37, or 40 Troops of Horse; that which makes me say this to you, is partly for your Satisfaction, that you may know the Reasons of the Things are past, and partly that you may give the more Glory to God for his Blessing, and for his Preservation of that Remnant of the Army which was together, being about 11 Regiments of Foot, and a matter of 35 or 40 Troops of Horse.

Upon the *Saturday* at Night, upon a very long March, (for they came not in till 9 or 10 a Clock at Night) the Army came to *Kenton*, and the next Morning, about 7 a Clock, (though all that Night there was News came that the King was going to *Banbury*) we had certain Information he was coming down a Hill, which is called *Edge-hill*, which hath some Advantage by Nature for Forts and Breast-works, and such Things as those are; and that Hill the King's Army came down at that time (that Army which goes under the Pretence of being raised for him, and by his Authority, for and against the Parliament) his Army coming down, my Lord of *Essex* presently drew out into the Field, and drew his Army into a Place of as good Advantage as possibly he could, though the other Army had Advantage of the Hill, which they were possessed of before, and at the beginning of the Day the Wind it was against us, and was the Advantage

tage of the other Army. The Preparation on both Sides was for the making of them ready for fight; and the King's coming down the Hill was so long, that there was nothing done till four in the Afternoon. And, Gentlemen, I shall tell you the worst as well as the best, that you may know all, and that when you have known the worst, you may find it in your Judgments, to give the more Praise to God for his Mercy, after there was so much Probability of having such an ill Success.

After that we had shot two or three Pieces of Ordnance, they began for to shoot some of theirs; and truly, not long after, before there was any near Execution, there was three or four of our Regiments fairly ran away. I shall name you the Particulars, and afterwards name you those that did the extraordinary Service, whereof you will find those of this City to have been very extraordinary Instruments. There were that ran away, Sir *William Fairfax's* Regiment, Sir *Henry Cholmley's*, and my Lord *Mandevil's*, and, to say the plain truth, my own; these ran away.

Gentlemen, you see by this time, I am like to tell you the Truth, I hope of every thing; but yet I must say this, That though they did so, yet I hope there will be very convenient and very good Number of them got together again, that may shew themselves in better Condition, and better Way of Service than yet they have done; I hope so, and by the Blessing of God it may be so, for they are but young Soldiers, and we have seen very good Experience of some of them, that have this last Battel done very extraordinary and gallant Service: Not long after there was a Charge upon the left Wing of the Horse, and there I conceive there was a matter of 18 or 19 Troops, and truly I cannot say they did so well as they should, though I hope there are not many of them cut off neither,
but

but that they will be brought together again to do very good Service hereafter ; but so it is, they had the worst of it, and by this you will see that at the Beginning of the Day we might think it would not prove so well as it pleased God it did afterwards in the Close of the Day, for four Troops were divided, and one part of the Horse were not in good Order ; but it pleased God now to shew himself, for after they had pass'd the left Wing of our Horse, I cannot say it was in any Hands, but God's own Providence, the Horse that had pass'd through them follow'd them in part, and went to the Town where all our Baggage was ; the Baggage of the Officers and the private Persons of the Army, not they of the Artillery, but the Colonels Carts, and the Captains Carts, and such Provision as that, and there they took a Bait upon our Pillage, and fell a plundering ; all that while the rest of the Army was a fighting, and indeed my Lord General had some more Loss than ordinary, by some Clothes and Money he had there ; but we may thank God they were away, for thereby the rest of the Army had the better Opportunity to do that Service they did.

My Lord General himself, upon this Extremity, did begin to shew himself to be more than an ordinary Man, and indeed I think more than I have heard tell of any Man, for he charged up at several times, once with his own Troop of Horse, as I remember, but I am sure with his own Regiment of Foot, which was raised here in *Essex* ; and tho' so many ill Passages happened before, with his own Providence and Encouragement, and the Encouragement of others, his own Troop of Horse fell upon the King's own Regiment, (which they had most Hopes of) which they called the Red Regiment, after a sore and bitter Fight (for to give them their due, they fought very well, those of my

Lord of *Effex* his Regiment, and those Horse I spake of before) they killed the King's Standard-bearer, Sir *Edward Varney*, they took the King's Standard which was raised up against the Parliament, and it was brought my Lord General, and he delivered it to a Servant, which was not so careful as he ought to have been, but it was not taken by Force, but by the Carelesness and Negligence of some Persons, but it was gotten by Force and lost thus. They took likewise the King's General Prisoner, and carried him away; they took Prisoner my Lord General's Son, my Lord *Willoughby*, that Person you have heard so much of, and been so well acquainted with here, Col. *Lunsford*, which should have had the Tower, he was likewise taken Prisoner, and his Brother slain, and Sir *Edward Stradling* Prisoner, and divers others of Quality, my Lord *Amberney*, and Col. *Vavasour*, and Sir *Edward Monroy*, a Scotchman of great Quality; while these were upon this Service, I must give the Right to divers other of the Officers of the Horse, which were upon the right Wing, that they did extraordinary Service too, that was my Lord of *Bedford* himself, who did very gallantly, and Sir *William Belfore*, the late Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir *Philip Stapelton*, and all the Troops which formerly had been under some other kind of Report, they did extraordinary Service, kept intirely to their Charge, and though they were long under the Power of the others Cannons, there were some 17 Shot of Cannon-shot against them, and they stood still, and God bethanked, not a Man of them hurt; yet there was likewise very extraordinary Service performed by my Lord *Gray* and Sir *Arthur Hazelrig*, who indeed was a Help to give a great Turn to the Day, by cutting off a Regiment of the King's, which was called the Blew Regiment; and there were many other Gentlemen of great Worth, that did very

extraordinary Service too; I would not have you understand that others did not do it, because I remember not their Names, for I speak to you now but on the sudden, but there were divers others did very great Service, only these I have named that come to my Memory, and you will hear more of the rest upon other Occasions: Upon the Close of the Day, we know it for certain, that the best Regiment of the King's was cut off, and the next his best Regiment, which was that under my Lord of *Linsay*; there was all the Prisoners taken I told you of, there were those Persons of Quality slain I told you of, and there was, as we conceive (this I tell you upon Information, as we conceive, and are informed by the Country Men, that saw them bury the Dead next Day, and bring them up into Heaps, there was, as is informed and conceived) about 3000 of theirs slain; and we cannot believe nor we cannot have any Information, to give us Reason to believe, that there was above 300 of ours slain: And this was to be observ'd of God's Providence in this Day's Work, that though it began so improbably, yet before the Close of the Night, which was two Hours (for they began to fight indeed but about four a Clock) we had got the Ground that they were upon, we had gotten the Wind, and we do not know, nor by Information conceive, that there was 20 Men of ours killed by all the King's Cannon: When it was Night, that there could be no fighting, we drew our Forces together, and so likewise did the King; they were then but at a reasonable Distance, it may be three times, or six times, or some such Distance of this Room; but in the Night, the Forces of the King withdrew up towards the Hill, from whence they came; and my Lord General, amongst others, sent myself for to bring on those Forces which I told you were a Day's March behind (which was Colo-

nel *Hambden*, and Colonel *Grantham*, and those Troops of Horse and the Artillery,) and sent to bring them up to him; and about one a Clock at Night or two a Clock, those Forces came to my Lord General, and joyned with the rest of the Army; and when the King had drawn his Forces up the Hill, my Lord General drew us a matter of half a Mile or three quarters of a Mile further from the Hill, that he might be out of the Power of the Cannon; there we stood to our Arms all the Night, and in the Morning drew our selves out again into the Fields, but we heard no more News of the other Army, more than we saw some scattering Men, of some three or four Troops of Horses on the Top of the Hill, which came to bury the Dead, and take away some of their Cannon, and such things as those were, but they came no more down the Hill, neither that Day nor on *Tuesday*, tho' there were divers Reports came to us in the Army, and I believe came hither, that there was fighting on *Monday* and *Tuesday*, yet there was no fighting, for the King kept on the Top of the Hill, and we came away on *Tuesday* at four a Clock; so that we can assure you there was no more Action, than was on the Lord's Day.

Gentlemen, I shall, after I have declared this Narration to you, say no more than this, That certainly my Lord General himself hath deserved as much in this Service, for his Pains, and for his Care, and the particular Success that was upon it, as truly I think, ever any Gentleman did; and in the next place, that as God of his own immediate Providence did thus declare himself for the owning of his own Cause, so you will not forget to apply yourselves to God, to give him the Glory, and to intreat his Blessing upon the future Success.

Mr.

Mr. Strode's Speech on the same Subject.

Gentlemen all, as this noble Lord hath told you, my Lord General hath sent him up to give you a clear Information of what was done: He hath given you so clear a one, that there is little left for me to say to you, only my Attestation, and that needs not, had that been all, I should have said nothing but in the Innumeration of those Regiments that did run away, and of his own, I must needs say thus much, when they all were away, he staid with us in the Service all that Night; this I hold it my Duty to this honourable Person, it was Modesty in himself to say nothing.

I shall crave leave a little further, to make you some Observation, That as God did this Great Work, and we ascribe to him the Honour, so you will look upon the Persons by whom he did it: In the first place, You have heard when it was a thousand to one but that we had lost the Day, by running away of the Troops of Horse, and the four Regiments, and then the General did draw up his own Regiment, and then did God begin in them to shew his own Work, and it was not only in them, but by a Regiment raised in *Essex*, and another Regiment raised in this City, under the Command of Mr. *Hollis*, and another Regiment of my Lord *Brooks*, which had the Day upon them; these were the Men that were ignominiously reproached by the Name of *Round Heads*, and by these *Round Heads* did God shew himself a most glorious God: And truly (Gentlemen) they that will report to you the Number of our Dead, farther than we have reported them to you, must find them many Miles from the Army, and then they were Men that run away so far, that it was no matter who killed them; for our Men that we could find any where about the Place,

Place, we cannot find in all (nor think) above 300; and you'll say, they were well lost that run away; the boldest Men of them that stood, were few lost, and they that were so lost, were lost with a great deal of Honour; and, I believe, you will have them in more Reputation, than they that live and run away: So that truly I can say no more to you, in such a Cause as this is, that you have undertaken with your Purse, and with your Persons, God hath shewed himself with us, be you but courageous, and we never need doubt it; and so we say all.

The Earl of Pembroke's Speech.

MY Lord Mayor, and you Gentlemen of the City, I am commanded, and the Reason that makes me trouble you at this time with saying any thing, is by reason of a Letter I have received from the Committee, which I think is a Letter of some Consequence, and fitting for you to see; otherwise I am so ill a Speaker, after such a Declaration made to you, I have not the Boldness to say any thing to you: but truly though I say little, and have a bad Tongue, yet I ever had so good a Heart to this Business, that I shall ever live and die in it.

Gentlemen, You have shew'd your selves like brave and noble Citizens; you have done it with that Nobleness, with that Alacrity, with that Love to God, King, and Parliament, that none of your Ancestors before you never shew'd more Love, nor Care, nor Zeal, nor perform'd that you have done better: I have only this to say to you, If the Times are such (not that I think there is any great Peril in the King's Army now, for they have told you nothing but Truth) yet when you have seen this Letter, you will find there is very good Cause for
you

A Letter to the Earl of Cumberland. 19

you to Crown this Work, which must be by following it, with the same Zeal, Love, Care, and Nobleness, and Alacrity; which if you do, you may well Crown your selves with the Name of a glorious City; and none more.

The LETTER.

For his Excellency the Earl of *Cumberland*, Lord-General of His Majesty's Forces in the North.

M*Y* very good Lord, Your Lordship's of the twentieth of this Month I have received by Stockdale, and have read it to his Majesty; who willed me to signifie to your Lordship, that he is well pleased with your Lordship's continuing of the Sheriff in his Place, albeit he sent a Writ for his Discharge: His Majesty takes a special Notice of your Lordship's Vigilancy and Care, in the Trust he hath reposed in your Lordship; as he hath by many very gracious Expressions declared at several times, openly, upon Conference of your Business in that County: Your Lordship's Care of my Lady Dutches of Buckingham, is (I assure you) very well taken by his Majesty. Sir Ralph Hopton, and other Gentlemen in the West, have raised tenthousand Horse and Foot, with which they have already disarmed all Persons in Cornwall, that are disaffected to the King: they have taken Lancelston, and are marching into Devonshire, to disarm the Disaffected there; and so intend to come to meet the King at London: Here are also in Wales about six or seven thousand Men levied for the King, which are to be under Marqueß Hartford, that will be ready upon all Occasions to come to his Majesty; but we hope he will not need their Help, having given the Earl of Essex such a Blow, as they will make no haste again to adventure themselves in that Cause, against God's Anointed: I shall refer your Lordship to the Relation of the Bearer, for the Particulars. To Morrow his Majesty marcheth towards London, by
OX-

Oxford. *I am so full of Busines, as I must crave your Lordship's Pardon that I write so briefly: But I am nevertheless,*

*Edgescot, Northampton,
Octob. 24. 1642.*

Your Lordship's
most humble Servant,

Edward Nicholas.

*Sir William Parkins's Speech in Parliament,
1641, against A. B. Lawd, and for Establish-
ing a Church-Government.*

Mr. Speaker,

I Stand not up in my own particular Behalf, but in the universal and general Name of the whole Kingdom: Alas, *Mr. Speaker*, they depend all upon our exemplary Justice, which if we do fully execute, will not only give great and plenary Satisfaction to our Nation, but will likewise cause the Land to smile hereafter with the blessed Beams of prosperous Felicity: But if the least Error and smallest Deliration be overseen by us, (Oh! it strikes my trembling Mind with Horror to think on it) how will all Things precipitate themselves into Ruine most irrevocable? But I speak not this as if any here would omit or extenuate the Supremacy of Justice in the least Thought; to admonish you of that Point, were to bid the Moon keep her monthly Course, the Sphears to reduce themselves in their Circumference, or the Sun to shine upon the Earth: but I speak this only to add a Spur unto you, least we should at any time languish in our Heav'n-proceeding Journey. The Cries of the People have come up unto me, the Voice of the whole Nation tingles in my Ears; and methinks I hear each Subject wish, that we would briefly establish the Church-Government with all Expedition.

Let

Let us first begin to confirm our Religion, and God will bless our other Proceedings the better; that was always my Opinion, and I am sure the Expectation of the whole Kingdom: How long have we set here? and how little have we effected? How much Time have we consumed, and what little have we performed herein? How long have we laboured in this our daily Travel, and as yet have brought forth but an *Embryo* in what we did intend? 'Tis true, I confess, we have fomented ourselves with daily Troubles and Vexations, and been very solicitous for the Welfare of the Commonwealth; but what have we performed, or what have we perfected?

I will once more relate what my former Opinion was, let us (I say) begin in the real Establishment of our Religion, and (as I said) all our other Determinations will succeed with a better *Omen*; for indeed most of our Delinquents are link'd to this Chain, they depend most on this Point, therefore we should do well to enter speedily upon the Work. Mr. *Speaker*, excuse my Zeal in this Case; for my Mouth cannot imprison what my Mind intends to let out, neither can my Tongue conceal that which my Heart desires to promulge. Behold the *Arch Bishop*, (that great Incendiary of this Kingdom) lies now like a Fire-brand, rak'd up in the Embers, but if he ever chance to blaze again, I am afraid, what heretofore he had but in a Spark, he will fully burn down to the Ground in a full Flame. Wherefore, Mr. *Speaker*, let us begin, for the Kingdom is pregnant with Expectation in this Point: I confess there are many more Delinquents, for the Judges and other Knights walk in *Quirpo*, but they are but Thunder-bolts forg'd in *Canterbury's* Fire: Look upon them all with an impartial Eye, and you will find them all but as polluted Rivers flowing from that corrupt Fountain. Well,

is it so then, that all depend on Religion? why are we then so backward in not reforming the Church? why do we stick in this Point, and not rather proceed in it with all Expedition? For indeed, according to the Laws of this Kingdom, as it hath the Dignity of Preeminence, so let us give it the Priority in our Determinations.

Mr. Speaker, think with yourself, I pray, in what Faction the Church is now, in what Schism, in what Confusion of distracted Sectaries it is promiscuously shaken: Behold the Papist will have their Way, the Brownists will have their Way, the Anabaptists their Way, the Puritan (as some call them) their Way, the Jesuitical Priests their Way; and in these various Ways they make such a Labyrinth of Religion, that few or none scarce can find out the right Way. It behoves us therefore, and is expedient that we should add a Period to these irregular Ways, that the Vulgar may no longer wander still in these distracted Parts.

Mr. Speaker, I have now unloaded my Mind of her weary Burthen, and I beseech you digest my Words with your serious Considerations in this respect of Establishing the Church-Government, in true, sincere, perfect, and unpolluted Religion; which if we do perform, and fully effect, we shall do great Honour to God, get great Credit to Ourselves, and give great Satisfaction to the whole Kingdom.

This is my Opinion, this is my Expectation, this is my Prayer; and lastly, this is my Hope.

*Mr. Grimston's Argument concerning Bishops:
With a new Regulation of the Government of
the Church in 1641.*

1. **T**hat Bishops are *Jure Divino*, is a Question.
2. That Arch-bishops are not *Jure Divino*, is out of question.
- 3.

3. That Ministers are *Jure Divino*, there is no question.

Now if Bishops, which are questioned whether *Jure Divino*, and Arch-bishops, which out of question are not *Jure Divino*, should suspend Ministers that are *Jure Divino*, I leave it to you, *Mr. Speaker*.

Mr. Selden's Answer.

1. That the Convocation is *Jure Divino*, is a Question.

2. That Parliaments are not *Jure Divino*, is out of question.

3. That Religion is *Jure Divino*, there is no question.

Now, *Mr. Speaker*, that the Convocation which is questioned whether *Jure Divino*, and Parliaments, which out of question are not *Jure Divino*, should meddle with Religion, which questioners is *Jure Divino*, I leave to you, *Mr. Speaker*.

Mr. Grimston's Reply.

But Arch-bishops are no Bishops.

Mr. Selden's Answer.

That's no otherwise true, than that the Judges are not *Lawyers*, and *Aldermen* are not *Citizens*.

Several Orders concerning Church-Government.

1. Every several Shire of *England* and *Wales*, to be a several Circuit or Diocess for the Ecclesiastick Jurisdiction, excepting *Yorkshire*, which is to be divided into three.

2. A constant Presbytery of twelve choice Divines, to be selected in every Shire or Diocess.

3. A constant President to be established, as a Bishop over this Presbytery.

4. This Bishop in each Diocess, to Ordain, Suspend, Deprive, Degrade, and Excommunicate, by and with the Consent and Assistance of seven Divines of his Presbytery then present, and not else.

5. The Times of Ordination throughout the Land

Land to be four times in the Year, viz. 1 May, 1 August, 2 November, 1 February.

6. Every Bishop constantly to reside within his Diocese, in some one prime or chief City or Town within his Diocese as in particular.

7. Every Bishop to have one special particular Congregation, to be chosen out of the most convenient Place for distance from his chief Residence, and the richest in Value that may be had, where he shall duly Preach, unless he be lawfully hindered, and then shall take Care his Cure be well supplied by another.

8. No Bishop shall remove, or be translated from the Bishoprick, which he shall first undertake.

9. Upon every Death, or other Avoidance of a Bishop, the King to grant a *Conge de Cleire* to the whole Clergy of the whole Diocese, and they to present three of the Presbytery aforesaid, and the King to chuse and nominate whom he pleaseth of them.

10. The first Presbyters of every Shire to be named by the Parliament, and afterwards upon the Death or other Avoidance of any Presbyter, the remaining Presbyters to chuse one other out of the Parish-Ministers of that Shire, and this to be done within one Month next after such Death or Avoidance.

11. No Bishop or Clergy-man to exercise or have any Temporal or Secular Employment, but only for the present, to hold and keep the Probate of Wills, until the Parliament shall otherwise resolve.

12. The Bishop once a Year, (at Midsummer) to Summon a Diocesan Synod, there to hear, and (by general Vote) to determine all such Matters of Scandal in Life and Doctrins amongst Clergymen, as shall be presented unto them.

13. Eve-

13. Every three Years a National Synod to be, which (for Persons) shall consist of all the Bishops in the Land, and of two Presbyters to be chosen by the rest out of each Presbytery, and of two Clerks to be chosen out of every Diocess by the Clergy thereof.

14. This National Synod to make and ordain Cannons for the Government of the Church, but they not to bind until they be confirmed by Parliament.

15. Every Bishop to have over and above the Benefice aforesaid, a certain constant Rent allowed, and allotted proportional to the Diocess wherein he is to officiate: That is to say —

16. Every Presbyter to have a constant yearly Profit above his Benefice.

As for the Revenue of the Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, &c. a strict Survey to be taken of all their Rents and Profits, and the same to be represented at the beginning of our next Convention, and in the mean time no Lease to be renewed, nor Timber to be felled.

*Mr. Waller's Speech to the Lords at a Conference:
Being a Charge against Mr. Justice Crawley,
one of the Judges that declar'd Ship-money law-
ful. Spoken July 6. 1641.*

My Lords,

I Am commanded by the House of Commons to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice *Crawley*, which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to hear-read, I shall take leave (according to Custom) to say something of what I have collected from the Sense of that House concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Here the Charge was read, containing his extrajudicial Opinions subscribed, and Judgment given for Ship-money; and afterward a Declaration in his Charge at an Assize, that Ship-money was so inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of a Parliament to take it away.

MY Lords, Not only my Wants but my Affections render me less fit for this Employment: for though it has not been my Happiness to have the Law a Part of my Breeding, there is no Man honours that Profession more, or has a greater Reverence towards the grave Judges, the Oracles thereof; out of Parliament all our Courts of Justice are governed or directed by them, and when a Parliament is call'd, if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, Experience tells us it might run a Hazard of being styled *Parlamentum indoctorum*. But as all Professions are obnoxious to the Malice of the Professors, and by them most easily betrayed; So (my Lords) these Articles have told you how these Brothers of the Coif are become *fratres in malo*; how these Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother: But this Judge (whose Charge you last heard) in one Expression of his, excels no less his Fellows, than they have done the Worst of their Predecessors, in this Conspiracy against the Commonwealth. Of the Judgment for Ship-money, and those extrajudicial Opinions preceding the same, (wherein they are joyntly concern'd) you have already heard; how unjust and pernicious a Proceeding that was in so publick a Cause, has been sufficiently express'd to your Lordships: But this Man, adding Despair to our Misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-money was a Right so inherent

rent in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords) he did not only give as deep a Wound to the Common-wealth as any of the rest, but dipt his Dart in such a Poison, that so far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure. As by those abortive Opinions subscribing to the Subversion of our Propriety, before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his own, so by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of your Lordships too, and to confine the Power of Parliament, the only Place where this Mischief might be redrest: Sure he is more wise and learned, than to believe himself in this Opinion, or not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself; and therefore no doubt but by saying no Parliament could abolish this Judgment, his Meaning was, that this Judgment had abolish'd Parliaments.

This Imposition of Ship-money, springing from a pretended Necessity, was it not enough, that it was now grown annual, but he must intail it upon the State for ever, at once making Necessity inherent to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject? Necessity, which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to his Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royal State with a greater Power, and ampler Fortune; for so undoubted a Truth it has ever been, that Kings as well as Subjects are involv'd in the Confusion which Necessity produces; that the Heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same, *Pareamus necessitati quam nec homines nec dii superant*: This Judge then, having in his Charge at the Assize, declar'd the Dissolution of the Law, by this suppos'd Necessity, with what Conscience could he at the same Assize proceed to condemn and punish Men, unless

perhaps he meant the Law was still in force for our Destruction, and not for our Preservation; that it should have Power to kill, but none to protect us; a Thing no less horrid, than if the Sun should burn without lighting us or the Earth, serve only to bury, and not to feed and nourish us. But (my Lords) to demonstrate, that this was a suppositious impos'd Necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleas'd, at the last Convention in Parliament a Price was set upon it, *for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence*: It may be said, that so much Money would have removed the present Necessity; but here was a Rate set upon future Necessity, *for twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer Necessity again, you shall for ever abolish that Judgment*. Here this Mystery is revealed, this Visour of Necessity is pull'd off, and now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully presented his Majesty with twelve Subsidies, to be levied on your Lordships, and the Commons: Certainly there is no Priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purse of the Subject; and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships, otherwise than as your Assistants, have not only assum'd to themselves this Priviledge of Parliament, but presum'd at once to make a Present to the Crown of all that either your Lordships or the Commons of *England* do, or shall hereafter possess.

And because this Man has had the Boldness to put the Power of Parliament in Ballance with the Opinion of the Judges, I shall intreat your Lordships to observe, by Way of Comparison, the solemn and safe Proceeding of the one, with the precipitate Dispatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordships know well) no new Law can pass, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read
with

with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons House, and then it receives the Royal Assent ; so that it is like Gold 7 times purified ; whereas these Judges by this one Resolution of theirs, would perswade his Majesty, that by naming *Necessity*, he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the great Charter 32 times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the Maintenance of the Right and Propriety of the Subject ; a strange Force (my Lords) in the Sound of this Word *Necessity*, that, like a Charm, it should silence the Laws, while we are dispoyl'd of all we have ; for that but a Part of our Goods was taken, is owing to the Grace and Goodness of the King, for so much as concerns these Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have pass'd Judgment upon them : This for the Neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick Trust, which for the Conservation of our Laws was reposed in them.

Now for the Cruelty and Unmercifulness of this Judgment, you may please to remember that, in the Old Law they were forbid to seeth a Kid in his Mother's Milk, of which the received Interpretation is, that we should not use that to the Destruction of any Creature, which was intended for its preservation. Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our best Guard against our Enemies, and our Ships as our greatest Glory above other Nations ; and how barbarously would these Men have let in the Sea upon us at once, to wash away our Liberties, and to Overwhelm, if not our Land, all the Propriety we have therein, making the Supply of our Navy, a Pretence for the Ruin of our Nation : For observe, I beseech you, the Fruit and Consequence of this Judgment, how this Money has prosper'd ; how contrary an Effect it has had to the End, for which they pretended to take

it: On every County a Ship is annually Impos'd, and who would not expect but our Seas by this time, should be cover'd with the Number of our Ships. Alas (my Lords) the daily Complaints of the Decay of our Navy tell us, how ill Ship-mony has maintain'd the Sovereignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of those miserable Captives at *Algier*, (being between 4 and 5000 of our Country Men) it does too evidently appear, that to make us Slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves abroad: So far has this Judgment been from relieving the present, or preventing the future Necessity; that as it chang'd our real Propriety into the Shadow of a Propriety; so of a feigned, it has made a real Necessity.

A little before the Approach of the Gauls to *Rome*, while the Romans had yet no Apprehension of that Danger, their was heard a Voice in the Air, lowder than ordinary; *The Gauls are come*; which Voice, after they had Sack'd the City, and Besieg'd the Capital; was held so Ominous, that *Livy* relates it as a Prodigy: This Anticipation of Necessity seems to have been no less Ominous to us; these Judges, like ill-boading Birds, has call'd Necessity upon the State in a time, when I dare say they thought themselves in greatest Security; But if it seem superstitious to take this as an Omen; sure I am, we may look on it as a Cause of the unfained Necessity we now suffer; for what Regret and Discontent, had this Judgement bred among us? And as when the Noise and Tumult in a private House grows so loud as to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next Dwellers, either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of the Domestick Strife; so in all likelihood our known Discontents at Home, have been a concurrant Cause to invite our Neighbours to visit us, so much to the Expence and Trouble of both these Kingdoms. And

Being a Charge against Justice Crawley. 31

And here, my Lords, I cannot but take Notice of the most sad Effect of this Oppression ; the ill Influence it has had upon the antient Reputation, and Valour of the English Nation ; and no Wonder, for if it be true, That Oppression makes a wise Man mad, it may well suspend the Courage of the Valiant : The same happened to the Romans, when for Renown in Arms they most excelled the rest of the World ; the Story is but short, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri*, *Livy, lib. 5.* (and I think the Chief Troublers of our State may make up that Number,) The *Decemviri*, my Lords, had subverted the Laws, suspended the Courts of Justice ; and (which was the greatest Grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for some Years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament : This, says the Historian, did not only deject the Romans, and make them despair of their Liberty, but cause them to be less valued by their Neighbours : The Sabines take the Advantage, and invaded them ; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to call the long-desired Senate, whereof the People were so glad, that *Hostibus belloq; gratiam habuerunt* : This Assembly breaks up in Discontent, nevertheless the War proceeds ; Forces are rais'd, led by some of the *Decemviri*, and with the Sabines they meet in the Field : I know your Lordships expect the Event ; my Author's Words of his Country Men are these, *Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decemvirorum prospere gereretur, vinci se patiebantur* ; They chuse rather to suffer a present Diminution of their Honour, than by Victory to confirm the Tyranny of their new Masters : At their Return from this unfortunate Expedition, after some Distempers and Expostulations of the People, another Senate, that is, a second Parliament, is call'd, and there the *Decemviri* are questioned, deprived of their Authority, imprison'd, banish'd, and some lose their Lives ; and soon after this Vin-

dication of their Liberties, the Romans by their better Success, made it appear to the World, that Liberty and Courage dwell always in the same Breast, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Justice shall have the like Effect upon this dispirited People; 'tis not the Restitution of our ancient Laws alone, but the Restauration of our ancient Courage, which is expected from your Lordships: I need not say any thing to move your just Indignation, that this Man should so cheaply give away that which your noble Ancestors with so much Courage and Industry had so long maintain'd: you have often been told how careful they were, tho' with the Hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties as entire to Posterity, as they received them from their Fathers: What they did with Labour, you may do with Ease; what they did with Danger, you may do securely; the Foundation of our Laws is not shaken with the Engine of War, they are only blasted with the Breath of these Men, and by your Breath may be restored.

What Judgments your Predecessors have given, and what Punishment their Predecessors have suffer'd for Offences of this Nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a Repetition of those Precedents: Only (my Lords) something I shall take leave to observe of the Person with whose Charge I have presented you, that you may less doubt of the Wilfulness of his Offence.

His Education in the Inns of Court, his constant Practice as a Counsellour, and his Experience as a Judge (considered with the Mischief he has done) makes it appear that this Progress of his thro' the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spy through a Country into which he meant to conduct an Enemy.

Being a Charge against Justice Crawley. 33

To let you see he did not offend for Company, there is one Crime so peculiar to himself, and of such Malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordships Favour, and his own Subsistence incompatible with the Right and Propriety of the Subject: for if you leave him in a Capacity of interpreting the Laws, has he not already declared his Opinion, That your Votes and Resolutions against Ship-money are void; and, that it is not in the Power of a Parliament to abolish that Judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus plaid with the Power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once said to the Goat, browsing on the Vine,

*Rode, caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis ad aras
In Tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit.*

He has cropp'd and infring'd the Priviledges of a banish'd Parliament; but, now it is return'd, he may find it has Power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better Establishment of our Laws; and in truth what other Satisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, than to confirm, by his Example, those Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his Opinion?

For the Proofs, my Lords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little Trouble in the Disquisition; his Crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witness is the same; having from several Seats of Judicature proclaim'd himself an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore suo judicabitur*. To which purpose I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses, of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships, That as speedy a Proceeding may be had against Mr. Justice *Crawley* as the Course of Parliaments will permit.

Mr.

Mr. Waller's Speech in Parliament, for Law and Liberty, against Absolute Monarchy. Spoke 1641.

Mr. Speaker,

WE shall make it appear, the Errors of Divines, who would that a Monarch can be Absolute, and that he can do all things *ad libitum*, receding not only from their Text, (though that be wandring too) but from the Way their own Profession might teach them, *Stare super vias antiquas*, and remove not the ancient Bounds and Landmarks, which our Fathers have set.

If to be Absolute, were to be restrained by no Laws, then can no King in Christendom be so; for they all stand obliged to the Laws Christian, and we ask no more, for to this Pillar be our Priviledges fix'd. Our Kings, at their Coronation, having taken a Sacred Oath, not to Infringe them, I am sorry these Men take no more Care for the informing of our Faith of these Things, which they tell us for our Souls Health, whilst we know them so manifestly in the wrong Way, in that which concerns the Liberties and Priviledges of the Subjects of *England*.

They gain Preferment, and then it is no matter though they neither believe themselves, nor are believed by others. But since they are so ready, to let loose the Conscience of our Kings, we are the more carefully to proceed, for our Protection against this Pulpit-law, by declaring and reinforcing the Municipal Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worthy the Observation, how new this Opinion, or rather this Way of Rising, is even amongst themselves.

For (Mr. Speaker) Mr. *Hooker*, who was no refractory

fractory Man, (as they term it) thinks, that the first Government was Arbitrary, until it was found, *That to live by one Man's Will, becomes all Mens Misery*: These are his Words, and that these were the Original of inventing Laws.

And (Mr. Speaker) if we look farther back, our Histories will tell us, That the Prelates of this Kingdom, have often been the Mediators between the King and his Subjects, to present and pray Redress of their Grievances, and had reciprocally then as much Love and Reverence from the People.

But these Preachers, more active than their Predecessors, and wiser than the Laws, have found out a better Form of Government.

The King must be a more absolute Monarch than any of his Predecessors, and to them he must owe it, though in the mean time they hazard the Hearts of his People, and involve him into a thousand Difficulties.

For, suppose this Form of Government were inconvenient; (Mr. Speaker) this is but a Supposition; for this five hundred Years, it hath not only maintained us in Safety, but made us victorious over other Nations: But suppose, this Form of Government were inconvenient, and they have another *Idea* of one more convenient, we all know how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better, and what Hazard those Princes run, that enterprize the Change of a long established Government.

Now, (Mr. Speaker) of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succeed in this happy Race, why should so pious, and so good a King, be exposed to this Trouble and Hazard? Besides, that King so diverted, can never do any great Matters abroad.

But, (Mr. Speaker) whilst these Men have thus bent their Wits against the Law of their Country,
have

have they not neglected their own Profession? What Tares are grown up in the Field, which they should have tilled? I leave it to a second Consideration; not but Religion be the first Thing in our Purposes and Desires: But that which is first in Dignity, is not always to precede in Order of Time; for Well-being, supposes a Being; and the first Impediment which Men naturally endeavour to remove, is the Want of those Things without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto *Adam* Maintainance of Life, and added to him a Title to the rest of the Creatures, before he appointed a Law to observe.

And let me tell you, that if our Adversaries have any such Design, as there is nothing more easie, than to impose Religion on a People deprived of their Liberties, so there is nothing more hard, than to do the same thing upon free Men.

And therefore (Mr. Speaker) I conclude with this Motion, That there may be an Order presently made, That the first Thing this House goes about, shall be, the Restoring of this Nation in general, to the fundamental and vital Liberties, the Property of our Goods, and Freedom of our Persons: And then we will forthwith consider of the Supply desired.

And thus shall we discharge the Trust reposed in us, by those that sent us hither; And his Majesty shall see, that we will make more than ordinary haste to satisfy his Demands; and we shall let all those know, that seek to hasten the Matter of Supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give an Interruption to the former.

The Speech of Denzil Holles, Esq; delivered at the Lords Bar, Wednesday the 15th of June, 1642, upon the Impeachment of the Earls of Northampton, Devonshire, Monmouth, and Dover, and other Lords, for leaving the Parliament, and not returning upon Summons, &c.

My Lords,

BY the Command of the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses of the House of Commons, I come hither unto your Lordships, in the behalf of the *Parliament*, or rather in the behalf of the whole *Kingdom*, labouring with much Distraction, many Fears, great Apprehensions of Evil and Mischief intended against it, and now hatching and preparing by that Malignant Party, which thirsts after the Destruction of *Religion, Laws, and Liberty*, all which are folded up, cherished, and preserved in the careful Bosom of the *Parliament*.

My Lords, The Parliament is the Foundation and Basis of Government, and consequently of the Peace and Happiness of the Kingdom: As it creates the Law, by which we are ruled and governed in Peace and Quietness, so it preserves the Law in Power and Authority: It watches over our Religion, that it be not supplanted and changed by superstitious Innovations; the Truth and Substance of it eaten up with Formality, vain Pomp, and unnecessary Ceremonies; the gross Errors of Popery and Arminianism imposed upon us, as the Doctrine of our Church; a Way opened to all Licentiousness; and Occasion hereby taken to oppress and prosecute all religious and conscientious Men that shall oppose these Proceedings (as hath been used of late.) It is the Conservative of the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and the Corrective of Injustice and Oppression; whereby equal Right is distributed to all,
and

and every Man hath that Benefit and Protection of Justice, which is due unto him. It is that, by which alone, common Necessities can be provided for, and publick Fears prevented: So that I may say, not only the Peace, and Happiness, and Well-being, but the very *Being* of this Kingdom, can have no other Bottom to stand upon, but the Parliament, it being the Foundation upon which the whole Frame of the Common-wealth is built.

Therefore those who would destroy the Building, apply themselves to undermine the Foundation, if they can take away Parliaments, or but weaken the Power and Authority of Parliament, which is all one (for if it once have no Power, it will soon have no Being) they know then all will be at their Mercy, nothing will stand in their Way to oppose them, but a Flood of Violence will run over, and cover the whole Surface of the Kingdom, and carry away all, both present Enjoyment, and future Hope of Religion, Liberty, and whatsoever else is precious and dear unto us.

And accordingly, it hath ever been the Policy of evil Counsellors (who are the greatest Enemies we have in the World, or can have) to strike at Parliaments, keep off Parliaments, break Parliaments, or divide Parliaments, by making Factions, casting in Diversions, and Obstructions, to hinder and interrupt Proceedings of Parliament: All against the Parliament.

Your Lordships have had Experience of this Truth this Parliament; A Succession of Designs upon it: First to awe it, and take away the Freedom of it by the Terror of an Army; Then to bring Force against it, actually to assault it, and with the Sword cut in sunder this only Band, which ties and knits up King and People, the People among themselves, and the whole Frame of this Government in one firm, and I hope indissoluble Knot of Peace and Unity.

God

God diverted those Designs, did blow upon them; presently another is set upon, which was, to obstruct and hinder our Proceedings, that in the mean time the Flame of Rebellion might consume the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and Distempers, Distractions, and Jealousies be fomented here at home, to tear out the Bowels of this Kingdom, the Parliament being disabled from helping it, by occasion of so many Diversions, so much Business cut out unto it, many Obstructions and Difficulties, especially that great One, from which all the rest receive Countenance and Support, his Majesty's absenting himself, not concurring with us, and so withdrawing both his Presence and Influence, by which Means such Remedies could not be applied, as were necessary, and what was done, was done with infinite Trouble to the Parliament, and excessive Charge to the Subject, double, treble, what otherwise would have served the turn: So the Subject is grieved and oppressed with Charge, and the Blame of all is laid upon the Parliament, and the Parliament unjustly said to be the Cause of all those Evils, which the Authors of them had made so great, and so confirmed and secured by the frequent Interruptions of the Parliament, that they could not suddenly, nor easily be suppressed or removed.

Well, but by God's infinite Blessing, the Parliament was in a fair Possibility to Wade through this likewise; and though the Night had been black and stormy, some Day began to appear: Miraculously our Arms have prospered in *Ireland*; and God be praised, the Malevolent Practices of these Vipers at Home, as they appeared, were in some sort master'd: And the Parliament began to Act and Operate towards the settling of the great Affairs, both of Church and State, and providing for the Defence and Safety of this Kingdom, against either Foreign Invasion, or any Stirring of the disaffected Party among themselves.

Then

Then three Ways are together assayed for the Weakening, and Invalidating the Proceeding and Power of the Parliament, and making way for the utter Subversion of it.

One, Force is gathered together at *York*, under Pretence of a Guard for his Majesty's Person, to make an Opposition against the Parliament, and by a strong Hand to Support and Protect Delinquents, so as no Order of Parliament can be obeyed; but on the other side is slighted and scorned, to make the Parliament of no Reputation, to be but *Imago Parliamenti*, a meer Shadow, without Substance, without Efficacy.

Another, to send out in his Majesty's Name, and as Declarations and Messages from him, bitter Invectives against the Parliament, to perplex it, and engage it in the Expence of Time to answer them: And besides, cunningly to insinuate and infuse into the People by false Colours and Glosses, a Disopinion and Dislike of the Parliament, and if it be possible, to stir up their Spirits to rise against it, though to the Ruin of themselves, their Wives and Children.

The third Plot is, The Members are drawn away, and perswaded to forsake their Duty and Attendance here, and go down to *York*; thereby to blemish the Actions of both Houses, as done by a few, and an inconsiderable Number, and rather a Party, than a Parliament, and perhaps to raise and set up an Anti-Parliament there.

My Lords, this is now the great Design, whereby they hope by little and little, the Parliament shall even bleed to Death, and moulder to nothing, the Members dropping away, one after another. A desperate and dangerous Practice, and as your Lordships well observed (when you were pleased to Communicate this Business to us) an Effect of the evil Counsels now prevailing, and tending to the Dissolution of the Parliament, of this Parliament,
which

which under God must be the Preserver of three Kingdoms, and keep them Firm and Loyal to their King, Subject to his Crown, save them from being turned into a *Chaos* of Disorder and Confusion, and made a Spectacle of Misery and Desolation.

This Parliament, which is the last Hope of the long Oppressed, and in other Countries, even almost wholly destroyed Protestant Religion: This Parliament which is the only Means to continue us to be a Nation of free Men and not Slaves, to be Owners of any thing, that we may call our Wives, Children, our Estates, nay, our Bodies our own; in a Word which must stand in the Gap to prevent an Inlet, an Inundation of all Misery and Confusion.

My Lords, this Parliament they desire to destroy, but I hope it will destroy the Destroyers, and be a Wall of Fire to consume them, as it is a Wall of Brass to us, to defend King and Kingdom, us and all we have.

Your Lordships wisely fore-saw this Mischief, and as wisely have endeavoured to prevent it, by making your Orders, to keep your Members here, as that of the 9th of *April*, and several other Orders enjoining them all to attend, thereby restraining them from repairing to *York*, where the Clouds were observed to gather so fast, and threaten a Storm, and such Preparations to be made against the Parliament, that it necessitated both Houses to pass a Vote, *That the King, seduced by wicked Counsel, intended to make War against the Parliament, and all who shall serve and assist in in such Wars, are declared to be Traytors*: Which Vote pass'd the 20th of *May*; so setting a Mark upon that Place, and their Opinion concerning those who should at this time resort thither.

Yet now, in such a Conjunction of Time, when the Kingdom had never more need of a Parliament, and the Parliament never more need of all the Help

and Assistance, of the best Endeavour and Advice of every Member, the Safety, and even Being of three Kingdoms depending upon it; after such Orders and Commands of your Lordships House to the contrary; such a Vote of both Houses, and expressly against their Duty, being called thither by Writ under the Great Seal, which is the King's greatest and highest Command, and not controulable, nor to be dispenced with by any other Command from him whatsoever; and called to treat and consult *de arduis Regni*, the great urging and pressing Affairs of the Kingdom never more urgent, never more pressing; notwithstanding all this, these Lords, the Earls of *Northampton*, *Devonshire*, *Dover*, *Monmouth*, and the Lords *Rich*, *Andover*, *Grey*, *Coventry*, and *Capell*, have left their Stations, withdrawn themselves, and are gone to *York*, and being summoned to appear by an Order of the 30th of *May*, instead of Obedience, return a Refusal, by a slighting and scornful Letter, which hath been so adjudged, both by your Lordships and the House of Commons.

My Lords, The House of Commons hath likewise, upon the Consideration and Debate of this Business, finding it so much to concern the Safety of the Kingdom, and the very Being of the Parliament, passed this Vote,

That the departing of these nine Lords from the Parliament, without Leave, after such time as both Houses had declared, That the King, seduced by wicked Council, intended to make War against the Parliament, and their still continuing at York, notwithstanding their Summons and Commands, is a high Affront and Contempt of both Houses. And that the said Lords therein, did, as much as in them lay, that the Service of Parliament might be deserted, and are justly suspected to promote a War against the Parliament.

And the House in further Prosecution of their
Du-

Duty in this Particular, and in Pursuance of their Protestation, which obliges them to endeavour to bring to condign Punishment, all such high Offenders against, not only the Priviledges, but the very Essence of Parliament, have sent me up to impeach these Lords, and desire that speedy and exemplary Justice, may be done upon them.

And accordingly, *I do here in the Name of the Knights, Citizens and Burgeses of the Commons House assembled in Parliament, and in the Name of all the Commons of England, Impeach Spencer, Earl of Northampton, William Earl of Devonshire, Henry Earl of Dover, Henry Earl of Monmouth, Charles Lord Howard of Charlton, Robert Lord Rich, Charles Lord Grey of Ruthen, Thomas Lord Coventry, and Arthur Lord Capell, for these high Crimes and Misdemeanors following, viz.*

For that, contrary to their Duty, they being Peers of the Realm, and summoned by Writ to attend the Parliament, and contrary to an Order of the House of Peers, of the 9th of April last, and several other Orders, requiring the Attendance of the Members of that House, and after a Vote pass'd in both Houses the 20th of May last, That the King, seduced by wicked Counsel, intended to make War against the Parliament, and that whosoever served or assisted him in that War, was adjudged a Traytor; did, notwithstanding, afterwards in the same Month of May, contemptuously, having Notice of the said Votes and Orders, withdraw themselves from the said House of Peers, and repair to the City of York, where the Preparations of the said War were, and yet are in Contrivance and Agitation, they knowing of such Preparations: And being by an Order of the 30th of May, duly summoned by the House of Peers to make their Appearance before that House upon the 8th Day of June last past, they refused to appear, and returned a scornful Answer by a Letter under their Hands, directed to the Speaker of the Lords House, and remaining there upon Record.

For which Crimes and Misdemeanors, to the Interruption of the Proceedings of Parliament, and great Affairs of the Kingdom, and tending to the Dissolution of the Parliament, and Disturbance of the Peace of the Kingdom, I am commanded, in the Name of the said Commons, to demand of your Lordships, That the said Lords may be forthwith put to their Answer, and receive speedy and exemplary Punishment, according to their Demerits.

The Commons, saving to themselves liberty at all times hereafter to exhibit any other or further Impeachment or Accusation against the said Lords, or any of them.

Mr. Pym's Speech at a Conference of both Houses, against Evil Counsellors, and the Justice, Reasonableness and Necessity of changing them.
1642.

THAT these Instructions, as your Lordships may perceive, consisted of six Articles; of the first five he should have no cause to speak much, because they could afford no Matter of Doubt, wherefore he only recited them thus:

The first contained a friendly Apprehension of the Kindness of our Brethren in the Parliament of Scotland, in their ready Offer to assist this Kingdom against the Rebels of *Ireland*.

The second was only a Declaration of our Willingness to accept that Offer.

The third, a Narrative of our Proceedings and Preparations for that War.

The fourth, a particular Desire of 1000 Men from the Scots, to be speedily sent into the North Parts of *Ireland*.

The fifth, a publick Undertaking and Ingagement to make Satisfaction for the Charges of those Men.

The sixth was to present to his most excellent Ma-

Majesty an humble Petition, That he would be pleased to change those Councils which hath been so mischievous to the State, and of so much Danger and Misery to his Majesty and his Subjects, and to imploy in his great Affairs such Counsellors and Ministers as might be approved by his great Council the Parliament; this (he said) had been resolved by the House of Commons with good Deliberation, and might perchance admit some Objection, wherefore he was commanded to speak somewhat to shew the Justice, the Reasonableness, the Necessity of it therein, wherein (he said) he would proceed by these Steps.

The first was this, That the Dangers and Miseries which come to a State by evil Councils, are of the most pernicious and destructive Nature of all others; The Comparison betwixt a Natural Body and a Politick Body is usual; they resemble in nothing more than in this.

Death, and Sickness, and Danger, have divers Ways of Approach to natural Bodies, sometimes by outward Violence, sometimes by Intemperance in Diet, Exercise or Unwholesomeness of the Air.

The first may be prevented by Wariness, by Courage, by Assistance.

The second sort are more easily cured, the Cause being known.

But there is a third sort of Diseases proceeding from the Defects of some more noble and vital Parts, the Heart, the Brain, the Liver, these are harder to be cured, the Cause being not so easily discovered, nor the Remedy so debility applied, especially because they weaken and deliberate Nature in those prime Powers and Offices, which should actuate and dispose the *Medium* to the procuring of Health.

The Dangers by Wars, and the Attempt of open Enemies, may be compared to the first sort,

and may with more Facility be prevented by the Provision and Opposition of Force, the Disorders and Distempers of a Common-wealth, by Corruption in Justice, by Deceits, or Disadvantages in Trade, by Excess in Luxury and inordinate Expences, they are soon discovered, and by good Laws, and Care in the Execution of them, may be certainly prevented, and these have some resemblance to the second fort.

But in evil and unfaithful Counsellors are the vital Parts of a State poisoned and corrupted, the Ways of Danger are more secret, and so more difficult to be cured; the Remedies are kept out by Power, Greatness, and Authorities, the State is not only disabled to help it self, by the want of such principal Members and Instruments, but the Power, Wisdom, and Authority of it is by their cunning and subtle Practices turned against it self; and therefore the Dangers and Mischiefs that come this Way are much more incurable than others.

The second Point to which he proceeded was this, That there have been, and still are, evil Counsels and Counsellors; of the time past, there will be no doubt: The Judgments against some, the Accusation of others, the Flight of divers, the Designs upon Religion, the Attempts upon the State, the Oppression of the People, and the manifold Divisions and Distempers in the Kingdom, are too great Evidences of it; but for the present, they are somewhat quelled, and appear not so boldly; they lurk and whisper in Corners, yet the Effects prove there are such, and, like Poison in the Root, they are less visible, but no less dangerous than when they flourish in the Herb, or in the Fruit: yet, as much as they dare, they will take upon them to make Defences and Apologies for the evil Counsels of others; and such as these are aptest and readiest to Preferment and Imployment, which

which is a sign, that some near the King are Lovers and Patrons of those that love and prefer evil Counsellors to more Value and Esteem.

And most clear Evidence is this, that all the wicked Designs against the Parliament, and against the Peace of the Kingdom, may be traced home to have their Original in the Court, and to be first acted and moved by some principal Persons near the King.

A third was this, That the Counsels of this Time are of a more dangerous and desperate Nature, than those of other Times and Ages; this State hath often suffered under former Princes by evil Counsels; sometimes they have been such as would flatter his Majesty in his Vices; but we may thank God that his Majesty's Vertue will give entrance to no such ill Counsels as these; sometimes they have abused the Power and Authority of the Prince, for enriching and advancing their own Kindred and Friends, and of disgracing and discontenting those of better Merits: Others have been Officers to strain the Prerogative, to the great Grievance of the People; and in ill Counsels of this kind, we have suffered in too great a Measure: But these are far from the Heart of the State, they extend not to Ruine and Destruction; but the Counsels under which we groan, and against which we labour, they are such as aim at the Alteration of Religion, at the Subversion of the Fundamental Laws, and Government; and in this consists the very Life and Being of our Kingdom; they are deadly, pernicious, ruining Counsels, both to this and all other Protestant States, not to be paralell'd in any former Time.

A fourth was, That all these evil and mischievous Counsels proceed from Popery, and tend to Popery: That is the *Primum Mobile*, that moves and comprehends all the rest; there are inferiour Mo-

tions which tend to more particular Ends, but this is the great End by which they are all acted and directed ; the Religion of the Papists is incompatible with all other Religions, and hath in it Principles destructive, not only to those that are most opposite to it, but to all that will not fully agree and concur with them, and tho' for a time they may comply with others, and make use of them, yet in the End they will consume and destroy all that will not wholly turn to them; there is in Nature a formative Vertue, whereby it frames Organs in the Body, fit for the Exercise of those specific Operations which are necessary for the Life and Perfection of the Creature, and likewise a nutritive Vertue, whereby it converts other things to the Increase and Preservation of itself.

There is a Spirit in Popery, which works somewhat after this manner :

It moulds factious Instruments proper to its own Designs, and so it hath found out Ways and Means to get such Officers, such Councillors both of the Church and State, as would be useful for furthering their own Cause, and then by this Nutritive Faculty, they can apply both Ecclesiastical and Civil Orders, Constitutions and Proceedings to the Growth and Strength of themselves and their Party: Other Religions may have as much Falshood as this, but no other hath such a destructive Quality as this hath, nor is so contrary to the civil Government of a Protestant Kingdom as this is.

Now that Popery hath a prevailing and predominant Power in all the late Counsels, is clear by these Reasons : The Innovations in Church Matters have been such as have made that Religion more plausible, and the Course of Government such as hath made way for the Employment and Preferment of those who have been Patrons and Protectors of it, by whose Mediation and Power, the Professors
there-

thereof have received many Immunities, much Favour and Countenance, to the evident Increase of their Number and Strength; what Maturity this is come to in *Ireland* we see, even to a publick Attempt to destroy all the Protestants there, and to free themselves from his Majesty's Government; and that the like was intended both for *England* and *Scotland*, we have no Cause to doubt, when we consider upon what Grounds the late War was procured, and that Prayers have now a long time been made, by those of the Popish Religion, for the Success of some great Design in hand for the Advancement of that Cause.

A fifth was this, That whatsoever Aids are given by the Subject, they will be of no Effect for the Good of the Kingdom, unless such Counsels be removed, they will be like Restoratives to a distemper'd Body, which nourish the Sickness, and hasten Death: Our Treasure may be consumed unprofitably, and the Kingdom left naked of Defence, as it hath lately been, the Negotiations with foreign Princes, may be managed to our own Disadvantage, and all the Means of Preservation frustrated, or turned to our Destruction.

A sixth was this, That now was the proper time for desiring this Favour and Benefit from his Majesty, the Kingdom was very much exhausted, a little more would totally undo us, we have heretofore had Strength to bear out ill Counsels, which now we have not; Relapses in such a Case as ours, prove commonly more dangerous than the first Sickness, when, by Strength of Nature, the Distempers prevail without Resistance; if ill Counsels should now resume Strength, they would grow much more violent and fierce than before: Besides, this is a Time wherein the whole World is in Motion and Agitation, and such times are ever aptest for great Changes and Alterations. There are none of our
neigh-

neighbour Princes, but have Armies and great Preparations, both by Sea and Land, and if we have false Counsel at home, we may be overwhelmed upon a sudden, which could not be done at other times, because any Attempt of that kind would require longer time, and more visible Preparation.

Another Reason urged for the Fitness of the time, was, That his Majesty had now great Occasion to use the Love and Fidelity of his People in Service of Danger and Expence, and therefore would be more willing to express himself in those things which might be most for their Encouragement and Security in their great Undertakings and Adventures for his Honour, and this he said was agreeable to the Proceedings of God, who may be observed at such times, as he intended to employ any of his Prophets or Servants in any great Work, would, for the most part, encourage them in some extraordinary manner, by some special Blessing, or Promise, some more eminent Revelation or Miracle than at other times.

The seventh and last Step was this, That his Majesty in satisfying this humble Desire of his Subjects, should gain very great Advantages to himself; and he said, That herein our Request to the King, should have some Resemblance of our Prayers to God, we should desire nothing from him but what might make for his own Honour and Happiness, as we ought to pray for nothing from God, but what conduceth to his own Glory and Service: The Advantages which the King will gain by assenting to this our humble Petition will be these,

1. It will be a great Discouragement to the Rebels, when they see his Majesty's Affairs and Proceedings against them, are guided by such Counsellors and Ministers as are adverse to them, as is evident by the Intelligence we have received, that a chief Point of Confidence in the Rebels is this, *That they have some Friends near the King here.*

2. It

2. It will much incourage his Majesty's good Subjects to hazard their Persons, and contribute their Aid, to the furtherance of this Service, when they shall be assured, that those who govern the Affairs, have publick Aims, and will order and dispose all to the Advantage of Religion and the common Good.

3. It will be a Terror to those who shall presume to move the King for any corrupt or unworthy Person, when they must come to an Examination in Parliament, because it will be a Means to bring his Majesty to discern how they abuse his Trust and Favour, by what sinister End or sordid Respects they are guided.

4. It will put an Answer into the King's Mouth to all importunate Sollicitations. Nothing is more troublesome to a benign and gracious Prince, than to deny those who are near unto him; whereas if he shall please to say, that he is ingaged to his People, this will be a sure Way to take off all Envy, and Discontent from himself, and assure him, that those whom he shall prefer, will depend upon no other.

*The Earl of Pembroke's Speech in Parliament,
on Monday the 19th of December, concern-
ing Accommodation.*

My Lords,

I Have not used to trouble you with long Speeches; I know I am an ill Speaker; but though I am no Scholar, I am an honest Man, and have a good Heart to my King and Country.

I have more to lose than many of these who so hotly oppose an Accommodation: I will not forfeit mine Estate, to satisfy their Humours or Ambitions. My Lords, 'Tis time to look about us,
and

and not to suffer our selves to be fooled out of our Lives, our Honours, and our Fortunes, to help those Men, who, when their Turns are served, will despise us, and begin to laugh at us already.

A Fellow here of the Town, an ordinary, scurvy Fellow, told me the other Day to my Face, That he cared not if I left them to Morrow; nay, if all the Lords (except three or four, that he named, and said, he was sure would not leave them) went to the King, they should do their Business the better. Yet, my Lords, I think we have helped them: I am sure they could never have brought it to this without us, if we had not joyned with them: I think the People would not have followed the House of Commons; now they can do their Business without us: 'Twill be worse shortly, if we do not look about us.

My Lords, We were told this time Twelve-month, if we would put out the Bishops out of the Lords House, no further Attempt should be made upon the Church: I am sure I was promised so, by some who would be thought honest Men; and when I told them, it was reported, that they meant to take away Episcopacy, and the Book of Common-Prayer; they protested to me, That in the first they intended nothing, but to appoint some godly Ministers to assist the Bishops in Ordination, and some other Things that I do not understand: And for the Book of Common-Prayer, they who were strictest against it, and would never be present at it, assured me, That if it were once confirmed by Act of Parliament, (for they said many Things were put into it by the Bishops, without Authority) they would be content, and, on my Conscience, so they would, if they had the Places they then looked for.

Now nothing will content them, but, No Bishop, no Book of Common-Prayer; and shortly it will be, No Lords, no Gentlemen, and no Books
at

at all, for we have Preachers already, that can neither Write nor Read.

My Lords, I wonder what we shall get by this War; we venture more than other Men; I am sure I venture more than five hundred of them; and the most I can look for, is to 'scape Undoing; what between being a Traytor, and being a Malignant, we have but a narrow Way to walk in: We hear every base Fellow say in the Street, as he pass by in our Coaches, That they hope to see us a Foot shortly, and to be as good Men as the Lords; and I think they will be as good as their Words, if we take this Course.

They say they will have no Peace without Truth: Death! have we no Truth? Have we lived all this while in Ignorance? I think our Fathers were as wise Men as they. Had we no Truth in Queen Elizabeth's time? Have not all our famous, learned Divines been able to teach us Truth, but must we learn it only out of Tubs?

My Lords, I am no Scholar, but I understand Men, and I had rather continue Ignorant still, than enjoy the Truth these Men would have: I have served the King's Father, and Himself, and though I have been so unhappy to fall into his Displeasure, no Body shall perswade me to turn Traytor, I have too much to lose.

I am a true Protestant, and I love the King and Kingdom, and I am sure War is good for neither of them. I would every bodies Faults were forgiven them, and I think we should all then take heed how we committed new.

Good my Lords, let us have Peace; and if these Men will not consent to it, let us think of some other Way to get it.

The Lord Brook's Speech, in answer to the former, against an Accommodation, and order'd to be Printed by the House of Commons, Decemb. 19, 1642.

My Lords,

Somewhat that fell from the Lord who spake last, calls me up: He tells you what he was promised by some, That this and that Reformation would content them, and they would press no further; besides the Conversation that we all know hath been between them; he invited you by his Eye to think a noble Lord on the Viscounts Bench concerned: 'Tis true, several Discourses have often passed between them, in my hearing, of this Business, and 'tis very like he did not usually acquaint him with all his Thoughts. If he found he was not like to hold out to the End of the Journey, he was not to be blamed for desiring his Company as far as he was willing to go; the other Part would be the easier performed by those to whom the Lord hath revealed his Will. If he hath been made an Instrument of more Service to God and his Country than he intended, he should rather thank the Means that cozened him to so much Good, than because his Faith fails in the Race, reproach them who first encouraged him to run. If he hath done nothing but what his Conscience perswaded him was just and fit, he hath no cause to complain; if otherwise, I am sure nothing that my Friend said to him, or promised him, can be his Excuse. He tells you much of what he hath to lose, and into what great Contempt the Nobility will grow, if there be not a speedy Accommodation; and I fear these vile Considerations have hung Plummets on some of our Wings, which by this time would have mounted

mounted us higher : But these are the Baits the Enemy of Godliness and true Holiness flings in the Way, to discourage worldly Minds from fighting the good Fight of the Lord. We do not find, that among all the Acts of the Creation, the Almighty ever made an Earl, or a Lord : I will not deny but that sometimes (not always) the Hearts of Princes have been moved by Providence to advance some Persons to those Degrees ; and surely if we shall be contented for the setting forward of a good Cause, to mingle our selves with the meanest of the People, for the procuring a Parity in the Church, to consent to a Parity in the State ; and for the subduing the Pride of Kings for a time, to part with the Power of noble Men, I doubt not, but when the good Work in hand shall be finished, we shall be again advanced above our Brethren, according to our several Talents, and govern them according to that Rule which shall most advantage God's Cause.

My Lords, That Lord shall not find fault with me for concealing my Intentions ; I will deal freely with him, I am with all my Heart against this Accommodation, against any Whisper or Thought of Accommodation, till his Majesty shall submit to our Nineteen Propositions, and to all the Propositions we have since made ; and delivered up all those wicked evil Counsellors, who have faucily told him, 'Tis lawful for him to deny us any thing : I know we have many Difficulties to wrestle with, and that many fall from us daily ; they who have much to lose (as that Lord said) will be quickly weary of us, and yet some Men of good Fortunes will not leave us ; they who have a Sense of Gratitude, of pass'd Obligations, or future Hopes from his Majesty, will be startled at our Resolution : Yet I see many here the most notoriously obliged, indeed as much as Servants can be to a Master, in this good Cause,

Cause, have mastered those vulgar Considerations, and had the Courage almost to despise him to his Face: Besides, the wisest Men will not think themselves incapable of future Favours, if they use their utmost Power to reduce him to a Necessity of granting: They who are transported with natural Affection to their Fathers, and Brothers, Kindred, Friends will not keep us Company; yet this troubles me the less, whilst I see those noble Lords in my Eye (upon whom I can never look enough) who, banishing those womanish and effeminate Fancies, cheerfully undertook to serve against that Army, wherein they knew their own Fathers were; and on my Conscience (I speak it to their Honour) had they met them alone, would piously have sacrific'd them to the Commands of both Houses. They who think that humane Laws can bind the Conscience, and will examine the Oaths they have taken, according to the Interpretations of Men, will in time fall from us: But such who religiously consider that such moral Precepts are fitter for Heathens than for Christians, and that we ought to lead our Lives according to the Rule of God's Word; and that the Laws of the Land (being but Man's Invention) must not check God's Children in doing the Work of their heavenly Father, will not faint in their Duty.

My Lords, it is a singular Instance of God's Blessing upon this Parliament, that these Truths which the Pride and Superstition of the Bishops used all possible Means to smother, is now taught in Pulpits, that the poor Peoples Zeal to God may not be corrupted by their Duty to the King. By the Christian Labour of these painful Preachers, we shall not want Hands to bring all our Wishes to pass: And let us not out of any worldly Respects of Estate, Wives, Children, Honour, good Nature, Justice, Compassion, Care of Trade, of Laws, grow slack and lazy in our Undertakings, upon the Success of
which,

which, the Eyes of *Christendom* are fixt; but let us proceed to shed the Blood of the Ungodly.

And so, my Lords, hoping that what that Lord hath said, hath moved nothing with you, or the most of you; and that what he can do will prevail as little in other Places: I have expressed the Thoughts of my Heart to you; and if the House shall incline that way, shall desire leave to enter my Protestation against any Accommodation.

Wednesday, the 21st of Decemb. 1642.

Resolved upon the Question,

That *M. Boswell* be desired to wait upon the Lord Brooke, and in the Name of this House, to give his Lordship Thanks for the excellent Speech he lately made in the House of Peers, against an Accommodation; and to desire his Lordship (since this House is informed, that the Earl of Pembroke hath given many Copies of his Speech, which occasioned the other) That he will cause that Speech to be printed and published.

H. Elsyng Cler.

Parl. D. Com.

The Earl of Pembroke's Speech in Parliament, on the Debate of the City's Petition for a Personal Treaty with the King in London, and also on the Debate of the Reasons given by the Lords to the Commons, for not sending the three Propositions before a Treaty. 1648.

The Citizens being withdrawn, his Lordship spake as followeth:

My Lords,

I Thank God you had no Reason to make me your Speaker: And truly (all things considered) I have as little Reason to be a Speaker as any Man,
E e and

and yet I will speak, for I have been learning these seven Years how to do it *extrumpere* ; I have help'd too to bawl down Bishops and Scholars and Ministers, for dumb Dogs ; and do you think I'll be a dumb Dog too? A Halter I will: If I should sit still and say nothing, and let his Majesty come to *London*, that were the Way to make me dumb indeed, for I can say no more for myself, than a Dog. I hope the Door is fast, that the Citizens do not hear me, because I'll speak my Mind: What, tho' I do not know my own Mind? yet I'll speak it as well as I can. 'Tis known I am a true English Man, tho' I cannot speak good English, and as honest a Man too as my Lord *Say* can make me ; and therefore (my Lords) now I have lived long enough with you, I mean to dye with the House of Commons, or else (they say) I shall be no Lord ; and so say I to you: Grass and Hay (my Lords) we are all mortal, and must be tied up to the Manger.

I have been for the City too in my time, when they would pay their Mony, hear Reason, and invite us to Dinners. Hang them Rascals, they cannot say but we have given them their Belly-fulls too, (I pray God they do not hear me.) This time twelve Month they made a young Man of me, and yet (as simple as you think me) I am an old Man: They drew me into a new War, and made me wait upon a new Speaker, and vote his Majesty's coming to *London*: But I was a mad Man, I knew not what I did then ; for if the Army had not had the more Mercy, I had been a Traitor as well as the rest, for ought I know. Do you think then I'll vote the King home again? no, I warrant you, I am an old Bird, and scorn Chaff, or to be made a Traitor any more for any King in *Christendom*. I am an old Thing made new now: My Man *Michael* tells me I am an Independent. I think I am a good Christian, ay ; but Citizens and Scots are Jews, and who knows
but

but that personal Treaty, may be a new Name for Popery?

You may bring in Popery, and break the Covenant (if you please, my Lords) but I dare not. I am sure we have Reason to regard it, for we have gotten well by it; we have gotten the Crown-lands, Church-lands, the Cavaliers Lands, every Man's Lands too, if we please, and the Devil and all: And how shall we keep them, if we do not keep to the Covenant? For my part I'll keep to my Oaths, and rather than part with them, *Damme* I'll swear down all this Personal Treaty.

And good Reason too, for they say it will undo all that we have been doing these seven Years: And for my part, I thought all had been undone already, then what needs any more undoing by a Treaty? My Lords, if we must undo, let us undo as the House of Commons do, they do one thing to Day, and undo it to Morrow: They voted they would never make any more Addresles to the King, and made us vote so too, and then they made us un-vote all again. And truly, I think this is a hard Chapter, for I cannot read the Meaning of it, but I am sure they do not mean a Treaty, if they can help it.

I like the Way of sending Propositions, ay, for I love to go on Errands. I am sure it is an honourable Employment for an old Man to be the State's half-penny Boy; and I am glad the Commons will not hear your Reasons for the King's coming, before he have signed the three Propositions. For, observe (my Lords) if they should hear Reason, they might go whistle: Mistake me not, I mean if they should hear any Reason but their own, and I think that is all the Reason in the World, for it is Reason of State, or the State's own Reason. There I think I hit it; for all other Reason is malignant and high Treason. Why then should we treat with the

King? For he'll talk malignant Reason, and Reason of State too, but then here's the Matter (my Lords) he will not talk the State's Reason, and therefore judge ye, whether the State have any Reason to talk with him, when he will talk nothing but Treason, and by that Means (my Lords) make you or me or any of us all Traitors to our Faces. Trust him that will, for my part, I shall have as little to say to him as any of you all, and yet you see I am a good Speaker, according to the State's Reason.

I think we never had good World, since we had so much Reason: For my part (I'll speak my Mind plainly) I never had any Reason of my own, nor will I own ever any but *Michael Oldsworth*, and the State's, and, *By the Life of Pharaoh*, I think they two are as reasonable Creatures as any in the World. But to this Point of Reason, I mean to speak more, now I come to examin your Lordships Reasons of State, which the House of Commons have voted contrary to the State's Reason: For, as I take it (my Lords) they are the State, and you know we are all bound to submit to the State, or else we are Traytors; I am sure few of us but have been made so for not submitting, and 'tis God's Mercy we are not all Traytors. Howsoever, I'll be one no more, if I can help it, but keep as well as I can to the State's Reasons, and I advise your Lordships to do so too, for they care not a Fig for all your Reasons, nor I neither. S'Death, I am sure some of you have no Reason to the contrary, you know how you were whip'd with the Black Rod lately, and I can tell you, there's a Black Book too at the Head Quarters; if you'll do Reason, ye may, but (mark ye, my Lords) it's very dangerous to talk Reason, it's the only Way to be put in the Black Book, and then you know the Black God follows. I am an old Man, ay, and some of you are old enough too; but (you see) we are not past whipping, and yet you will not take Warning.

How-

However, I shall have a Care of one, and in the mean time see what Reason you have to venture to talk Reason to the State. If you were their Fellow-Commoners, you might have some Reason to make bold to give them Reasons; but being as it is, methinks you might know your Distance. You say you would not have the three Propositions offered to the King before the Treaty; First, *Because the Citizens here, and divers Counties have petition'd for it.* The Citizens! 'Tis true, they have brought us in a Petition here for it. But the more Rascals they: They may go Home and say their Prayers; for they are not like to be heard here. What, do they Pray when they should Curse? Damme, do they think the State's a Camelion, to live upon Air, good Words, and Petitions, and Treaties? They were all for a new War, and drew me in too this time Twelve-months, and now they are against a new War. Is there any Reason in this, when the States have not yet done their Business? Must they do and undo, as well as the State; and now, by doing nothing, quite undo the State? They shall be hang'd first; Damme, they shall. I am somewhat the more eager against this, (my Lords) because you say 'tis Reason; but yet I hope the Citizens do not hear me. I would not have all that I speak, to be spoken on the House-tops, because usually (my Lords) I seldom speak, but I am o'th' Top of the House, before I am aware. But this I say, Why should they stand for Peace and Treaties, that first set afoot the War? And now, when we expect they should serve another Apprentiship to the State to maintain the War, they meant to leave Reformation, like *Dun*, in the Mire, and are become so Popish as to cross us with Treaties. If they were for a new War this time Twelve-month, 'tis all the Reason in the World they should be so now. What though the Case be not the same, nor the

State the same now that it was then? I hope the Cause and the State are alive still, and will be as long as the King and the Cavaliers live; and out-live them too; for they are the same still, and fitter for another World than the States World: For the States World runs round, and hath done so these seven Years, but the King and the Cavaliers are the same still: And therefore (my Lords) I shall conclude with as good Logick as any I have left in the University, as long as the King and the Cavaliers are the same, the Cause must needs be the same, though the State be not the same, but mangled, and rent, and patch'd, and new-modell'd, and the Coveant likewise crack'd all to pieces. And where is your Reason now, (my Lords?) Doth it not follow then, That they ought not to take the same Course to maintain the War against the King and the Cavaliers, and not trouble the State thus with Treaties? especially seeing *Guild-hall* is the same, the Excise, the City-bags, and Publick Faith too, are all the very same still, and as full and fluent as ever. And if these Fellows that come here to vex the State thus with Petitions, will not go Home in Peace, to forward a new War, and be the same Men again that they have been, I hope the Army will come and pickle them up in the Tower, and serve them the same Sauce, their Fellows had this time Twelve-month: For what other End (I pray you) do we keep the Army, or the Army keep us?

And now (my Lords) that I have done with the Citizens, I shall fall upon the Counties. What have they to do with Petitions? They are out of their Calling; they should follow the Plough, and let the State alone to Harrow, and fetch in Harvest. I warrant you they had rather have a King, and see us Quarter'd, than indure any more Free-Quarter; but I think the State-Guard quarter'd them sufficiently,

ciently, and made drawn Cats of 'em, I mean the Surrey Men; so that I think they, or the rest, will have little Stomach again to come a Petitioning. What Reason then (my Lords) have you to regard what They say for a Treaty? They can but talk (you see) and the State can fight, and be ne'er the more Traitors for it; but if these fight, they are Traitors presently, as soon as we have conquer'd them. I tell you (my Lords) if the State had voted me a Soldier, I would have no more Mercy upon these Fellows than if they were Traitors in Gingerbread. What though They would bite? I have ventur'd e'er now the tender'st Member that I have, with a biting Thing, and lain in a Month for it under the Surgeon's Hands; and I'll venture my Tongue with any Biter of them all, but I'll be sure to have a Care of my Head for the Service of the State; and who knows, whether I may keep it if there be a Treaty? But I wonder what good my Head would do them: I am not weary of it yet, for I never much troubled it, nor have been much troubled with it, and yet I should be much troubled to part with it. 'Tis true, I for my part, never got any thing by it, and I suppose no Body else will: Therefore they had as good let it alone. But neither you have any Reason to venture yours, nor I mine. And therefore to this Part of your Reason (my Lord) I say the Counties are as very Rascals as the Citizens, that would have us to pull an old House upon our Heads by a Personal Treaty. They would have a Disbanding of the Army too, would they? But they shall snap short; For I love the Army, Damme, I do dearly: Sink me, they would have us disband, I think too, and sit no longer; but if the Army will love us, we'll love the Army; for why should the Counties be so much against the Soldiers, poor Wretches! Consider (my Lords) an 'twere your own Case; for

64 *The Earl of Pembroke's Speech*

it might have pleased God to have made some of us Soldiers. And so (my Lords) I think I have mauld your first Reason against the three Propositions.

Your second Reason is, *Because his Majesty hath often declared, That he will sign nothing till all Things be concluded, and therefore, that the sending of those three must needs cause Delay to the Treaty.* I would have you to know (my Lords) I am not for Delays, I hate them; for I think I am as hasty as any Man; but yet I care not, if we delay a Treaty with God or the King till Dooms-day, and that I think is a fair time: for it may be to Morrow, for ought we know: And it is a very fit time, I think, since his Majesty will agree to nothing till the Conclusion of all Things. I wish him well, he was my Master, but I care not much for seeing him, nor for kissing his Hand; I can kiss my Lady *May*, and she is my Mistress. I care not for kissing of Men: I am an old Man, and it is not for me to be Kissing: But if she be for a Personal Treaty, then indeed this Reason holds good against Delay, and I am of your Opinion.

Then you say too, *It is contrary to the Rules of Treating, to grant any thing before the Treaty.* Have we done what we list all this while, and must we go by Rule now? Then it will follow too, that we must let the King rule again. He is in a fine Condition to rule, is he not? I thought we could have ruled one another better than he. I am sure my Lord *Say* rules me, as well as ever I would desire; and I believe he rules you as well as me; and then we can never be against the Rules of Treating, as long as he rules the Roast, because he says a Treaty is out of all Rule, and none but unruly Fellows do stand for it, and it is not for our Honours (my Lords) to be unruly: But Damme, I think we cannot be unruly; for we have as good

a disciplin'd Army as any is in the World to rule us.

But I say further, That it was the Desire of the Scots to have his Majesty come to some of his Houses near London, and therefore we should yield to it presently, to keep a fair Correspondence with them. Damme and sink me, (my Lords) what have we to do with them now? We had occasion to use them a while ago; but now, that they have helpt us to conquer the King, we have done with them. We (my Lords) must be ruled, but the Scots (you see) are the Lords of Misrule. For my part, I'll have nothing to do with them; I cannot abide a Scot; for a Scot switch'd me once, and crack'd my Crown with my own Staff, the very Verge of my Lord-Chamberlainship, and now they are all coming to switch you too. They say *Hamilton* is their General: He is a Duke; I cannot abide a Duke, because I am not one my self: But do not I look as like a Duke as *Hamilton*? Well, I might have been one, if I had had Wit enough to keep that Honour which I had: But I had Honour; what then had I to do with Wit? That's for poor Rogues; for Wit and Honour seldom meet together. I know many Men count Swearing to be Wit; and if I had been so witty as to keep close to my Oaths at Court, and not broke them by playing false with the King, and forswear my self by taking the State's Oaths, and the Scots Oath, Damme I had been as good a Duke before this time, as any Scot of them all. But hang Dukes, we are Princes now, an't please the Commons.

As for the King's coming to one of his Houses, I know not what that means, for he hath never a House: I say they are the State's Houses time out of Mind, at least these seven Years, ever since his Majesty was turn'd out of Doors. I am afraid, if he should come to any of his Houses, and we
not

not agree with him, nor let him be King again, we shall be turn'd out of our House, and the Commons out of their House; and then we shall not have a House to hide our Heads in. Mark ye too, (my Lords) it must be to some one of his Houses near *London*. How d'ye like that? I am sure some of you have no Houses near *London*, and ye thought to make bold with his Majesty's. S'dearth, I thought ye had hous'd him for that purpose, and will ye now give over House-keeping?

You say likewise, there is more reason to offer a Treaty with him now, than there was heretofore at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. Well (my Lords) you may do what you will. Sink me, if I don't live and die with the House of Commons. I am for the State, ay: But if you'll undo your selves with Reason, I can't help it: you see the Cavaliers have undone themselves with it already. And if you'll beggar your selves with it too, and leave me to keep House here by my self, you may. You know the House of Commons and I are all one; and if you leave the House of Peers to me and two or three more, the Commons House and ours will soon be all one too. Hang reason then, will you provoke the State, and leave my Company for a little reason? You know whither my Lord of *Holland* is gone for his Reason, and what's become of my Lord *Francis* and the rest, and where his Majesty is with all his Reason, and where I am that have Reason. You talk of treating at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. 'Tis true, his Majesty baffled us with Reason: But how hath he prospered after it? I believe it never did any Body any good; and I am sure, though we had no Reason to get the better, yet we got the better with no Reason: And therefore because we thrived so well then without Reason, I think 'tis wisely done to deal out of all Reason ever since. And so (my Lords) I think I have tickled you for all
your

your Reasons, against our sending of the three Propositions before a Treaty.

Now (my Lords) in the next place, I'll prove the Propositions themselves to be so reasonable, that I know you'll never trust to your own Reasons again. What though they are unreasonable, yet they are not so, if I keep to my former Distinction, that is, not according to Reason of State, but the State's Reason; for seeing a Treaty would quite undo the State, sure 'tis all the Reason in the World, they should propound Things out of Reason, on purpose to prevent Treating. Therefore I'll maintain the first Proposition is most reasonable, that the King should recal all Proclamations and Declarations against us, and well he 'scapes so too; for I am sure he slander'd us sufficiently with a Matter of Truth, though he call'd us out of our Names: S'death! which of all us are Rebels and Traitors? Do I look like one? What, am I a *Faux* or a *Catesby*? I am sure I had no Hand in this last Powder-Plot; nor the first neither: I scorn to be a Traitor, ay, Damme; what Declarations and Proclamations to cut off our Heads, and not recal them? You may chuse whether you'll have 'em recalled or no; but, sink me, I'll have 'em recall'd. What shall our Heads be fitted with an Iron Capcase, and set a sunning these Dog-days upon the Top of the House, here to spoil our Complexions? Damme, we must all come to't, if we be Rebels and Traitors: Traitor then in his Face, if he will not recal his Proclamations; for they will make us Traitors, in spite of our Teeth, if we do not make them Treason against the State. What tho' the House of Commons have made us Traitors in many Things, in spite of our Teeth? I hope the State may do any thing, and be no Treason: Therefore I say these Proclamations are Treason against the State, and so not to recal them, is to be a Traitor against the State. But

But the Cavaliers say, if the King recal's them, then he makes Himself and Them to be the Traytors. And all the Reason in the World, believe me, for, do what we can, we cannot make them Traytors; why then should not he make them so to our Hands? for I am sure we use them like Traytors; and one had better be Traytors (I think) than us'd so: But they are stubborn Fellows; their Shoulders are broad enough to bear any thing, and therefore the State hath reason to make them the Traytors. I remember, when they proclaim'd my Lord of *Essex* a Traytor, and my Lord *Say* here a Traytor, and all that stuck to them Traytors, I am sure I stuck to them close, and yet I think we are never the worse Traytors for being proclaim'd. What's a Proclamation? I am sure there are some in the State that have torn his Majesty's Proclamations. How can they be Traytors then? But I'll tell you (my Lords) who are the Traytors. The King's evil Counsellors are the Traytors; for they never left him till we shut him up close Prisoner, and put them away. We are the King's great Council now: What though we will not let him come amongst us; yet I am sure we are his best Council; for we save him a great deal of Trouble, and dispatch all Things for him without a Hearing, and so I hope we shall dispatch him too, if he will not recal. Judge you then, (my Lords) whether he had not best recal his Proclamations.

Now, for the second Proposition for settling of Church-Government, there is all the Reason in the World for it: For, I say, every Tub ought to stand upon his own Bottom: Why then should not the Church of *England* be settled upon a Scotch Bottom? Here's such a deal of do about a Church and Religion; I tell you plainly (my Lords) I am an Independent; I love it better than Presbytery; and yet I think they are both but a Tale of a Tub;

But

But howsoever, it is an ill Tub that hath no Bottom: Therefore (my Lords) I keep my first Saying, the Church will never be settled, till every Tub stands upon his own Bottom. Judge you then, whether I am not fit to be a Reformer: The Assembly says, we must reform according to the Word of God. For my part, I never trouble my self to read a Word of it, and yet you know I am an Assembly-man. What need I read the Word of God, when I keep a Chaplain to read it? Besides, they say the Reading of it would spoil my Oaths, and I'll not leave one Word of my Oaths for all the Word of God: But I am willing to be rid of the Scotch Oath, because they say 'tis taken out of the Word of God, and it may be so for ought I know. But yet I would fain keep the Covenant, because it hath kept many of us these hard Times, and because it keeps the Bishops away from us. I cannot abide Bishops, they have so much Learning and Antiquity: I hate Surplices too, ever since Mr. *Henderson* preach'd it up for the Whore of *Babylon's* Smock. It seems he had taken it up often, for he had many a Bout with her, (as Mr. *Sedgwick* says) now and anon too: But hang the Whore of *Babylon*; she is an old Whore, and I am an old Man, (I thank God) but I cannot abide old Whores, nor you neither, (my Lords) I hope. Therefore judge you, whether his Majesty ought not to settle Church-Government presently, that all old Whores may be excommunicated.

As for our third Proposition, for the settling of the Militia, I know not well what to say to it. This Militia is a hard Word, and so is Publick Faith, but yet the Citizens made a shift to swallow it: The Devil's in their Guts, they will down with any thing these hard Times; and they will down with Militia too, if we would let them. Sure it is a very hard Word; for we have much ado to
make

make his Majesty part with it, and we are as loth to part with it as his Majesty. But I think we have made him part with it in spight of his Teeth. What though he will not give it us? we have it already; and we are Fools (I think) if we do not keep it. What, take away our Arms? does he think to make the State cross the Cudgels, and be Popish again? The State shall order *Hammond* to trip up his Heels first, and if he cannot do it, *Rolph* shall go and make him kick up his Heels. He is a Member of the State's Militia; he may do it; Damme, he may; for no body that I see dares question him. Judge you then, whether his Majesty had not as good let us cut his Throat with the Militia, as without it. And so (my Lords) I think the three Propositions are very reasonable, and that you will never trouble the State with any more Reasons against them.

Now (my Lords) for the City's Petition here before us, I have but one Word more to say. I say, their Petition is worse than your Reasons. They would have a Treaty too, and no Propositions; but they are not half so mannerly to the State as your Lordships; for you give Reasons, but they bring not a Word of Reason that I can understand; and yet they will have no Nay to a Treaty. Hang 'em Rascals, it is to save their Purfes; they had rather save their Purfes, than themselves or the State: But Damme their Purfes and they are both Reprobates, and therefore I say the State must Dam them both. It's possible in time the State may Hang them for all there Services; I do not mean the Aldermen in their own Chains; for, the Troopers will find other Ware for Execution: And well they deserve it; for, the poor Army hath taken the pains to Conquer the Kingdom, and them too; and yet the Churles are so Miserable, they never could find in their Hearts, to give them so much as one Meal of Thanksgiving; therefore I think after their Cold
Break-

Breakfast before *Colchester*, they had best come and fall aboard upon the City, I am sure they have some Friends here that will bid them welcome : *Skippon* hath a thousand Horse for the purpose, and I think they will help pretty well to fetch Recruits out of these dogged Fellows of the City, and keep out a personal Treaty.

Then mark (my Lords) they'll have this Treaty to be in *London* ; no other Place will serve them to have the King in but *London* : I thought they had Kings enough at *London* already : But they'll have *K. Charles* ; that's a malignant Word if you put God to it ; for, it is the Cavaliers Word, and I am for neither. I hope (my Lords) you will be so too, and not turn Cavaliers now at last ; for, what should we do with King *Charles* ? which of us can look him in the Face. Damme, I think you have as little Reason to Treat with him as I. Well (my Lords) I have spoken my Mind ; I pray you do not order the Printing of my Speech ; for, I would not have every Body know my Mind before my self. I should speak oftener if I might be less in Print ; for, a Speech in Print is near kin to Learning, and I hate Learning ; I hate a King ; I hate King *Charles*. Do you do so too, and let's love one another, and be obedient to the State : For, *Damme, Sinkme and Ramme nine Miles into the bottom of a Hedge*, we are undone, if we do not make Slaves of the City, and keep off a personal Treaty.

The last Will and Testament of the Earl of Pembroke.

I Philip, late Earl of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, now Knight for the County of *Berks*, being (as I am told) very weak in Body, but of perfect Memory ; for I remember this time five Years I gave the casting Voice to dispatch old *Canterbury* ; and this

this time two Years I voted no Address to be made to my Master ; and this time twelve Month saw him brought to the Block : Yet because Death doth threaten and stare upon me, (who still have obeyed all those that threatned me) I now make my last Will and Testament.

Imprimis, For my Soul, I confess I have heard very much of Souls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not ; they tell me now of another World, where I never was, nor do I know one Foot of the Way thither. While the King stood, I was of his Religion, made my Son wear a Cassock, and thought to make him a Bishop ; then came the Scots and made me a Presbyterian ; and since *Cromwell* entered, I have been an Independent. These (I believe) are the Kingdom's three Estates, and if any of these can save a Soul, I may claim one ; therefore if my Executors do find I have a Soul, I give it him that gave it me.

Item, I give my Body, for I cannot keep it, you see the Chirurgeon is tearing off my Flesh, therefore bury me, (I have Church-Lands enough) but do not lay me in the Church Porch, for I was a Lord, and would not be buried where Colonel *Pride* was born.

Item, My Will is, that I have no Monument, for then I must have Epitaphs and Verses, but all my Life long I have had too much of them.

Item, I give my Dogs (the best Curs that ever Man laid Leg o're) to be divided among the Council of State. Many a fair Day have I follow'd my Dogs, and follow'd the State both Night and Day ; went whither they sent me, fat where they bid me, sometimes with Lords, sometimes with Commons, and now can neither go nor sit : Yet whatever becomes of me, let my poor Dogs not want their Allowance, nor come within the Ordinance of one Meal a Week.

Item;

Item, I give two of my best Saddle Horses to the Earl of *Denbigh*, for I fear ere long his own Legs will fail him; but the tallest and strongest in all my Stables, I give to the Academy, for a Vaulting-Horse for all Lovers of Vertue. All my other Horses I give to the Lord *Fairfaix*, that when *Cromwell* and the States take away his Commission, his Lordship may have some Horse to command.

Item, I give my Hawks to the Earl of *Carnarvan*; his Father was Master of the Hawks to the King, and he has Wit so like his Father, that I begg'd his Wardship, lest he in time should do so by me.

Item, I give all my Deer to the Earl of *Salisbury*, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the King a Buck out of one of his own Parks.

Item, I give my Chaplains to the Earl of *Stamford*, in regard he never used to have any but his Son the Lord *Grey*, who being thus both Spiritual and Carnal, may begot more Monsters.

Item, I give nothing to the Lord *Say*, which Legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the Poor.

Item, To the Countesses (my Sister and my Wife) I now give leave to enjoy their Estates; but my own Estate I give to my eldest Son, charging him on my Blessing to follow the Advice of *Michael Oldsworth*, for though I have had 30000 l. per Annum, yet I die not in Debt above 80000 l.

Item, Because I threatned Sir *Henry Mildmay*, but did not beat him, I give fifty Pounds to the Footman that cudgell'd him.

Item, My Will is, that the said Sir *Harry* shall not meddle with my Jewels; I knew him when he served the Duke of *Buckingham*; and since, how he handled the Crown Jewels; for both which Reasons I do now name him, *The Knave of Diamonds*.

Item, To *Tom May* (whose Pate I broke heretofore

fore at a Masque) I give five Shillings; I intended him more, but all that have seen his History of the Parliament, think five Shillings too much.

Item, To the Author of the Libel against Ladies, (called *News from the Exchange*) I give 3 d. for inventing a more obscene Way of Scribbling than the World yet knew; but since he throws what's rotten and false on divers Names of unblemish'd Honour, I leave his Payment to the Footman that paid Sir Harry Mildmay's Arrears, to teach him the Difference 'twixt Wit and Dirt, and to know Ladies that are noble and chaste from downright Round-heads.

Item, I give back to the Assembly of Divines their Classical, Provincial, Congregational, National, which Words I have kept at my own Charge above seven Years, but plainly find they'll never come to good.

Item, As I restore other Mens Words, so I give Lieutenant General *Cromwell* one Word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

Item, To all rich Citizens of *London*, to all Presbyterians as well as Cavaliers, I give Advice to look to their Throats, for by Order of the States, the Garison at *Whitehall* have all got Ponyards, and for new Lights, have bought dark Lanthorns.

Item, I give all my printed Speeches to these Persons following, viz. That Speech which I made in my own Defence, when the seven Lords were accused of High Treason, I give to Serjeant *Wild*, that hereafter he may know what is Treason, and what is not. And the Speech I made *ex tempore*, to the *Oxford* Scholars, I give to the Earl of *Manchester*, Speaker *pro tempore*, to the House of Peers, before its Reformation, and Chancellour *pro tempore* of *Cambridge* University, since its Reformation. But my Speech at my Election (which is my Speech without an Oath) I give to those that take the Engagement, be-

because no Oath hath been able to hold them. All my other Speeches (of what Colour soever) I give to the Academy, to help Sir *Balthazar's* Art of Well-speaking.

Item, I give up the Ghost.

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

C O D I C I L.

Before his Lordship gave his last Legacy, he mentioned other Particulars; but his Sence and Words grew so Independent, that they could not make forth into perfect Legacies: Yet we thought fit to write what he spake, which was in hæc verba.

Item, I give——'s Death, I am very Sick, and my Memory fails me; Sink me, if I can remember what I have else to give. I have troubled my Mind with Things of this World; but who the Devil thought Death had been so near? Ha! what's that? Now 'tis at my Bed's Feet, all bloody. Murther! Murther! Call up my Men: *Oldefsworth*, where a Plague are ye all? I am well help up, to have such Comforters. What, was it but a Cat? A Pox Mew ye, do you take a Lord for a Mouse? —— So ho, so ho; there, there; O brave Jowler: Plague on that Cur; couple him to Royster. —— Come to Bed, Sweet Heart; come, Duck, come—— Pox rot ye all, where's my Coach? My Lord Mayor hath staid at *Guild-hall* this two Hours—— That Cock's worth a King's Ransom; he runs, he runs; a Thousand Pound to a Bottle of Hay—— Rub, rub, rub; a Pox rub; a Hundred Thousand rubs: 's Death my Bowl's bewitch'd, it has no more Bias than a Pudding—— I'll to the House, and remove the Obstructions for Sale of the King's Goods——

76 Richard Cromwell's first Speech,

Dam me, there 'tis again; Ha, a Man without a Head! Speak, what art thou? 's Death, canstn't speak without a Head? — Ha! and there with Lawn Sleeves, comes just upon me, beckons me — Ha! another yet! all in Purple! my own Master! I beseech your Majesty let me kiss your Hand — No, Blood! Blood! Oh, I am undone: Help! help! Why, *Oldefsworth!* Oh, where are ye all? Is this a time to stop your Noses? Call up my Chaplains: Where's *Caldicut?* Pray, good *Caldicut*, Pray, Pray; Plague consume you, why do you not Pray —

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

Richard Cromwell's first Speech to his Parliament, after the Death of Oliver, Jan. 27. 1658. in which he makes a short Panegyric on his Father, assures them of his Love for Parliaments, and recommends to them the Care of the Public Peace by providing for War, &c.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I Believe there are scarce any of you here, who expected some Months since to have seen this great Assembly at this Time, in this Place, in Peace, considering the great and unexpected Change which it hath pleased the all-disposing Hand of God to make in the midst of us: I can assure you, that if Things had been according to your own Fears, and the Hopes of our Enemies, it had not been thus with us: And therefore it will become both you and me, in the first place, as to Reverence and Adore the great God, Possessor of Heaven and Earth, in whose Hands our Breath is, and whose are all our Ways, because of his Judgments;

so to acknowledge him in his Goodness to these Lands, in that he hath not added Sorrow to Sorrow, and made the Period of his late Highness's Life, and that of the Nation's Peace, to have been in one Day.

Peace was one of the Blessings of my Father's Government; a Mercy, after so long a Civil War, and in the midst of so great Division which that War bred, is not usually afforded by God unto a People in so great a Measure.

The Cause of God, and these Nations, which he was engaged in, met in all the Parts of it, as you well know, with many Enemies and great Opposition; the Archers, privily and openly, sorely grieved him, and shot at him, yet his Bow abode in Strength; and the Arms of his Hands were made strong by the Hands of the mighty God of *Jacob*.

As to himself, he died full of Days, spent in great and sore Travail; yet his Eyes were not waxed dim, neither was his natural Strength abated, as it was said of *Moses*, he was serviceable even to the last.

As to these Nations, he left them in great Honour abroad, and in full Peace at home; all *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland* dwelling safely, every Man under his Vine, and under his Fig-tree, from *Dan* even to *Beer-sheba*.

He is gone to Rest, and we are entred into his Labours; and if the Lord hath still a Blessing for these Lands, (as I trust he hath) as our Peace hath been lengthned out to this Day, so shall we go on to reap the Fruit, and gather the Harvest of what his late Highness hath sown, and laid the Foundation of.

For my own part, being by the Providence of God, and the Disposition of the Law, my Father's Successor, and bearing that Place in the Govern-

ment that I do, I thought it for the Publick Good to call a Parliament of the three Nations, now united and conjoynd together into one Commonwealth, under one Government.

It is agreeable, not only to my Trust, but to my Principles, to govern these Nations by the Advice of my two Houses of Parliament; I find it asserted in the humble Petition and Advice (which is the Corner-stone of this Building, and that which I shall adhere to) *That Parliaments are the great Council of the chief Magistrate, in whose Advice both he and these Nations may be most safe and happy.* I can assure you I have that Esteem of them: And as I have made it the first Act of my Government to call you together, so I shall further let you see the Value I have of you, by the Answers that I shall return to the Advice that shall be given me by you, for the good of these Nations.

You are come up from your several Countries, as the Heads of your Tribes, and with Hearts (I perswade my self) to consult together their Good: I can say I meet you with the same Desires, having nothing in my Design, but the Maintenance of the Peace, Laws, Liberties, both Civil and Christian, of these Nations; which I shall always make the Measure and Rule of my Government, and be ready to spend my Life for.

We have summoned you up at this time, to let you know the State of our Affairs, and to have your Advice in them: And I believe a Parliament was never summoned upon a more important Occasion.

It is true, as I have told you, we are, through the Goodness of God, at this time in Peace; but it is not thus with us, because we have no Enemies: there are enough both within us and without us, who would soon put an end to our Peace, were it in their Powers, or should it at any time come into their Powers.

It

It will be becoming your Wifdoms, to confider of the Securing of our Peace againft thofe, who, we all know, are, and ever will be, our implacable Enemies; what the Means of doing this are, I fhall refer unto you.

This I can affure you, That the Armies of *England, Scotland and Ireland*, are true and faithful to the Peace and good Interelt of thefe Nations, and it will be found fo, and that they are a confifting Body, and ufeful for any good Ends; and, if they were not the beft Army in the World, you would have heard of Inconveniencies, by reafon of the great Arrear of Pay which is now due unto them, whereby fome of them are reduced to great Necel- fities: But you fhall have a particular Account of their Arrears, and I doubt not but Confideration will be had thereupon, in fome Speedy and effectual Way. And this being Matter of Money, I re- commend it particularly to the Houfe of Com- mons.

You have, you know, a War with *Spain*, car- ried on by the Advice of Parliament; he is an old Enemy, and a potent one, and therefore it will be neceffary, both for the Honour and Safety of thefe Nations, that that War be vigorously pro- fecuted.

Furthermore, The Conftitution of Affairs in all our Neighbour Countries, and round about us (as well Friends as Enemies) are very confiderable, and calls upon us to be upon our Guard both at Land and Sea, and to be in a Pofture able to main- tain and conferve our own State and Interelt.

Great and powerful Fleets are preparing to be fet forth into thefe Seas, and confiderable Armies of feveral Nations and Kings are now difputing for the Maftery of the *Sound*, with the adjacent Iflands and Countries; among which is the Roman Emperor, with other Popifh States; I need not

tell you of what Consequence these Things are to this State.

We have already interposed in these Affairs, in such manner as we found it necessary for the Interest of *England*; and Matters are yet in such a Condition in those Parts, that this State may, with the Assistance of God, provide that their Differences may not prejudice us.

The other Things that are to be said, I shall refer to my Lord Keeper *Finnes*, and close up what I have to say, with only adding two or three Particulars to what I have already said.

And first, I recommend to your Care the People of God in these Nations, with their Concernments. The more they are divided among themselves, the greater Prudence should be used to cement them.

Secondly, The good and necessary Work of Reformation, both in Manners and in the Administration of Justice, that Profaneness may be discountenanced and suppressed, and that Righteousness and Justice may be executed in the Land.

Thirdly, I recommend unto you the Protestant Cause abroad, which seems at this time to be in some Danger, having great and powerful Enemies, and very few Friends; and I hope and believe, that the old English Zeal to that Cause is still among us.

Lastly, My Lords, and you Gentlemen of the House of Commons, That you will in all your Debates maintain and conserve Love and Unity among your selves, that therein you may be the Patern of the Nation, who have sent you up in Peace, and with their Prayers, that the Spirit of Wisdom and Peace may be among you: And this shall also be my Prayer for you: And to this let us all add our utmost Endeavours for the making this an happy Parliament.

General Monk's Speech to the Members of Parliament, met at Whitehall, Feb. 21, 1659.

Gentlemen,

YOU are not, I hope, ignorant, what Cares and Endeavours have been used, and Means essayed, for healing the Breaches of our Divisions amongst our selves, and that in Order thereunto divers Conferences have been procured between you, tho' to small Effect; yet having at length received fuller Satisfaction from these worthy Gentlemen that were secluded than formerly; I was bold to put you all to the Trouble of this Meeting, that I might open my self to you all, even with more Freedom than formerly: But lest I might be misapprehended or mistaken, as of late it befel me; I have committed to Writing the Heads of what I intended to discourse to you, and desire it may be read openly to you all.

The Declaration of his Resolution to settle the Nation in a Commonwealth Foundation, delivered the same Day and Year.

Gentlemen,

IT appears unto me, by what I have heard from you and the whole Nation, that the Peace and happy Settlement of these bleeding Nations, next under God, lyeth in your Hands. And when I consider that Wisdom, Piety, and Self-denial, which I have Reason to be confident lodgeth in you, and how great a share of the Nation's Sufferings will fall upon you, in case the Lord deny us now a Settlement, I am in very good Hopes there will be found in you all, such Bowels towards these poor Nations,
and

and towards one another, that you will become Healers and Makers up of all its woful Breaches. And that such an Opportunity may clearly appear to be in your Hands, I thought good to assure you, and that in the Presence of God, that I have nothing before my Eyes but God's Glory, and the Settlement of these Nations upon Commonwealth Foundations. In Pursuit whereof, I shall think nothing too dear: And for my own Particular I shall throw my self down at your Feet to be any thing or nothing in order to these great Ends. As to the Way of future Settlement, far be it from me to impose any thing, I desire you may be in perfect Freedom, only give me leave to mind you, That the old Foundations are by God's Providence so broken, that in the Eye of Reason, they cannot be restored but upon the Ruins of the People of these Nations, that have engaged for their Rights, in Defence of the Parliament, and the great and main Ends of the Covenant, for uniting and make the Lords name one in the three Nations: And also the Liberty of the People's Representatives in Parliament will be certainly lost: For if the People find, that after so long and bloody a War with the King for breaking in upon their Liberties, yet at last he must be taken in again; it will be out of Question, and is most manifest, he may for the future govern by his Will, dispose of Parliaments and Parliament Men as he pleaseth, and yet the People will never more rise to their Assistance.

And as to the Interest of this famous City (which hath been in all Ages the Bulwork of Parliaments, and unto whom I am for their great Affection so deeply engaged,) certainly it must lie in a Commonwealth, that Government only, being capable to make them (through the Lord's Blessing) the *Metropolis* and *Bank* of Trade for *Christendom*, whereunto God and Nature hath fitted them above all others.

And

And as to a Government in the Church, the Want whereof hath been no small Cause of these Nations Distractions: It is most manifest, that if it be Monarchical in the State, the Church must follow, and Prelacy must be brought in, which these Nations I know cannot bear, and against which they have so solemnly sworn.

And indeed moderate, not rigid Presbyterian Government, with a sufficient Liberty for Consciences truly tender, appears at present to be the most indifferent and acceptable Way to the Church's Settlement.

The main thing that seems to lye in the Way, is the Interest of the Lords, even of those Lords who have shewed themselves Noble indeed, by joining with the People, and in Defence of those just Rights, have adventured their dearest Blood and large Estates. To that I shall only say, that though the State of these Nation be such, as cannot bear their sitting in a distinct House; yet certainly, the Wisdom of Parliament will find out such Hereditary Marks of Honour for them, as may make them more Noble in After-ages.

Gentlemen, Upon the whole Matter, the best Result that I can make at present for the Peace of these Nations, will be, in my Opinion, that you forthwith go to sit together in Parliament; in order,

1. To the settling the Conduct of the Armies of the three Nations in that manner that they may be serviceable to the Peace and Safety of them, and not to its own and the Nation's Ruin, by Faction and Division.

2. To the providing sufficient Maintenance for them, that is, for the Forces by Land, and for the Navy by Sea, and all their Arrears of both, and other Contingencies of the Government.

3. To the appointing a Council of State, with Authority to settle the Civil Government and Judicatories

dicatories in *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and to take care for the issuing of Writs for the summoning a Parliament of these three Nations united, to meet at *Westminster* the 20th Day of *April* next, with such Qualifications as may secure the Publick Cause we are all engaged in, and according to such Distributions as were used in the Year 1654. Which Parliament so called, may meet and act in Freedom, for the more full establishing of this Commonwealth, without a King, single Person, or House of Lords.

4. To a legal Dissolution of this Parliament, to make Way for Succession of Parliaments.

And in Order to these good Ends, the Guards will not only willingly admit you, but faithfully both my self, and every the Officers and Soldiers of the three Nations, will spend their Blood for you and successive Parliaments.

If your Conjunction be directed to this End, you may part honourably, having made a fair Step to the Settlement of these Nations, by making a Way for successive Parliaments.

But I must needs say, that if any different Counsels should be taken (which I have no reason to fear) these Nations would presently be thrown back into Force and Violence, and all Hopes of this much-desired Establishment buried in Disorder; which the Lord, in his great Mercy, I hope will prevent.

And so God speed you well together, and unite your Hearts for the Preservation of Peace and Settlement of these Nations, to his own Glory and yours, and all our Comforts.

*The Lord General Monk's Speech in Parliament,
Feb. 6. 1659. recommending a speedy Settlement
of the Nation, a free full Parliament,
readmittance of the Members seclused in 1648,
a Gospel - Ministry, and Encouragement of
Learning and Universities, &c.*

Mr. Speaker,

Amongst the many Mercies of God to these poor Nations, your peaceable Restauration is not the least: it is his Work alone, and to him belongs the Glory of it: and I esteem it as a great Effect of his Goodness to me, that he was pleased to make me, amongst many worthier in your Service, some way instrumental in it. I did nothing but my Duty, and do not deserve to receive so great Honour and Respect as you are pleased to give me at this Time and Place, which I shall ever acknowledge as an high Mark of your Favour to me.

Sir, I shall not now trouble you with large Narratives, only give me leave to acquaint you, That as I march'd from *Scotland* hither, I observed the People in most Countries in great and earnest Expectations of Settlement; and they made several Applications to me, with numerous Subscriptions: The chiefest Heads of their Desires were, For a free and full Parliament; and that you would determine your sitting; A Gospel - Ministry, Incouragement of Learning and Universities, and for admittance of the Members seclused before 1648, without any previous Oath or Engagement. To which I commonly answered, That you are now in a free Parliament; and if there be any Force remaining upon you, I would endeavour to remove it; and that you had voted to fill up your House,

86 *General Monk's Speech in Parliament,*

House, and then you would be a full Parliament also; and that you had already determined your sitting: And for the Ministry, their Maintenance, the Laws and Universities, you had largely declared in your last Declaration; and I was confident you would adhere to it: But as for those Gentlemen secluded in the Year 1648. I told them you had given Judgment in it; and all People ought to acquiesce in that Judgment: but to admit any Members to sit in Parliament, without a previous Oath or Engagement to secure the Government in being, it was never yet done in *England*. And although I said it not to them, I must say, with Pardon to you, That the less Oaths and Engagements are imposed, (with respect had to the Security of the common Cause) your Settlement will be the sooner attained to. I am the more particular in these Matters, to let you see how grateful your present Consultations about these Things, will be to the People. I know all the sober Gentry will heartily close with you, if they may be tenderly and gently used; and I am sure you will so use them, as knowing it to be our common Concern, to expatiate, and not narrow our Interest; and to be careful neither the Cavalier nor Phanatick Party have yet a Share in your Civil or Military Power; of the last of whose Impatience to Government, you have had so severe Experience.

I should say something of *Ireland* and *Scotland*: Indeed *Ireland* is in an ill Condition, and made worse by your sudden Interruption, which prevented the passing an Act for the Settlement of the Estates of Adventurers and Soldiers there, which I heard you intended to have done in a few Days; and I presume it will be quickly done, being so necessary at this time, when the Wants of the Commonwealth call for Supplies, and People will unwillingly pay Taxes for those Estates of which they have

have no legal Assurance. I need not tell you how much your Favour was abused in the Nomination of your Officers of your Army there; their Malice hath been sufficiently manifested: I dare affirm, that those now that have declared for you, will continue faithful; and thereby evince, that as well there as here, it is the sober Interest that must establish your Dominion.

As for *Scotland*, I must say the People of that Nation deserve much to be cherished; and I believe your late Declaration will much glad their Spirits; for nothing was more dreadful to them, than a Fear to be over-run with Phanatick Notions.

I humbly recommend them to your Affection and Esteem, and desire the intended Act of Union may be prosecuted, and their Taxes made proportionable to those in *England*, for which I am engaged by Promise to be an humble Suitor to you. And truly, Sir, I must ask leave to entreat you to make a speedy Provision for their Civil Government, of which they have been destitute near a Year, to the ruine of many Families: and, except Commissioners for Management of the Government, and Judges to sit in Courts of Judicature, be speedily appointed, that Country will be very miserable. I directed Mr. *Gumble* lately to present to you some Names, both of Commissioners and Judges: but by reason of your great Affairs, he was not required to deliver them in Writing to you; but I now humbly present them to your Consideration.

The Earl of Bristol's Speech in Parliament, July, 20. 1660. upon the Bill of Indempnity.

My Lords,

BEing to speak unto your Lordships somewhat more extendedly than is my use, and upon a
Sub-

88 *The E. of Bristol's Speech in Parliament,*

Subject wherein there may be perhaps not only Difference, but even Fervour of Opinions, I find myself obliged by somewhat that happened to me here the other Day, to beg a Favour of your Lordships, That if I should chance to err in Forms and Orders of the House, or that there should slip from me unawares any Expression that may be dissonant to the Ears of those who understand better than I the Force and Propriety of Words, you will not be severe unto me, but be pleased to consider, That I have been sixteen Years out of my Country, and in a Profession far differing from what I am now a doing : In confidence of this Indulgence I shall proceed.

My Lords, You have here before you in this Bill of Indempnity the most important Business that perhaps the House of Peers hath at any time had in deliberation, it is that upon which the Honour or eternal Reproach of the Nation abroad, and its Happiness or Confusion at home, seems (next under God's inscrutable Providence) most principally to depend. For, on the one side, how abhor'd a Nation must we needs be to all others, if the Infamy of our Sovereign's Murther should not be thoroughly washed away by Justice in the Blood of the Guilty? And, on the other, what Happiness or Quiet can we hope for at home, nay, what new Combustions ought we not to apprehend, if the Criminal and the Mised, (between whom the Eye of the Law can make little Distinction) making up so numerous a Part of the Nation, their Fears, which might urge them to new Crimes, should not be secured by the firmest Assurances of Impunity? Punishing and Securing are certainly the two principal Ends of this Bill, and wherein as certainly every one of your Lordships doth concur; but whether the Means of attaining those Ends have been sufficiently lighted upon by the House of Commons in
this

this Bill, that I suppose is the present Question; and wherein I think my self in Duty obliged to express unto your Lordships with Freedom and Sincerity my Judgment, in all humble Submission unto yours.

As for that Part of the Bill which relates to our Sovereign's Murther, I find it so short and so much out of the Way, of what we owe, both to the Severity and Solemnity of that Revenge, that I cannot but think it in some sort (pardon the Expression) a Prophanation of the due Rites of that Sacred Expiation, to handle it in the same Bill promiscuously with other more vulgar things.

My Motion therefore shall be, That there be forthwith a Committee appointed, to consider of all Things fit to be done for the washing away of that Stain from the Nation, and from the Age wherein we live; and to draw up an Act purposely and solely for that End. In confidence that this Motion will either be embraced by your Lordships, or that, if it be opposed, I shall have the liberty to fortifie it by my Reasons, I shall set that Business apart, and apply my Discourse to what concerns this Bill in all other Relations: In which I shall not make nice to tell your Lordships, that I think it defective in many Things reasonable, and redundant in some Things unreasonable; and yet, notwithstanding, not only my humble Motion, but my most earnest Pressure, as far as with Humility I may, shall be, That we may proceed immediately to the Passing of this Bill, with little or no Alteration.

This, my Lords, may appear a surprising Motion from a Person thought to be, as indeed I am, as much inflamed as any Man living with Indignation at the detestable Proceedings of the late usurped Power, so pernicious to the Publick, and so injurious to my own Particular; in whom the Mo-

tion may seem yet more surprizing, when I shall have told you with Truth, That I am irreparably ruined in my Fortune for my Loyalty, (if this Bill of Indempnity to others for their Disloyalty should pass, as it is here offered unto your Lordships.) But the Ground I go upon is, this received Maxim as to all publick Sanctions, *better a Mischief than an Inconvenience: yea, Better innumerable Mischiefs to particular Persons and Families, than one heavy Inconvenience to the Publick.*

My Lords, I profess unto you I find my self set on fire, when I think that the Blood of so many vertuous and meritorious Persons, Peers and others of all Ranks, so cruelly and so impiously shed, should cry so loud for Vengeance, and not find it from us.

That many of the wickedest and meanest of the People should remain as it were rewarded for their Treasons, rich and triumphant in the Spoils of the most eminent in Vertue and Loyalty of all the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom.

What generous Spirit can make Reflection on these Things, and not find his Heart burn into Rage within him?

Here it is, my Lords, that we Sufferers have need of all our Philosophy.

But when I consider, that these are Mischiefs only to the Sufferers, and that to insist upon a Remedy might perhaps expose the Publick to an irreparable Inconvenience, I thank God I find in an Instant all my Resentments calmed and submitted to my primary Duty.

My Lords, We have here in our View a Kingdom tossed and rowling still with the Effects of past Tempests; and tho', God be thanked, the Storm be miraculously ceased, we cannot say, that the Danger is, until we get into still Water: That still, that smooth Water, is only to be found in the
Gene-

Generality's Security from their guilty Fears, and in the two Houses Union between themselves, and with their Sovereign.

Whether the latter may not be endanger'd if we should enter into Controversie upon the Particulars of this Bill, I leave unto your Lordships to judge. But certainly, as to the former, there can be no hopes of raising Monies, of disbanding Armies, or of settling that Happiness and Tranquillity which we all sigh for, of being governed under our gracious Sovereign by the ancient and known Laws of the Land, whilst universal Fears shall subsist by the Delay in passing this Bill.

My Lords, I shall sum up unto your Lordships my whole Drift in a few Words.

I think, that in this Bill there are many Things wanting, which solid and important Reasons would require to be added; and many Things inserted into it, which Justice to his Majesty's Interests, and to particular Persons, would require to be omitted or rectified: But I conceive at the same time, that the Mischiefs of the Delay in passing it, do far outweigh all the Advantages of improving it.

My Lords, I shall conclude my Discourse, and your Lordships Trouble, with the Application to this Purpose, of a memorable Saying of that illustrious Minister, the Cardinal *Mazarin's*, at a Council in the Wars of *France*, whereunto I had the Honour to be called: It was, That in the great Affairs of the World, he had not known any thing do more hurt than these two Words, *Faisons Mieux*, let us do better. For, said he, whilst good Wits endeavour by Debates to bring good Counsels to a greater Perfection, they do for the most part lose the Opportunity of timing Things rightly, which in great Actions is of far more Importance than the Preference according to refined Reason betwixt Good and Better.

Upon this Ground my Conclusion is, That that Part which concerns the King's Death, being put in the Way proposed, we should proceed to the speedy passing of this Bill without losing any time in Emendations; but if we be destin'd to so fatal a Loss by raveling into Particulars, I shall in that case desire Leave to offer unto your Lordships therein my Reflections also.

A Letter from the E. of Clarendon, to his Daughter Ann, Dutchesse of York, on her turning Roman Catholick.

YOU have much Reason to believe that I have no mind to trouble or displeasure you, especially in an Argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to my self. But as no Distance of Place that is between us, in Respect of our Residence, or the greater Distance, in Respect of the higher Condition you are in, can make me less your Father, or absolve me from performing those Obligations which that Relation requires from me; so when I receive any credible Advertisement of what reflects upon you in Point of Conscience, Honour or Discretion, I ought not to omit the informing you of it, or the administering such Advice to you, as to my Understanding seems reasonable, and what I must still hope will, have some Credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you writ to me many Months since, upon those Reproaches, which I told you were generally reported concerning your Defection in Religion, gave me so much Satisfaction, that I believe them to proceed from the ill Spirit of the time, that delights in Slander and Calumny. But I must tell you, the Report encreases of late very much, and I my self saw a Letter last Week, from *Paris*, from a Person, who said, *That the English Ambassador*

ador assured him the Day before, that the Dutcheß was become a Roman Cathalick : And, which makes greater Impression upon me, I am assured that many good Men in *England*, who have great Affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impossible, than that there should be such a Change in you, are at present under much Affliction with the Observation of a great Change in their Course of Life, and that constant Exercise of your Devotion, which was so notorious, and do apprehend from your frequent Discourses, that you have not the same Reverence and Veneration, which you used to have for the Church of *England* : The Church in which you were baptized, and the Church the best instituted, and most free from Errors of any Christian Church this Day in the World. And that some Persons, by their Insinuations, have prevail'd with you to have a better Opinion of that which is most opposite to it, the Church of *Rome*, than the Integrity thereof deserves. It is not yet in my Power to believe that your Will and Understanding (with God's Blessing upon both) can suffer you to be shaken further than the melancholique Reflections upon the Iniquity and Wickedness of the Age we live in, which discredits all Religion, and which, with equal License, breaks into the Professors of all, and prevails upon the Members of all Churches, and whose Manners will have no Benefit from the Faith of any Church. I presume you do not intangle yourself in the particular Controversies between the Romanists and us, or think yourself a competent Judge of all Difficulties which occur therein, and therefore it must be some fallacious Argument of Antiquity and Universality, confidently urg'd by Men, who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believed by you, that can raise any Scruples or Doubts in you. And if you will with equal Temper hear those, who are

well able to inform you in all such Particulars, it is impossible for you to suck in that Poyson, which can only corrupt and prevail over you, by your stopping your own Ears, and shutting your own Eyes. There are but two Persons in the whole World, who have greater Authority with you than I can pretend to, and I am sure they both suffer more in this Rumour, and would suffer much more if there were Ground for it, than I can do; and truly I am as unlike to be deceived my self, or to deceive you, as any Man, who endeavours to pervert you in your Religion. And therefore, I beseech you, let me have so much Credit with you, as to perswade you to communicate any Doubts or Scruples which occur to you, before you suffer them to make too deep an Impression upon you. The common Argument, That there is no Salvation out of the Church, that there is but one Church, and that the Church of *Rome* is the only true Church; is both irrational and untrue. There are many Churches in which Salvation may be attain'd, as well as in any one of them, and were many even in the Apostles Times, otherwise they could not have directed their Epistles to so many several Churches, in which there were very different Opinions received, and very different Doctrines taught. There is, indeed, but one Faith, in which we can be saved, the steadfast Belief of the Birth, Passion, and Resurrection of our Saviour; and every Christian that receives and embraces the Faith, is in a State of Salvation. If the Apostles preached true Doctrine, the Reception and Retention of many Errors, do not destroy the Essence of Christ, if it did, the Church of *Rome* would be in as ill, if not worse, Condition, than most other Christian Churches, because its Errors are of greater Magnitude, and more destructive to Religion. Let not the Canting Discourse of Universality and Extent of that Church, which hath as
lit-

to his Daughter, Ann, Dutcheß of York. 95

little Truth as the rest, prevail with you; they who would imitate the greatest Part of the World must turn Heathen; for it is generally believ'd, that above half of the World is possessed by them, and the Mahometans possess more than half the Remainder, and there is as little Question that of the rest which is inhabited by Christians, one part of four is not of the Communion of the Church of *Rome*; and God knows in that very Communion there is a great Discord in Opinion and in Matters, of as great Moment, as is between any other Christians. — I hear, you do in publick Discourses, dislike some things in the Church of *England*, as, the Marriage of the Clergy, which is a Point no Roman Catholick will pretend to be of the Essence of Religion, and is in Use in many Places, which are of the Church of *Rome*; as, *Bohemia*, and those Parts of the Greek Churches which submit to the Roman; and all Men know, that in the late Counsel of *Trent*, the Sacraments of both Kinds, and the Liberty for the Clergy to marry, was very passionately press'd both by the Emperour and the King of *France*, for their Dominions, and it was afterwards granted to *Germany*, though under such Conditions, as made it ineffectual; which, however, shew, that it was not nor ever can be look'd upon as Matter of Religion. Christianity was many hundred Years old before such a Restraint was ever heard of in the Church, and when it was endeavour'd, it met with great Opposition, and was never submitted to; and as the positive Inhibition seems absolutely unlawful, so the Inconveniencies which result from thence, will, upon a just Disquisition, be found superiour to those, which attend the Liberty which the Christian Religion permits. Those Arguments which are not strong enough to draw Persons from the Roman Communion, into that of the Church of *England*, (when Custom and Education, and a long stupid

Resignation of all their Faculties to their Teachers (usually shuts out all Reason to the contrary) may yet be abundantly sufficient to retain those, who have been baptiz'd, bred, and instructed, in the Grounds and Principles of that Religion, which are in truth not only founded upon the clear Authority of the Scripture, but upon the Consent of Antiquity and the Practice of the Primitive Church. And Men, who look into Antiquity, know well, by what Corruption and Violence, and with what constant and continual Opposition, those Opinions which are contrary to ours, creep'd into the World; and how unwarrantably the Bishop of *Rome*, by his Authority, which alone supports all the rest, came to prevail, who hath no more Pretence of Power and Authority in *England*, than the Bishop of *Paris* or *Toledo* can as reasonably lay claim to; and is so far from being Matter of Catholick Religion, that the Pope hath so much, and no more, to do in *France*, or *Spain*, or any other Catholick Dominions, than the Crown and Laws and Constitutions of the several Kingdoms give him leave, which makes him so little, if at all consider'd, in *France*, and so much in *Spain*.

Therefore the English Catholicks that attribute so much to him, make themselves unwarrantably of another Religion, than the Catholick Church professes; and without doubt they who desert the Church of *England*, of which they are Members, and become thereby disobedient to the Ecclesiastical and Civil Laws of their Country, and therein renounce their Subjection to the State, as well as to the Church, (which are grievous Sins) had need of a better Excuse than the Meeting of some Doubts, which they could not answer; and less than a manifest Evidence, that their Salvation is desperate in that Communion, cannot serve their turn. And they who imagine, that they have such an Evidence,

dence, ought rather to ſuſpect, that their Underſtanding hath forſaken them, and that they are become mad, than that the Church, which is replenish'd with all the Learning and Piety requiſite, can betray them to Perdition. — I beſeech you to conſider, (which I hope will over-rule thoſe ordinary Doubts, and Objections, which may be infus'd into you) that if you change your Religion, you renounce all Obedience and Affection to your Father, who loves you ſo tenderly, that ſuch an odious Mutation would break his Heart; you condemn your Father and your Mother (whoſe incomparable Vertue, Piety, and Devotion, hath plac'd her in Heaven) for having impiouſly educated you, and you declare the Church and State (to both which you owe Reverence and Subjection) to be in your Judgment Antichriſtian.

You bring irreparable Diſhonour, Scandal, and Prejudice to the Duke your Husband, to whom you ought to pay all imaginable Duty, and who I preſume is much more precious to you than your own Life; and all poſſible Ruine to your Children, of whoſe Company and Converſation you muſt look to be deprived. For, God forbid, that after ſuch an Apoſtacy, you ſhould have any Power in the Education of your Children. You have many Enemies, whom you would herein abundantly gratifie; and ſome Friends, whom you will thereby (at leaſt as far as in you lies) perfectly deſtroy, and afflict many others who have deſerv'd well of you. I know you are not inclin'd to any Part of this Miſchief: And therefore, after theſe Conſiderations, as all thoſe Particulars would be infallible Conſequences of ſuch a Concluſion, it is to me the ſaddeſt Circumſtance of my Banishment, that I may not be admitted in ſuch a Season as this to confer with you, when I am confident I ſhould ſatiſfie you in all your Doubts, and make it appear to you,
that

that there are many Absurdities in the Roman Religion inconsistent with your Judgment and Understanding; and many Impieties inconsistent with your Conscience: So that before you can submit to the Obligations of that Faith, you must divest your self of your natural Reason and common Sense, and captivate the Dictates of your own Conscience to the Imposition of an Authority, which hath not any Pretence to oblige or advise you.

If you will not with Freedom communicate these Doubts, which occur to you, to those near you, of whose Learning and Piety you have had much Experience; let me conjure you to impart them to me, and to expect my Answer, before you suffer them to prevail over you.

God bless you and yours.

Sir William Scrogg's Speech, of the Duties of a Judge.

My Lord,

THAT the King's Favour is the Effect of the Duty I have paid him, (which your Lordship is pleas'd to call Service) is the most welcome and pleasing Part of his Kindness; and I trust we shall still see such Times, that no Man shall hope to have it, or keep it on any other account. The right Application of Rewards and Punishments, is the steady Justice of a Nation; where, though the Rewards of Kings exceed what a Subject can merit, they should never reach him that demerits. To return Good for Evil, may be an Obligation of Charity; It is never of Bounty. And the taking off (as they call it) of an Ambitious, and therefore a Factionous Man, by Favours, is the worst Way to stop or open his Mouth; for he will whisper one Way louder, than he will speak the other: And

And when you think you gain one Enemy, you make many.

On such an Occasion as this, I think it very proper to give your Lordship some Account, what Considerations I have had, in order to the Discharge of my Duty in this Place, since the King's first Intimations of his Pleasure.

And that respects Matters, either as they stand betwixt the King and his People, or betwixt Man and Man.

For the first, I know that the Law gives such Prerogatives to the King, that to endeavour more were to desire worse; and it gives to the People such Liberties, that more would be licentious.

What then hath a Man to do that hath Courage enough to be honest, but to apply his Understanding to the Ministration of those Laws justly to both: Wherein I may say, that the Cases will be rare that will be difficult in themselves. They may be made so from sinister Causes; when Men, thinking to serve a Turn, or like *Pilate*, to please the People, deliver up that which is right to be crucified. Then they are fain to rack their Fancies to make good their Faults. This makes such nice Distinctions, and such strained Constructions, till they leave nothing plain in the World. Whereas in truth, the Duty we owe to the King and his People, is like the Duty we owe to God, not hard to understand, whatever it is to practice.

This Court, my Lord, 'tis true, is properly a Court of *Meum* and *Tuum*, where Prerogative and Liberty are seldom Plaintiffs or Defendants. But yet 'tis certain, that even in private Causes, Matter of Government many times intervenes, and the Publick is concerned by Consequence. And therefore I think it fair, and like English Honesty and Plainness, something to unveil one's self in that Particular, that Men may know before-hand what they

they may expect. And herein I do declare, I would no more wrong or lessen the Peoples Liberties, than I would sacrifice up my Son. But then I will no more derogate from the King's Prerogative, than I would betray my Father.

My Lord, In Times when Faction is so bold as to be bare-fac'd; and false and seditious News is openly talk'd, and greedily embrac'd; when the King's reasonable Demands are disputed, and turned into Cavils, and those that oppose 'em talk confidently; and those that should maintain 'em speak fearfully and tenderly; when the Reverence we owe to the King is paid to the People; the Government is beset, the King is in danger, and there is nothing wanting but Opportunity.

But when, to prevent that Opportunity, Men are afraid, and hold it dangerous to avoid the Danger; when we dare not call a Crime by its right Name; and for some, find none; *and a Mischief must be effected, before we will think it one*: When dangerous Attempts are minc'd, and, by some trivial Difference, Treason is distinguish'd into Trespass; when Men are forward and venturous enough in what thwarts the Government, *but in supporting it seem grave and cautious, nice and timorous, and so fill'd with Prudentials, till they are as wise as Fear can make 'em*; the Law is enervated, and becomes useless to its greatest End, which is, the Preservation of the Whole.

'Tis true, in Publick Causes, the same Integrity is necessary as in Private; But that is but Part of a Judge's Duty. He must be Magnanimous as well as Vertuous. And I acknowledge it to be a main and principal Part of my Duty, as it relates to the King and his People, with hearty Resolution to suppress all open Force, and private Confederacies; not thinking any thing little that attempts the Publick Safety; for when the Motives are small, the Danger is greater, when Discontents exceed their Causes.

And

And for the Discharge of my Duty betwixt Party and Party, it is impossible to be performed without those two Cardinal Vertues, [Temper] and [Cleanness of Hands] Temper comprehends Patience, Humility, and Candor. It seems to me that Saying, *Be quick to hear, and slow to speak*, was made on purpose for a Judge. No Direction can be apter, and no Character becomes him better: and he that would not be said to have but one Ear, methinks should be asham'd to have none. And I appeal to your Lordships Experience, if a *patient Attention, accompanied with indifferent Parts, and a Competency in the Law, with a Mind fairly disposed for Information or Conviction*, will not, as to Use and common Benefit, exceed the profoundest Knowledge, and most towering Understanding, that is attended with an impetuous haste, either out of a Glory of Speaking, or too great a Fulness of himself.

And for Humility, *tho' I will not say, that every impatient Man is proud*, (because that may arise from other Causes) yet *every proud Man is impatient*, sometimes of Information, always of Contradiction; and he must be Violent to maintain his own Impiousness.

Harshness is a needless and unbecoming Provocation: It makes Men hate where they should fear and reverence: And yet by Gentleness I understand, not Tameness, but Moderation; not without Rebukes, but without Taunts.

For Corruption, that Perverter of Law and Destruction of Property, that leaves in the World neither *Bonum* nor *Æquum*; for *when he does Right, he does not Justice*; and *he that sells Justice, will sell Injustice*: 'Tis not only to be avoided, but abhorred; and not alone in its direct Approaches, but in Relatives and Servants, those By-ways of Bribery; and it becomes every Man so manifestly to detest it,

it, that it may scare even the Attempt: for no Man is sufficiently safe, unless to his Power he avoids the Suspicion as well as the Fault. Practice does one; and that which makes me speak this, a publick Profession against it, is the Way to do the other.

And where Gifts prevail not; yet if Fear, Relations or Popularity sway, 'tis the same thing. *If there be a Byass put to a Man, it matters not of what 'tis made. Nay, these are worse than Corruption by Money; for there both Sides may have the same Tools, when a Man cannot make himself a Kin, nor his Cause Popular.*

And now give me leave, my Lord, to shew why I thought it fit, nay, extreamly necessary, to say something on the Particulars I have mentioned.

First, To satisfy your Lordship and the World I undertake not this Place without due Considerations of the Duty belongs to it. Next, It is some Tye upon a Man not to commit those Errors he hath in Publick declaimed against: for he must add Impudence to his Crime, to have his own Words fly in his Face, with which every Man will upbraid, and no Man can excuse him.

My Lord, In a Discourse on such an Occasion as this, where Men are concern'd in Point of Interest, (for so they are when a Judge is made) my Aim is not to say what will please their Humours, but what should satisfy their Minds: Neither am I so vain as to think I shall do that with all; nor much concerned though it fall out so. If Reputation and a good Name can be got by doing my Duty, 'tis welcome; but if it must be sought by other Arts, I will be no Seeker; especially considering that the Applause of the Multitude, that contingent Judge of Good and Bad, rather attends the Vain than the Vertuous; and is oftner sought by such too. *The Approbation of the Wise, which are the Few; and of the*

the Honest, by which I intend Men heartily affected to the Government, I acknowledge I earnestly covet: For them that are otherwise, I court not their good Opinion, because I fear not their bad; and would not draw that Suspicion upon my self, that Men may say, What Ill has he done, that those Men speak so well of him? I never was of their Party, nor never will be. And, to be even with them, I think as meanly of them as they do of Loyalty; whose Misfortunes are more to be esteemed than their Triumphs. The good Words of such as truly love their Country, (which no Man ever did that does not love his Prince) indeed I highly prize, and will endeavour to deserve; tho' your Lordship at this time has been beforehand with me in that Particular, by bestowing them upon me first; and so many, that I am ashamed I have been no better to have made 'em good: But because your Lordship is willing and able to render any Man much better than he is, they ought to be esteemed as the Proceed of a generous Nature, and an indulgent Prudence; which, by telling me what I am, does but kindly insinuate what I should be.

My Lord, I will waste no more of your Time, tho' I omit those usual Returns of formal Thanks; for they are of course; or extream wondring at the great Surprizals of the King's Favour; and those humble, yet high Debasements of one's self, which look like Modesty, but is a sort of Bravery.

My Thanks shall be paid in (what the King likes best) Service to his People. The Wonder will cease by that time I get to the Bench: And my Defects are best confest by endeavouring to amend them.

The

*The Earl of Essex's Speech against the King's
calling a Parliament at Oxford, with some
Lords Petition against it.*

The Speech at the Delivery of the Petition.

May it please your Majesty,

THe Lords here present, together with divers other Peers of the Realm, taking notice, that by your late Proclamation your Majesty has declared an Intention of calling a Parliament at *Oxford*; and observing from Histories and Records, how Unfortunate many such Assemblies have been, when called at Places remote from your Capital City, as particularly the Congress in *Henry the Second's* Time at *Clarendon*, the several Parliaments at *Oxford* in *Henry the Third's* Time, and that at *Coven-try* in *Henry the Sixth's* Time, with divers others which have proved Fatal to those Kings, and have been followed with great Mischiefs on the Kingdom; and considering the present Posture of Affairs, the many Jealousies and Discontents which are amongst the People, we have great Cause to apprehend, that the Consequences of the sitting of a Parliament now at *Oxford*, may be as Fatal to your Majesty, and the Nation, as those others mentioned have been to the then reigning Kings; and therefore we do conceive, that we cannot answer it to God, to your Majesty, or to the People, if we being Peers of the Realm, should not on so important an Occasion humbly offer our Advice to your Majesty, that, if possible, your Majesty may be prevailed with to alter this (as we apprehend) unseasonable Resolution. The Grounds and Reasons of our Opinion are contained in this our Petition which we humbly present to your Majesty.

To

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty: The humble Petition and Advice of the Lords undernamed, Peers of this Realm,

Humbly sheweth,

THat whereas your Majesty hath been pleased, by divers Speeches and Messages to your Houses of Parliament, rightly to represent to them the Dangers that threatned your Majesty's Person, and the whole Kingdom, from the mischievous and wicked Plots of the Papists, and the too sudden Growth of a foreign Power, unto which no Stop or Remedy could be provided, unless it were by Parliament and an Union of all your Majesty's Protestant Subjects in one Mind and Interest.

And the Lord Chancellor, in pursuance of your Majesty's Command, having more at large demonstrated the said Dangers to be as great as we, in the midst of our Fears could imagine them; and so pressing, that our Liberties, Religion, Lives, and the whole Kingdom, would be certainly lost, if a speedy Provision were not made against them.

And your Majesty on the 21st of *April*, 1679, having call'd unto your Council many honourable and worthy Persons, and declar'd unto them and your whole Kingdom, that being sensible of the evil Effects of a single Ministry, or private Advices, or foreign Committees, for the general Direction of your Affairs, your Majesty would for the future refer all Things unto that Council. And by the constant Advice of them, together with the frequent Use of your great Council the Parliament, your Majesty was resolved hereafter to govern your Kingdoms, we began to hope we should see an end of our Miseries.

But, to our unspeakable Grief and Sorrow, we

H h

soon

soon found our Expectations frustrated; the Parliament then subsisting, was prorogued and dissolved before it could perfect what was intended for our Relief and Security. And tho' another was thereupon call'd, yet, by many Prorogations, it was put off till the 21st of *October* last: And notwithstanding your Majesty was then again pleas'd to acknowledge, that neither your Person nor the Kingdom could be safe until the Matter of the Plot was gone through, it was unexpectedly prorogued on the tenth Day of this Month, before any sufficient Order could be taken therein. All their just and pious Endeavours to save the Nation were overthrown; the good Bills they had been industriously preparing to unite all your Protestant Subjects, brought to nought. The Discovery of the Irish Plot stifled. The Witnesses that came in frequently more fully to declare that both of *England* and *Ireland*, discouraged. Those foreign Kingdoms and States, who by a happy Conjunction with us, might give a Check to the French Power disheartened; even to such a Despair of their own Security against the growing Greatness of that Monarch, as we fear may induce them to take new Resolutions, and perhaps such as may be fatal to us. The Strength and Courage of our Enemies, both at home and abroad increased; and our selves left in the utmost Danger of seeing our Country brought into utter Desolation.

In these great Extremities we had nothing under God to comfort us, but the Hopes that your Majesty, being touched with the Groans of your perishing People, would have suffered the Parliament to meet at the Day unto which it was prorogued, and that no farther Interruptions should have been given to their Proceedings, in order to the saving of the Nation: But that failed us too, when we heard, that your Majesty, by the private Sug-
estions

tions of some wicked Persons, Favourers of Popery, Promoters of French Designs, and Enemies to your Majesty and the Kingdom (without the Advice, and as we have good Reason to believe, against the Opinion of your Privy-Council) had been prevailed with to dissolve it, and to call another to meet at *Oxford*, where neither Lords nor Commons can be in safety, but will be daily exposed to the Swords of the Papists and their Adherents, of whom too many have crept into your Majesty's Guards. The Liberty of Speaking, according to their Consciences, will be thereby destroyed, and the Validity of all their Acts and Proceedings consisting in it, left disputable. The straitness of the Place no ways admits of such a Concourse of Persons as now follows every Parliament. The Witnesses which are necessary to give Evidence against the Popish Lords, such Judges, or others whom the Commons have impeached, or had resolved to impeach, can neither bear the Charge of going thither, nor trust themselves under the Protection of a Parliament, that is it self evidently under the Power of Guards and Soldiers.

The Premises considered, We your Majesty's Petitioners, out of a just Abhorrence of such a dangerous and pernicious Counsel, (which the Authors have not dared to avow) and the dreadful Apprehensions of the Calamities and Miseries that may ensue thereupon, do make it our most humble Prayer and Advice, that the Parliament may not sit at a Place where it will not be able to act with that Freedom, which is necessary and essential to give unto their Acts and Proceedings, that Authority which they ought to have amongst the People, and have ever had, unless impaired by some Awe upon them (of which there wants not Precedents.) And that your Majesty will be gra-

ciously pleased to order it to sit at *Westminster*, it being the usual Place, and where they may consult and act with Safety and Freedom.

And your Petitioners shall ever Pray, &c.

Monmouth,

Kent,

Huntington,

Bedford,

Salisbury,

Clare,

Stamford,

Essex,

Shaftesbury,

Mordant.

Eure.

Gray.

Pagitt.

Howard.

Herbert.

De-la-mere.

Paul Foley, *Esq;* *his Speech for the Bill of Exclusion, as our only Defence against Popery and Arbitrary Power.*

I Have read in Scripture, *What King going to make War against another, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty.* I take the denial of the Bill of Exclusion, to be a plain Demonstration, that the *Popish Party* should not be deprived of a Right to govern us; and it is not to be doubted, that having that Right, they will be sure to make use of all the Power they can to back it with. That we may be the better able to judge, whether we can fortifie our selves sufficiently against such a Right, and the Power that will naturally follow it. I pray, Sir, let us follow our Saviour's Advice, and consult, *whether with ten thousand we can meet twenty thousand.*

When I consider how the Tripple-League was broke, and how all Alliances and Transactions relating to Peace and War have been since managed in
favour

favour of the *French Interest*, contrary to the true Interest of *England*, and the pressing Importunities of Foreign Nations, as well as our own, I think we cannot but conclude, that the *Duke's Interest*, the *French Interest*, and *Popish Interest*, is all one. And that the Duke, or *Popish Interest*, have some great Dependance on the *French King*, for his Assistance in the settling of Popery here. And no Man can doubt this, but he that will not believe *Coleman's Letters*, or that there was a Peace made at *Nimeguen*, in order to put him in the better Condition. If the Jesuits do manage all the Affairs of *Europe*, as is said, it may be justly fear'd, that the *French King* will approve this Agreement so, as to get *Flanders*, if not *Holland* too, before he perform his Promise of giving them the expected Assistance, which being it will conduce to the destroying of the Protestants abroad, as well as here, we may justly fear the Jesuits will never obstruct.

Besides, the Dependance which the Papists may have of Assistance from this mighty Monarch; in *Ireland* they are five to one for the Protestants, and amount to many hundred thousands, full of bloody Revenge derived from their Ancestors, wanting nothing but Arms (which they may have from *France* in a Night (to be enabled to Massacre all the Protestants in *Ireland*, and to be ready to be transported hither. How the Plot hath been carried on there in order to it; how Endeavours have been there used to stifle and counterplot it; who commands all the English Coast opposite to *Ireland*, we know; and how our Forts and Castles are provided, the Examination of the Governour of *Cheapsow-Castle* may inform you.

And, that there may not want a Strength to compel us on every side, is not the Government of *Scotland* quite altered, by some Acts made within these few Years? Is it not become very near Arbitrary?

Parliaments in a manner laid aside, and the Power invested in a Privy-Council? And is there not a standing Army of twenty two thousand Men, settled by Act of Parliament, with a Declaration, that they shall be ready to come into *England* upon any occasion? And is not the Duke now there, managing the Government of that Kingdom, and Army too, by putting in his own Creatures into the Council and into the Command of the Army, and using all other Ways imaginable to improve his Interest there?

And may we not conclude, That in *England* there may be one hundred thousand Papists fighting Men, and that *Portsmouth*, *Plymouth*, *Sheerness*, *Tilbury-Fort*, and *Hull*, and all other Places of importance, shall, when that Interest shall think it convenient, be in the Hands of Persons they may confide in, as well as the command of the Militia and Fleet.

And what now, Sir, can any Man say is wanting to enable this Party to make a great Contest with us, but a Popish King to head them? And doth any thing stand in their Way for that, but his Majesty's Life? And is it not strange, that tho' we see Things never so plain, that there is no Remedy for poor Protestants? Can it be imagined, that if this Party should once have a King on their side, endowed with a valorous Spirit, and vowed Revenge, spurred on with a fiery Zeal, to get not only three Crowns on Earth, but the Crown of Glory in Heaven, by rooting out a pestilent Heresie out of three Nations, that they will neglect so great an Opportunity for the establishing of Popery here? And will not the Divisions they carry on amongst us, as to Church-men and Fanaticks, Plot or no Plot, be very useful to them, but especially their Arraignments of Parliaments, and all that speak
against

against Popery, as Forty-one-men, and Enemies to the Government, occasion a great Weakness on our side? I think, Sir, all this put together, makes a great Strength for that Party, enough to bring us into Misery, whatever the Issue may be. I would now, Sir, give you some Account how the Protestants may be able in such a Case to defend themselves; but, I protest, Sir, I know not what Defence they will be able to make legally. It is true, Sir, as long as our good King lives, we may live in quiet; but Things being thus, are not the Papists under great Temptations to go on with their old damnable Design, or set up a new one for the Destruction of the King? And if it should so happen, either by their wicked Counsels, or naturally, I think there is no Way left us to oppose this Party, but by a Rebellion, and therefore I think we may conclude, that our Lives, Liberties, and Religion, are to determine with the King's Life.

I confess, Sir, this is a melancholy Discourse, but I am afraid too true; and that the more you consider of it, the more reason you will have to believe, that there is such a Net spread to catch poor Protestants, as cannot fail to do it effectually, when ever the Jesuits shall be pleased to draw it. And our Condition looks the more dismal, because though King, Lords, and Commons, have so often declared, that there hath been a damnable, execrable, devilish, hellish, abominable Plot, carried on by the Papists, yet that all Remedies against the like for the future must be denied us; I mean such as can signifie any thing, and we must now again be exposed, as we were before the Plot broke out, to all their Barbarities, having only weakned that Party by executing about twenty old Men; but strengthened them much more by having discouraged all Witnesses from ever revealing more of their Plots, and by the Discoveries they have made

of the Strength of their Party, in the stifling of this Plot. And yet all will not open the Eyes of some Protestants, that so, if possible, we might be so happy as to lay our Divisions aside, and join against the Common Enemy, without which we must certainly be ruin'd.

And if this be our Case, and there be nothing wanting but a Popish King to compleat our Misery, and the Art of Man cannot find out any Way to secure us against a Popish King, without the Exclusion Bill; is it not strange it should be rejected in the House of Lords? I cannot believe, that the Fathers of the Church should joyn in that which must infallibly give Opportunity for the tearing out of the Bowels of their Mother, and destroying her for ever. If so, well may we lie down and cry, *We have no Body to help us, but only thee, O God.*

Sir, I have troubled you too long, but I hope what I have said, may be of some use to you in resolving about these Bills that are proposed, though I think they will all come short of our Case. Seeing you have voted a Bill for the Banishing of the Papists, I think you may do well to try what a Bill of Association may amount to: But I agree with the Opinion of those worthy Members that have told you, That these Things are put upon you, that you may give Occasion to those that wish ill to Parliaments, to argue thereby for your Dissolution; and afterwards to perswade the People, that you went about to Dissolve the Foundation of the Government. And therefore I do not expect any good Effect of these Bills.

Sir F. R. Sir, by the serious Discourse which that worthy Member hath made of the Sadness and Insecurity of our Condition, we may plainly see, how by the Interest of the Duke of York, there is a great Power combined against us, and that our Condition is irrecoverable, if he should come to be

The Lord High Commissioner's Speech, &c. 113

be King. And therefore, Sir, I desire you would put the Question, upon a Motion that was made a little while since, That it is the Opinion of this Committee, that as long as the Papists have any Hopes of the Duke's succeeding to the Government of this Nation, that the King's Person, nor the Protestant Religion, nor the Government of this Nation cannot be secure.

The Lord Melvil's, King William's High Commissioner for Scotland, his Speech to the Parliament, April 15, 1690: Shewing the Benefit of the Revolution, desiring a Subsidie, and recommending Moderation.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

THIS Session of Parliament had been honoured with the Presence of my Royal Master, had not the great Weight of Affairs on his Hand, the meeting of the Parliament of *England*, and the designed Expedition into *Ireland*, deprived you of that Happiness and Satisfaction he really intended for you.

And tho' he still resolves, so soon as his important Affairs can allow him, to visit this his ancient Kingdom; yet such a Regard hath he, to what may be for the Satisfaction of his People, that he would no longer delay your meeting, for giving such a Settlement to this Nation, as may be a real Security to its most valuable Concerns of true Religion, and just Liberty.

Can you reflect upon the great Things that he, as the Instrument in the Hand of God, hath done for you? Can you think of those imminent Dangers, to which (when living in the greatest Honour, Plenty, and Peace) he did so magnanimously expose himself, for the rescuing you from the greatest of Evils; Popery and Slavery; and delivering you from the
Fears

Fears you were ready to sink under; and not cheerfully concur in doing all things that may be for the Satisfaction and Safety of your Deliverer, when linked so much with your own Interest?

I believe there are few true Protestants, and good Country Men, who would not give freely the half of their Estates, for so great a Blessing, were it yet to be purchased.

His Desires are confined unto, and regulated by your true Interest.

He demands a Subsidie, but it is only what is necessary for your Safety, the securing of what is dearest to you, and the Support of the Government: He hath spared no Expence hitherto, for your Protection; and it is but reasonable, he should now have your effectual Assistance; let it never be the Stain of our Nation, that the best of our Kings was the worst treated.

He refuseth nothing that can be justly demanded; his uncontroverted Rights are only valued by him, as they are useful for your Good and Security.

I am commanded by the King, (*My Lords and Gentlemen*) to tell you, that as he resolves to live and die in the sincere Profession of the true Protestant Religion; for the Maintenance whereof, he is again about to expose his Royal Person; so he is willing to concur with you, for the Settlement of Church and State, upon such solid Foundations as you need not again fear a Relapse into your former Evils:

He is ready to give his Royal Assent, to what in Justice can be proposed to him for securing Religion, Liberty and Property from all future Encroachments, and for redressing of other Grievances, and you cannot with Reason demand any thing, which he is not willing to grant.

His Majesty offers Redress to the Oppressed, Pardon and Peace to submitting Enemies, and Protection to all his good Subjects.

I am further impowered by his Majesty, to give his Royal Burroughs, such Encouragement and Redress in the Matter of Trade, and such Ease in Relation to the Proportion of their Burdens, as the Parliament shall think fit.

What then remains, but that you behave with such Zeal for the Good of your Country, as to its religious and civil Concerns, and the Honour of your Prince, as this Session of Parliament may have an Issue, which may be to the Satisfaction of both.

I should be injurious to you to doubt of this, or to think you need any Perswasions, to set about those things effectually, which are so much your own Concern.

You know the Eyes of those whom you represent, as also of your Neighbours, and even of your Enemies are upon you, expecting what may be the Result of your meeting; in which the King's Allies, as well as all his Subjects, and our Protestant Friends abroad are not a little concerned.

You need not, that I recommend to you the laying aside all Animosities, Piques and Quarrels, and shunning all Occasions of Contention, seeing this is so much your own Interest, and that these would be a great Retardment to the Work you have in Hand. I am hopeful that you will endeavour to evidence to the World, that it is not Private or Selfish Designs, but Zeal to God, and the true Religion, and Love to your King and Country which influence you.

I wish there may be many found amongst you in this Meeting, like those who represented the Tribe of *Issachar*, for settling the Kingdom in the Hands of *David*, Men who had Understanding of the Times, to know what *Israel* ought to do.

I hope you will not take it ill, that I mind you of that useful Precept of the Apostle, *Let your Moderation be known unto all Men*. For the Unfriends of our Nation have taken Occasion to reproach us more for the

the Vehemence of our Temper than any thing else.

As for myself, *My Lords and Gentlemen*, (whom his Majesty hath honoured with a Character far above my Ambition) I shall not say much, having no Design before my Eyes, but the publick Good, and what is clearly your own Interest.

I have no Apologies to make, as having been either an Actor in, or Complier with, what hath been grievous to you, or prejudicial to the Nation; I hope my Deportment and Sufferings the By-past Part of my Life, will (at least ought to) secure me from all Suspensions of being a Promoter of Arbitrary Power. And I am sure my Master whom I serve, is far from designing or desiring any such thing, whatever his or our Enemies may suggest.

I acknowledge that what Trust his Majesty hath been pleased to confer upon me, is above my Strength, but it shall be my Endeavour to supply my other Defects, by an intire Faithfulness to the King my Master, a sincere Respect to you, and a zealous Application for promoting of the true Religion and common Good of all.

A Speech for the Bill against Occasional Confor-
mity. By Sir J. P. Baronet,

Mr. Speaker,

HER Majesty has been pleas'd in all her Speeches, to give us so many Assurances of supporting the Church of *England* as by Law establish'd; and also such Instances of being punctual to her Promise in this Particular, that I think she very justly deserves the Title of, *Defender of the Faith*. Her Desire to see this Bill succeed the last Sessions of Parliament, was sufficiently shewn by the Prince of *Denmark's* constant Attendance upon it; and I believe the Reason why some Persons oppos'd it, was, because the Queen seem'd to espouse it. But

But pray, Gentlemen, let us consider, how this Bill came to be lost? Why two or three noble Lords were by Turns to be absent: The Miscarriage of the Bill was imputed to their Want of Attendance; when at the same time they were desired to be out of the Way. And is it not a Shame, that we, who have given fourscore Millions of Money for the Preservation of the Protestant Religion, should have Trimming at last in a Bill to prevent Hypocrisie?

It was a Law among the Athenians, that when any Mutiny or Difference arose in the City of *Athens*, the Inhabitants should take one side or other, or else they banish'd them the City; and truly, Sir, when Members of Parliament and Ministers of State stand Neuter, in Matters that nearly concern the Interest of the Church *England*, and have not Courage to own their Opinion, I think they very well deserve to be turn'd out. Every Gentleman here is sent up to give his Vote, and when he declines that, he can't be properly said to serve the Place he represents. This I take to be the worst sort of Cowardice.

But, pray Sir, let us enquire into the Meaning of all this Trimming. Are we afraid to disoblige a Party of Men, that are against the Church and Government? Whose Principle of Hatred and Malice to the Family of the *Stuarts* descends to them by Inheritance? Men, Sir, that offer'd open Violence to her Majesty's Royal Grandfather; Men that have not only the Impudence at this time to justify that Fact, but to turn the Day of his Murder into Ridicule, and keep a Calves Head-feast in the City. And can we imagin that those who are Enemies to her Majesty's Person and Office, and that were for hindering her from coming to the Throne, would not be glad of any Opportunity to shove her out of it.

Are

Are these the Men to be countenanc'd and encouraged? This, in plain English, makes me believe this Ministry has too great a Resemblance of the last; that my Lord S——d is risen from the Dead, and now become prime Minister of State.

And now I am upon this Subject, give me leave to tell some Gentlemen here, who have been bel-
lowing and roaring against Persons for taking Places in the late Reign, that it is a Reflection upon them to hold and continue their Places, in the Company of those that they have been exclaiming against.

They may remember, if they please to recollect, the Language of the late Reign—— *Sir, you must turn this Gentleman out, or else I can't serve you.* —— And if any Gentleman was in the Interest of the Church of *England*, 'twas a sufficient Exception against his being employ'd. No Gentleman of that Principle was then thought fit to be a Deputy-Lieutenant, or a Justice of the Peace. If we would take the same Resolution, and the same Spirit, things might be better manag'd than they are.

I did wonder to hear so many B——s against this Bill, but that Wonder ceas'd, when I considered whom they ow'd their Preferment to. The A. B——p of C——y, I think, was promoted to that See by my Lord S——d's Interest; and being ask'd what Reason he had against this Bill, replied, He had not well consider'd the Bill, but that my Lord S——rs told him it ought not to pass. —— This was a very weighty Reason for the Head of our C——h to give; and yet, I dare say, none of the rest of them could give a better. One would be provok'd by the late Behaviour of the B——s, to move for Leave to bring in a Bill for the Toleration of Ep——cy; for, since they are of the same Principles with the Dissenters, it is but just, I think, that they should stand on the same Foot.

Now,

Now, Sir, give me leave to answer some Objections made against this Bill. The first is, That it's unseasonable at this time. Why unseasonable? Is it not as seasonable for us to pass a Law for the further Defence of the Church of *England* here, as it was for *Scotland* to pass an Act last Session for the Security of their Kirk there? Why unseasonable? Does the Success of our Arms abroad, or the levying Money at home depend upon it? No Gentleman can say that either of them do; and since there can be no Objection made against the Goodness of the Bill, why should we defer the putting it in Execution?

Another Argument against this Bill is, That it will create Division. Are we to allow a Schism to avoid Division? The Dissenters hold it lawful to communicate sometimes, and if so, why unlawful to communicate at other times? But, Oh! the Fear of offending Dissenters, is to be urg'd as an Argument, and not provoking the Church of *England*: Either the Ministry must think we are so good Natur'd, as not to be displeas'd at any thing they do, or else that our Number is so inconsiderable, that they do not value it if we are displeased.

Another Argument against this Bill proceeds from the Number and Strength of the Dissenters. This I take to be an excellent Argument for the Bill, for if they are so strong and numerous, it is high time for us to guard our selves against them; and I appeal to every Gentleman here, whether one Dissenter in Place, is not capable of doing more Mischief to the Church of *England*, than ten out of it. Suppose, Mr. *Speaker*, the Dissenters had the Power in their Hands (as they will certainly in a short time, if not restrain'd) would they admit the Church of *England* into Places of Trust, and into the Legislature upon Occasional Conformity?

Her

Her Majesty has been so generous as to offer what further Security they think fit for the Religion in *Scotland*; how comes it, that some Gentlemen should represent her Majesty so much concern'd to preserve a Religion she is not of, and so unwilling to grant a Security for the Church in which she expects to be saved? According to this Method, one might expect the Scotch Covenant to be brought again into *England*, and that the Presbyterian Party of that Kingdom, should remonstrate (as they did to her Royal Grandfather) the Necessity of having one Religion, and one Worship in both Kingdoms.

We have been under great Expences in keeping these Gentlemen out, and have been traduced as Persons designing a French Government; and all the Return we are like to have for our Services and Sufferings, in our Purses and Reputations, is, that these Persons are like at last to become our Masters, which is a very great Discouragement.

Mr. Speaker, I take this Practice of Occasional Conformity, to elude the Force of one of the best Laws made in the Church of *England's* Defence, that it is scandalous and knavish in itself, and I will pretend to foretel this, that by the Benefit of this Occasional Conformity, the Dissenters will come to be the Majority of this House, and then I'll venture to pronounce the Days of the Church of *England* few. I may not see such dismal Effects of our pretended Moderation, I heartily wish Success to this Bill.

The

The Lord Haverham's Speech in the House of Lords, Thursday, Novemb. 3. 1704. on our Neglect of our Sea-Forces and Trade; on the Exportation of our Bullion; on the Protestant Succession, and Act of Security in Scotland, and the Arming the Heritors, &c.

My Lords,

I Am very sensible to what Censure he exposes himself, who Addresses your Lordships in such a Manner, at such a Time; but this being the only proper Place for me to mention what I have to offer of Complaint, I the more confidently hope your Lordships Forgiveness.

I would be far from detracting or lessening any Man's just Praise, and do really believe, that the wonderful Victory obtained over the French, under the Conduct and Command of Prince *Eugene*, and the Duke of *Mariborough*, if consider'd in all its Circumstances, especially the unusual Secrecy with which the Orders were executed, is the greatest any History can shew us.

And tho' our Success at Sea was not equal to what it was at Land, yet the English Courage and Bravery shew'd it self the same. I cannot, indeed, Congratulate Sir *George Rook*'s entire Victory over the French, but I can, and do most heartily, his safe Deliverance from them, and that, with a Fleet so unprovided, and so weaken'd by five or six Dutch Ships being call'd home a little before the Engagement, seems to me a considerable Piece of Service. To say more, would look like Flattery; and to say less, would be Unjust.

My Lords, The Navy of *England*, is its Glory and its Guard; 'tis that which should Protect our Trade, and Secure our Coasts. Your Lordships

were so sensible of this, that you recommended these two Heads to Her Majesty, in the two Addresses last Sessions, full of Respect, and yet very pressing; but we have been so far from receiving the Fruits we expected from your Lordships Care, that whoever will but take a View of what was done last Summer, will see our Coasts left naked, and our Trade exposed, *St. Paul* riding in the Channel, and our Merchants so far from being protected, that even our Men of War themselves are taken in our Soundings. And what sharpens our Misfortunes, is to see our Enemies making use of our own Ships against us, and to be provided with their very Naval Stores from us, as the Count *de Tholoufe's* Squadron was, if an Eye-witness thereof, now at the Door, may be believed.

My Lords, Let our Victories be what they will ashore, while *France* is thus powerful at Sea, and more so daily, not only by his new Additions, but by our too easie Concessions, as were those of *St. Christophers*, *Newfoundland*, and *Hudson's Bay*; while our Trade is thus neglected, and your Lordships faithful and provident Advice baffled, by the dark Counsels of no Body knows who, *England*, in my Opinion, can never be safe.

Another Thing, that I shall take notice of, is the present State of the Coin; and I dare venture to say, that if such vast Exportation be much longer continued and allowed, we shall have very little left at home; *France* may be beaten, but *England* must be beggar'd. I know we are not so sensible of this, because there is a Paper Money now currant; but, should there ever happen to be a stop there, I pray God preserve us from sinking all at once.

The last Thing that I shall mention to your Lordships, is with Relation to *Scotland*: I think I need but lay before your Lordships the true Matter

ter of Fact, to convince you how much it deserves your Consideration. A little before the last sitting down of the Parliament there, it was thought necessary to make some Alteration in that Ministry, and accordingly some were displaced to make room for others, taking some from each Party, who might influence the rest: Things being thus prepared, and a motly Ministry set up, the Parliament met about the 6th of *July* last, and tho' the Succession to the Crown in the Protestant Line was the main Thing recommended with the greatest Earnestness by the Queen in her Letter to them, yet was it so postpon'd and baffled, that at length it came to nothing, partly because the Ministry was so weak and divided, that instead of doing every Thing, they could do Nothing; and partly from a received Opinion, that the Succession it self was never Sincerely and Cordially intended, either by the Ministry there, or by those that managed the Scotch Affairs here.

This is evident; for at the very opening of the Session, my Lord Secretary himself distinguishes between a secret and revealed Will. And not only that, but upon the fourth Sederunt, (as they call it) a Motion was made for a Bill of Exclusion; I take it formally to be so, tho' it bears the Title of an Act of Security, which was read the first time on the seventh, and order'd to lye on the Table till they heard from *England*; and on the tenth it pass'd into a Law. Now can any reasonable Man believe, that those who promoted a Bill of Exclusion there, or those who here advis'd the passing of it, could ever be really and cordially for the English Succession? I know there is an Exception in the Act it self, but 'tis such an one as might have full as well been left out; for he that asks what he knows before will never be granted, asks the Denial: And yet this is not all, but in this very

Bill of Exclusion, as I call it, all the Heritors and Boroughs are not only Allowed, but Ordained (as the Word is) to be Armed, and to Exercise their Fenceable Men once every Month.

This being the Fact (and I think I have stated it very truly) surely, my Lords, it is what deserves your Consideration, and I shall make but one or two Observations to your Lordships. There are two Matters of all Troubles, much Discontent, and great Poverty, and who ever will now look into *Scotland* will find them both in that Kingdom. 'Tis certain the Nobility and Gentry of *Scotland* are as Learned and as Brave as any Nation in *Europe* can boast of; and these are generally discontented: And, as to the common People, they are very numerous, and very stout, but very poor: And who is that Man who can answer what such a Multitude, so Arm'd, so Disciplin'd, with such Leaders, may do, especially since Opportunities do so much alter Men from themselves? And there will never be wanting all the Promises, and all the Assistance, *France* can give.

Besides this, my Lords, I take it to be of the last Danger to *England*, that there should be the least Shadow or Pretence of a Necessity to keep up Regular and Standing Troops in this Kingdom in Time of Peace; for I shall always be of the same Opinion, That what has been, may be.

In short, my Lords, I think every Man wishes these Things had not been; and, in my Opinion, there is no Man but must say they should not have been. I shall end with an Advice of my Lord *Bacon's*, *Let Men*, says he, *beware how they neglect or suffer Matter of Troubles to be prepared, for no Man can forbid the Spark that may set all on fire.*

If any thing I have said deserves it, your Lordships will take it into your Consideration; if not, I'm sure I ought to ask a thousand Pardons for so long Abuse of your Patience.

The

The Lord Haverſham's Speech in the Houſe of Peers, Novemb. 15. 1705. on the March of our Army to the Moſelle; the Buſineſs of Overiſch; on our Trade; and for inviting over the Preſumptive Heir of the Crown to reſide among us.

My Lords,

IT may perhaps be expected, ſince I mov'd you about the State of the Nation, that I ſhould ſay ſomething to you upon this Occaſion: And tho' I never labour'd under more Difficulties than I do at preſent, yet being conſcious to my ſelf of a Heart as full of Loyalty and Duty to Her Maſteſty, and Zeal for Her Service, as is poſſible for any Subject to have; and knowing that the beſt Way of preſerving Liberty of Speech in Parliament, is to make uſe of it, I will mention three or four General Heads to your Lordſhips, and ſpeak to them with a great deal of Freedom and Plainneſs.

The firſt Thing I ſhall ſpeak to, is the preſent Confederate War, in which we are engag'd: And becauſe the beſt Way of Judging what we may reaſonably expect for the future, is to conſider the Actions that are paſſ'd, give me leave a little to your Lordſhips of the Operations of the laſt Campaign: I ſhall not ſay much of our Forcing the French Lines, and our Beating the French Troops afterwards, (tho' that was a very Great and Brave Action) but becauſe there was ſuch a Mixture of Victory and Miſfortune; and that this is ſuch a Chequer'd Piece, I purpoſely forbear taking further Notice of it.

But there were two other Actions, which I think take in your whole Campaign, the March of our Army to the *Moſelle*, and the Buſineſs of *Overiſch*:

In both which, give me leave to ſay, (not to give it a harder Term) I think we were not uſed as we might have reaſonably expected. Our General, with a great deal of Conduct, cover'd Prince *Lewis* of *Baden's* Army; nor can it be doubted he might eaſily have joined us if he had pleaſed, without the leaſt Danger from the French; which if he had done, by the beſt Account I could ever get, (and I think I have a very true one) we had been at leaſt five and twenty Thouſand ſtronger than the French there; but being diſappointed of being joined by Prince *Lewis*, and of the Aſſiſtance we expected from him, that great Deſign proved abortive.

The next was the Buſineſs of *Overiſch*, where by the Conduct of my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*, we had a fair Opportunity of putting an End to the War at once; The Dutch held our Hand, and would not let us give the Deciding Blow.

Thus ended your Campaign, tho' it began with more promiſing Hopes of Succeſs than this next I believe will: You had then an Enemy to deal with whoſe Counſels were diſtracted, whoſe Troops were broke, and the Courage of his Army ſunk.

From all this give me leave to conclude, That it is neither Men nor Money, Courage nor Conduct, that are the only Things neceſſary to carry on a ſucceſſful Confederate War.

Thoſe who command your Army are Men of that Bravery, and every common Soldier hath ſo much Courage, that no equal Number of Men in the World, I think, can ſtand before them; but let our Supplies be never ſo full and ſpeedy, let our Management be never ſo great and frugal, yet if it be our Miſfortune to have Allies that are as ſlow and backward, as We are zealous and forward, that hold our Hands, and ſuffer us not to take any Opportunity that offers, that are coming into the
Field

Field when we are going into Winter-Quarters, I cannot see what it is we are reasonably to expect.

The next Thing I shall take the liberty to speak to, is the Point of Trade: Every one sees our Merchants go off daily, and how low the Trade of this Nation at present is. I know, my Lords, there is a Word we are very fond of, which we call the Balance of Power, but the Dutch, who are a very wise People, have a double View, and take as much Care of the Balance of Trade, as they do of the Balance of Power; and are as fearful of our Power at Sea, as the Power of *France* by Land. My Lords, the best Knowledge of Things is by their Causes; 'tis Trade begets Wealth, as Wealth begets Power; and it seems very hard for *England*, that while the Dutch live at Peace under the Protection of our Arms, we, if we will have any part of Trade with them, must have it under the Protection of their Passes: But it will be yet much harder, if, after their having the Advantage of a Trading War, we should make a Tradeless Peace.

I know, my Lords, the Dutch generally complain they are very Poor; but give me leave to say, I cannot see how they have been out of Pocket one Shilling since this War, for they have more by Remittances, and Money from *England*, than all the Money that goes out of their Country to *Portugal*, *Savoy*, and the *German Princes*.

There is one Thing more which I take to be of the greatest Importance to us all, 'tis this I had chiefly in my Intention, and with which I shall conclude what I have to say.

But before I come to it, give me leave to take Notice of one Thing to your Lordships: My Lords, 'Tis the Happiness of *England*, and that which ever did, and ever will keep the greatest Ministers in Awe, That by the Law and Custom of Parliament,

the meanest Member of either House has an undoubted Right to Debate on any Subject, and to speak his Thoughts with all Freedom, without being liable to be call'd in Question by any Person whatever, till the Parliament it self hath first taken notice of them. This is grounded on the greatest Equity and Reason, because that which concerns all, should be debated by all: Nor is it possible for a Parliament to Debate, or come to a clear Resolution on any Question, or to give any Advice to Her Majesty, as they ought, without this Freedom. I have good Authority to justify what I say; Sir Robert Atkins tells us in his Treatise of the Power and Privilege of Parliaments, Fol. 54. of the Case of one Sir Thomas Haxey, in the Time of King Richard II. who having deliver'd a Petition to the King, with which he was displeased, the King sent to the Speaker, to know who it was that deliver'd that Petition; *By which* (says Sir Robert) *it is apparent the King cannot take notice of any thing done in Parliament, (he names the House of Commons) but as it is represented to him by the House it self.*

Having said this, give me leave to read to your Lordships a Paragraph of Her Majesty's Speech to her last Parliament last Year: *My Lords and Gentlemen, We have, by the Blessing of God, a fair Prospect of this great and desirable End, if we do not disappoint it by our own unreasonable Humour and Animosity, the fatal Effects of which we have so narrowly escaped in this Session, that it ought to be a sufficient Warning against any dangerous Experiments for the future.*

I shall not go about to shew the Grammatical Construction of these Words, but chuse rather to say, That as we enjoy many Blessings under Her Majesty's happy Government, so I hope we shall have this too, That Her Majesty will never give ear to any secret and private Information, but as it comes to her in a Parliamentary Way by the Houses themselves. The

The last Thing, my Lords, is that which I take to be of the greatest Concernment to us all, both Queen and People: I love always to speak very plain, and shall do so in this Point.

My Lords, I think there can be nothing more for the Safety of the Queen, for the Preservation of our Constitution, for the Security of the Church, and for the Advantage of Us all, than if the Presumptive Heir to the Crown, according to the Act of Settlement in the Protestant Line, should be here amongst us; 'tis very plain, that nothing can be more for the Security of any Throne, than to have a Number of Successors round about it, whose Interest is always to defend the Possessor from any Danger, and prevent any Attempt against him, and revenge any Injury done him. Is there any Man, my Lords, who doubts that if the Duke of *Glocester* had been now alive, Her Majesty had not been more secure than she is? We cannot think of that Misfortune without the greatest Grief, but yet we are not to neglect our own Safety; and tho' a Successor be not the Child of the Prince, yet is he the Child of the Queen and the People.

Besides, my Lords, the Heats and Differences which are among us, make it very necessary that we should have the Presumptive Heir residing here: The Duty and Respect we pay Her Majesty, and the Authority of the Law, can hardly keep us in Peace and Union amongst our selves at present; what then may we not fear, when these Bonds shall ever happen to be broken?

And would it not be a great Advantage to the Church, for the Presumptive Heir to be personally acquainted with the Reverend the Prelates? Nay, would it not be an Advantage to all *England*, that when ever the Successor comes over, he should not bring a Flood of Foreigners along with him, to eat up and devour the Good of the Land?

130 *The Lord Haversham's Vindication*

I will say no more to your Lordships, but conclude with this Motion :

That an humble Address be presented to her Majesty by this House, that her Majesty will be graciously pleased to invite the presumptive Heir to the Crown of *England*, according to the Acts of Parliament made for settling the Succession of the the Crown in the Protestant Line, into this Kingdom to reside here.

*The Lord Haversham's Vindication of his Speech
in Parliament, November 15th, 1705.*

THE Insults and scandalous Reflections that have been made upon me in several late Reviews, though they are beyond all President, yet should have been without any Notice, had the Author of those Papers been the only Person concern'd in them: but being convinced upon Enquiry from whence he has both his Encouragement and Instructions, and being unwilling to be thought guilty by Default, or that Silence on my part should go for Confession, or Railing on his part go for Reason, I choose rather to appeal from the malicious Insinuations and false Suggestions of those Papers to the candid and impartial Judgment of every unbiass'd Reader, than take those Advantages which his Rashness and Impudence, perhaps have given me.

I would not have it thought I am entering the Lists with such a mean and mercenary Prostitute as the Author of the Review: I know better the Regard due to the Peerage of *England* (tho' some have forgot it) than to lessen that or myself to such a Degree. But when a Person, my Equal (excepting a few accidental Ornaments and Advantages which I do not pretend to) who never yet would give me any Answer elsewhere, tho' more than once provoked

vok'd to it, has betaken himself to such unusual and unbecoming Methods; 'tis but Justice to my self to let him see, that as I court no Man's Favour, so I do not fear any Man's Power so much as to desert my own just Defence in a Complement.

I begin with the Reflections made upon my Person; and here it looks very unaccountable, how one that has pretended to so great Moderation, as the Author of the *Review*, should be carried so much above his avow'd Principle in a Matter he is so very little concern'd in. It must certainly be the Force of some irresistible Temptation, or the occult Quality and malign Influence of some ruling Star that warmed and transported this *State-mountain-bank*, when he wrote those Papers, to such a Degree above his pretended Moderation-temper, as to characterize a Person he had not the least Knowledge of, with as black Marks of Infamy as he could invent, or durst venture upon: As if for speaking my Mind with the Duty of a Subject, and the Freedom of an English Man, I became every thing that was not *Scandalum magnatum*.

What a Monster has one Speech made me! he says, 'Tis calculated and screw'd up to a Pitch of Malcontent and Chagrin; as if done on purpose to sour the Nation, and printed with an unpeaceable and mischievous Meaning; to be design'd to keep alive a malcontent Party, by a Mouth bent to Noise and Reflection, by a Person malign to the Settlement, in hopes to raise Grounds of Clamour, and as one who has a great many ill Ends; that it was spoke with Freedom that consists not any where with Duty, Allegiance, Truth, Sense or Respect; with Expectation to force a Fortune by railing at his Betters, reviling the Ruler of the People, and accusing the Innocent, to please and court a Party; spoken like Solomon's Fool, with his Eyes in the Ends of the Earth, proposing what is ridiculous and incongruous. calculated to revive the Heats and dying Quarrels in the Nation, and encourage

rage the Follies that mad Men make uſe of to ruin the Country in ſuch Caſes ; by a Perſon, whoſe fancied Reputation to them that did not know he had — it, might ſerve to push on the ſpecious Sham to an Extremity, and to biaſs honeſt ignorant People in his Favour, &c.

What a Number of Unaccountables (as he calls them) are here ! whence could he furniſh himſelf with ſuch an Expence of Scandal, or rake together ſuch a Load of Infamy ? But no Men charge ſo furiously as thoſe that are in Compact, and think themſelves Shot-free, by having their Charm and Protection about them. Being then thus unjuſtly attacked, not ſo much by this hackney Tool, whom I deſpiſe, as by a M—— in Maſcarade, I am compelled to ſay thoſe things for myſelf, which without ſuch Provocation, would look vain and boaiſting.

This ſcandalous Author (or whoever bid him ſay ſo) when he tells the World, that I have—— my Reputation, would have done well to have prov'd it by Inſtance. I have had the Honour to have been employ'd in ſome publick Stations, and entrusted by ſome of the Chief of his Party, at a time when they thought themſelves in no ſmall Danger, and when there was not ſo good an Underſtanding between us. I appeal to the Head of them, Whether, at his earneſt Deſire, I did not act the Gentleman-part, and ſerve him faithfully : And though afterwards I had the Miſfortune to fall under the Diſpleaſure of a Houſe of Commons, 'tis as well known as they are, it was for interpoſing between them and Danger, for too vigorously eſpouſing their Cauſe : And could never have imagined the ſame Way of Proceeding in falling upon ſome and leaving others who were equally concern'd in the ſame Facts (which I always did, and ever ſhall think very partial) ſhould be look'd upon as unjuſt, when it was ſome Mens own Caſe, and quite otherwiſe, when it was the E—— of N——m in the Buſineſs of the

the Sc——h P——t. It was my differing from some Men in this Affair, that I believe was my Original Sin; which is never to be forgiven, because it never will be repented of. But what, tho' I am so unfortunate as to differ in some things from those, who, in my Opinion, sometimes differ from themselves: I might, notwithstanding, both in Justice and Gratitude, have expected better Usage, than to be marked and singled out, like a blown Deer to be run down the *shortest Way* by such a fowl-mouth'd Mungrel? If I have not deserved such a Return, (as by their own Acknowledgments I can shew I have not) those that serve them better hereafter, may expect, if possible, to be used worse.

The Maxim is as known as ancient, 'Tis the Office shews the Man: Let an Instance then of any one single Act of Partiality, Oppression, Corruption or Injustice, during my being in any publick Station be charged upon me, I appeal to the Sea-officers, and every common Seaman that knew me, whilst I was in the Admiralty. I made no After-advantage by serviag any body in the Commission of Accounts, nor was I trusted with any Secrets, tho' I could not sit there without making Remarks as well as others; nor did I ever contrive any Clauses for the Advantage of the publick Service, whilst out of the Ministry, which I forgot when I once got in.

Had I ever been suspected of holding Intelligence with St. *Germain's*, or the French King, had my Name been ever used in any French or Scotch Plots, or mentioned in the Confession of any dying Man, had I, being an English Man, advised the Queen to pass the Act of Security in *Scotland*, or the removing or laying aside any of the great Scotch Lords, whilst they were promoting and endeavouring to bring the Succession to bear the two last Sessions of the Scotch Parliament; or had I before that, upon the presumptive Confidence of my own better Judgment, with-

without communicating the Matter to any other Perſon, ſingly adviſed the paſſing the Act of Peace and War in *Scotland*, and endeavoured to ſhelter my ſelf from that Imputation, by perſwading the World that others, who knew nothing of it, were as much concern'd in that Adviſe as myſelf: Theſe might have been ſome tolerable Grounds to have juſtified the Pamphleteer's Reflections. But to ſpeak inconſiſtently with Duty, Allegiance, Truth, Senſe or Reſpect, before ſuch Pretence, and not be in the Tower; and if I did not, that the Pamphleteer ſhould not be ſome where elſe, may ſeem as ſtrange too as the railing at my Betters, and reviling my Ruler, would be to force a Fortune, by courting a Party, who at preſent are ſo far from having it in their Power to oblige any body by their Intereſt, that 'tis look'd upon by ſome as a Crime to have the Honour of ſo much as the leaſt Acquaintance with them. But this Author who writes for Bread, and lives by Defamation, thinks thoſe, I perceive, who are known to be under no Inducement of Neceſſity, govern themſelves by his baſe and mercenary Principles.

'Tis very wonderful, after all, that a Propoſal for inviting over the preſumptive Heir to the Crown, ſhould expoſe a Man to all this virulent Fury: That a Perſon only for mentioning it, ſhould be called by the Names of Mr. *Politicus*, *Speaking Trumpet*, *Grating Saw*, &c. Whoever have read *Great Britain's Union*, and the Security of the *Hannover* Succeſſion conſidered, will find that Matter was thought on many Months before the Paper called *Mercurius Politicus*, ever appear'd. And though the Reviewer is very free in calling this a ridiculous Propoſal, incongruous and inconſiſtent with the general Good; yet, perhaps, this very Perſon would not have been ſo very confident, had he ſeen (as I have) the Extract of the Princeſs *Sophia's* Answer, dated *November 3.*

1705, to the Archbishop of Canterbury's Letter; in which are these Words, viz. *I am ready and willing to comply with whatever can be desired of me by my Friends, in Case that the Parliament think that it is for the Good of the Kingdom to invite me into England.* Some Men reading this, I doubt not, will think again. If we only considered what that Proposal has produced, it might deserve (one would think) better Language: We have had several Acts of Parliament relating to the Security of the Succession look'd into since, and their Defects cured; by which it appears, that the Succession was not so safe as was generally imagin'd: A Bill for Naturalizing the Princess of *Sophia* and her Issue, and another to establish a Regency (in Case of the Queen's Demise) sent down to the House of Commons, which those that framed and consented to, thought, no doubt, a Security to the Succession: And yet there was not the least Appearance of the Succession's being so much as thought of in Parliament, when this Proposal was made: So that not to enter into the Consideration, how far these Expedients will be a Security, if they prove, as they are thought, great Ones; he that gave the Occasion and Rise to them, sure only for that, cannot deserve to be thus treated.

But I fear there are other Reasons that have raised some Persons Spleen; some, perhaps, are angry to have heard it said where it was, *That there was so great a Favourite as the Duke of Buckingham, in King James I. his Time, who (as the Spanish Ambassador told his Majesty) had besieged him, had enclosed him with his own Vassals and Servants, and would suffer no one else to have his Majesty's Ear, or so much as come near his Presence:* And yet that great Man never had half that Power and Favour, that we see some Persons now possessed of.

They care not to hear Taxes laid upon all Court-preferments, or of Persons being so fat with Favour
and

and great Offices, as make them insensible of the pressing Necessity a great Part of the Nation labours under.

Others do not like it should be said, *That whenever there is a Dispute between a Parliament and a Minister, either the Minister will be too hard for the Parliament, and there's an End of your Constitution; or the Parliament will be too hard for your Minister, and there's an End of your Minister.*

But for the Author of the *Review*, 'tis impossible he should ever be hearty for inviting the Princess of *Hannover* hither, even from the very Foot he puts it; for if the presumptive Heir ought not to be invited hither, (as he says) till the Press is restrained by Law, that virulent Lampoons, Memorials, and the like, may not swarm every Day in the Streets; one in his Circumstances would soon be reduced to a starving Condition.

I should have said no more on this last Head, having formerly, more than once, given the World an Account, not only of the Security to the Constitution, but of the Advantages the Nation would have by their presumptive Heir to the Crown residing here: Were it not for some very extravagant and dangerous Expressions of this Pamphleteer, (which one would wonder should not have been taken Notice of before now in another manner) he says, *He cannot foresee the Security of the Queen from the Heirs being at her Elbow*: And for Fear these dark Terms should not be truly understood, but lie hid, as he calls it, like the Poyson of Asps under the Tongue; in another Place, *Rev. Numb. 115. Page 460.*) he spits the Venom out, and tells the World plainly, — “Such is the Corruption of Mankind, “and the general Depravation has spread to such a “Height; Nature has receiv'd such a universal “Taint, that Jealousies have spread into the nearest Relations; Fathers have been jealous of their
own

“ own Children; and we have some Instances even
 “ of Men murdering their own Flesh and Blood on
 “ these Accounts, besides what we find among the
 “ Turks. — And if I should instance very near
 “ home, I have such Authority on my side as few
 “ People question.

This is such a groundless two-edged Scandal, and published at such a Conjunction, that no Man, I think, can read without Abhorrence.

The next Thing I am charg'd with, is, *a height-
 ning the Miscarriages of the War, rendring our Allies
 suspected, and loading the Dutch and Imperialists, as if
 they had betray'd and abandon'd us.*

But the very stating Matter of Fact is enough to wipe off this Scandal. There were two great Attempts design'd (besides the passing the French Lines) this last Campaign worthy the Conduct of our General, viz. That on the *Moselle*, and that at *Overisch*; had either of which succeeded, it had soon put an end to this chargeable War; and that they did not succeed, is known to every body: I would then ask any Man, To whom are these two Disappointments to be imputed? The Answer to this Question, I doubt not, would clear me from all the malicious Insinuations of this insolent Scribbler. Is it possible for any Man to imagin the D. of *M.* would have march'd the grand Army some hundred Miles, upon a Design he knew he was not strong enough to put in execution, without the Assistance of Prince *Lewis* of *Baden's* Army, which he must have depended upon? Can any Man think, that Matter was not first concerted? And if so, whence was it, that when the D. of *M.* had covered that Prince from the French, he was not join'd by him, as was expected? By which Conjunction *Saar Louis*, which the French left uncover'd, had fall'n into our Hands, and a free and easie Passage open'd into *France*; and for want of which, a very

promising Design was totally defeated; (and as the *Reviewer* confesses) our Affairs had a bad Aspect at the unhappy Baulk at the *Moselle*.

Again, In the Business of *Overisch*, did not the Dutch Deputies march near three Days in Company with the D. of *M.* and in all that time did they ever make any Exception against the Design? Yet, when it came to be put in execution, when a fair Opportunity offer'd, and Victory in a manner courted us, there not being half the Danger and Difficulty there, as at *Blenheim*; Could any Arguments persuade them to consent to venture a Battle? Have not the Letters of the D. of *M.* and Monsieur *A—k—que* been made publick? And was there not a Book, call'd, *The D—b Politicks Examind*, &c. — Printed before the Parliament met, that carries this Matter much higher than ever I did, which I never yet heard was answer'd? And must I only not be allow'd to speak of such Things without lying under the Lash of a scandalous Pen, and look'd upon as an Enemy to the Confederates? But the most wonderful part of all this is, that those Persons, who before were so full of these Matters, that they could scarce forbear shewing their Resentment of the Usage the D. of *M.* met with, have ever since this was mention'd by me, made it their Business to give it a quite different Turn. However, let this Snarler, or those who employ him, be as angry as they please; when I read the joint Address of both Houses of Parliament, (which he might have been more ingenious than to have mangl'd as he has done) and read how earnestly they intreat Her Majesty, *By all proper Means to excite the whole Confederacy to make early and effectual Preparations, and to exert their utmost Vigour in the Prosecution of the War against France*; I must be of Opinion, that they had very good Grounds for what they did, which sufficiently justifies me.

There

There is one Thing more, which is so very ridiculous, 'tis scarce worth notice, *viz.* how this learned Critick labours, and is put to it, to bring the Business of *Barcelona* within the Construction of what I said. 'Tis so common a Rule, that Words are to be understood according to their Subject-matter, there is scarce a School-boy who does not know it: And from the beginning to the end of that Speech, there is not the least Intimation or Glance of any thing done in *Spain*. But 'tis all one to him whether that be so or not, he never considers the Grammatical Construction of Words; but, right or wrong, the World is to be told, That I throw black Scandals upon and contradict my Lord P——h, the King of Spain's Letter, the Queen's Speech, &c. and prevaricate the Fact, that the Paper is a Libel, and deserves to be burnt by the Hangman.

Thus he has drest up a Man of Straw of his own, and then lays about him most unmercifully; he might as well have brought in the Czar of *Muscovy*, and the King of *Sweden*'s Wars within the Compass of these Words, *Thus ended the Campaign*, as our Operations in *Catalonia*. I could not look towards *Barcelona* and forget *Portugal*, from whence I have seen a Letter giving an Account how *Monsieur Fagel*, at the Head of 20000 Men, very quietly let the *Mareschal de Thesse*, with 8000 Men, (which he might have easily cut in pieces) march within Pistol-shot of him, and relieve the Town of *Badajox*, and how kindly he was received at home upon his return, is well known.

I shall say no more at present, but leave it to the Judgment of any indifferent and impartial Reader, how far by that Speech I have push'd on any specious Sham to byass the ignorant and honest People in my Favour, or how far I have been treated, as any Man might expect.

In short, tho' no Man rejoyces more in our Successes every-where than my self, yet I cannot but

remember, that it often happens in War as in Races, where sometimes those that win a Heat may lose the Plate; which I heartily wish may never be our Case.

And as for those who set this Person at Work, however they have made a Shift, thinking to keep up their Reputation with some, which they have lost with others, yet they are so well known, that they are not to be long trusted by either, and whenever it shall happen, they have nothing but their own Merit and Interest to support them, I doubt not but they will find their own Reputation as low in the World as they endeavour to make that of others: And, in the mean time, their present Fears, Unsteadiness, and Mistrust, of every Body, make them not only very uneasie to themselves, but the very Contempt and Property of those they depend on.

There are two other Points, which the Limits of this Paper will but just give me leave to mention, *viz. Liberty of Speech in Parliament, and the present State of Affairs in Holland with relation to Trade, and the Expence of the present War*: As to the first of these, I should think my self *Felo-de-se*, should I go to dispute it: And for the second, It were very easie for me to show the Advantages the Dutch have over us at this time in the Point of Commerce. And whenever a just Account is given of what Remittances, Bullion, and Money in Specie, have been sent to *Holland* since this War, (which I would be very glad to see) that Matter, I am confident, will appear, as evident as that the Species of our Coin lessens daily, whilst that of the Dutch encreases. But it would be very well for *England*, if no just Occasions were given to take further Notice of this Matter.

*The Lord Haversham's Speech, Saturday, Feb.
15. 1707. for a Federal, and against an In-
corporating Union.*

My Lords,

WHat my noble Lord has mention'd to your Lordships, occasions my standing up; I find my self under the same Difficulties; I have several Things to say to this Matter of the Union to your Lordships, and 'tis very indifferent to me when I offer them. I have a Right of speaking my Thoughts, and entring my Protest too, to any thing I dislike, and I shall certainly find some time to do so before this Matter can pass into a Law. I am in your Lordships Judgment, Whether you will allow me to speak what I have to say now.

My Lords, With what Disposition I come hither, I hope may be evidenc'd by the Motion I made your Lordships last Year, for Repealing certain Clauses that were grievous to *Scotland*. I would do any thing that were for the Benefit and Good of both Nations.

These Articles come to your Lordships with the greatest Countenance of Authority, that I think it's possible any thing can come; your Commissioners have agreed to them; the Scots Parliament has, with some few Amendments, ratify'd them; and the Queen herself from the Throne approves of them; and yet you must give me leave to say, That Authority, tho' it be the strongest Motive to incline the Will, is the weakest Argument in all the World to convince the Understanding. 'Tis the Argument the Church of *Rome* makes use of, for their superstitious Worship, where there are ten *Ave-maries* to one *Pater-noster*; just as unreasonable, as if ten times the Application and Ad-

dress were made to a She-Favourite, as to the Person of the Sovereign, which is a kind of State-Idolatry.

I would not, my Lords, be misunderstood as if I were against a Union. A Federal Union, a Union of Interest, a Union in Succession, is what I shall always be for. Nay, were it whether a People inhabiting the same Island, speaking the same Language, and having the same Religion, should be under one and the same Form of Policy and Government, I cannot see how any Man could be against it; but this is a Matter of a quite different Nature; it is, whether two Nations, independant in their Sovereignties, that have their distinct Laws and Interests, and, what I cannot forget, their different Forms of Worship, Church Government and Order, shall be united into one Kingdom.

A Union made up, in my Opinion, of so many mismatch'd Pieces, of such jarring incongruous Ingredients, that, should it ever take effect, I fear it would carry the necessary Consequence of a standing Power and Force, to keep us from falling asunder, and breaking in pieces every Moment: For, as my Lord *Bacon* well observes, (who I take to have been a very great Man, though sometimes the Courtier got the better of the Philosopher:) *A Unity, says he, that is piec'd up by a direct Admission of Contraries in the Fundamental Points of it, is like the Toes of Nebuchadnezzar's Image, which were made of Iron and Clay, they may cleave together, but can never incorporate.*

Another Reason why I am against an Incorporating Union, is for the Sake of the good old English Constitution, justly allow'd to be the most equal and best poiz'd Government in all the World; the peculiar Excellency of which lies in that well-proportion'd Distribution of Powers, whereby the Greatness of the Monarch, and the Safety of the People,

People, are at once provided for; and it is a Maxim in all Policy, That the surest Way to preserve any Government, is by a strict Adherence to its Principles: So that whilst this Balance of Powers is kept equal, the Constitution is safe; but who can answer what Alteration so great a Weight, as sixty one Scots Members, and those too return'd by a Scots Privy-Council, when thrown into the Balance, may make?

Besides, my Lords, I must own I am apprehensive of the Precedent, and know not how far it may be carried hereafter, or what Alteration future Parliaments may think fit to make; it is evident, by the two and twentieth Article, that above a hundred Scots Peers, and as many Commoners, are excluded from Sitting and Voting in the British Parliament; who perhaps as little thought of being so a Year or two ago, as any of your Lordships do now; for they had as much Right by Inheritance of sitting there, as any one Lord in this House has of sitting here; and that Right too as well and as strongly fenc'd and secur'd to them by the Fundamental Laws of their Kingdom, by Claim of Right and Act of Parliament, which made it Treason to make any Alteration in the Constitution of that Kingdom; and yet have they not lost this Privilege? And what one Security has any Peer of *England*, by the Laws of this Land, to his Right and Privilege of Peerage, that those Lords had not? My Lords, the Bishops, have once been Voted out of this House by the Temporal Lords already, and who knows what Question may come hereafter. I will venture my Life in Defence of the Church of *England*, and yet at the same time own my self an Occasional Conformist. But if my Lords, the Bishops, will weaken their own Cause so far as to give up the two great Points of Episcopal Ordination and Confirmation, if they will Ap-

prove and Ratifie the Act for securing the Presbyterian Church-Government in *Scotland*, as the true Protestant Religion and Purity of Worship, they give up that which has been contended for between them and the Presbyterians this thirty Years; and which I will undertake to prove to my Lords the Bishops, has been defended by the greatest and learned'st Men in the Church of *England*. I hope, when 'tis proper, my Lords will please to give some Light to one who desires Instruction, that I may not ignorantly do any thing to their Prejudice in this Matter.

There is another Reason why I am against this Union, because I cannot think it an intire Union; the exempted Articles, I mean the twentieth Article, whereby heritable Offices and Superiorities are reserv'd. And also the one and twentieth; both which *Oliver*, by an Act of State, was so wise as to abolish. Especially their Act for securing their Presbyterian Church-Government, and General Assemblies, seem to me like those little Clouds in a warm calm Summer's Day, that are generally the Seeds and Attractives of approaching Tempests and Thunder. I the rather take notice of these, because tho' the Articles of Union are ratified by the Scotch Parliament, yet the Bulk and Body of that Nation seem to be against them. Have not the Murmurs of the People there been so loud as to fill the whole Nation? and so bold too, as to reach even to the Doors of the Parliament? Has not the Parliament it self thought fit to suspend their beloved Clause in their Act of Security, for arming their People during the Session? Nay, has not the Government, by Advice of Parliament, set out a Proclamation, which I have here in my Hand, pardoning all Slaughter, Bloodshed, Maiming, &c. that is committed upon any who are found in any Tumults there, and discharging all Prosecution

secution for the future? I do not mention this to find fault with any thing that is done in *Scotland*, but only to show to your Lordships, that when such an unusual Proclamation as this is set out by Advice of Parliament, and cannot stay the Forms of a Law, when we know, that upon extraordinary Occasion, if it be but to grace a Complement, a Bill may be read three times in one Day: Sure, my Lords, it shews a very great Ferment that requires so very speedy an Application. After all, Has not what we desire, I mean their being upon the same Foot of Succession with us, been offer'd without this Union? In short, my Lords, I think an Incorporating Union one of the most dangerous Experiments to both Nations; in which, if we happen to be mistaken, however we may think of curing things hereafter, the Error is irretrievable.

My Lords, This is the last time that I believe I shall ever trouble your Lordships in an English Parliament, give me leave therefore to say but one Word.

In King *Charles* the First's Time, the Cavaliers were the Persons that ventured their Lives, and lost their Estates to serve him. And in King *Charles* the Second's Time, they were forgot, and left starving. At the Restoration, the Presbyterians were as zealous for that as any Men whatever, and none were more persecuted all his Reign. Towards the latter end of that Reign, the Bishops threw out the Bill of Exclusion, and King *James* put them into the Tower. At the Revolution, the *Londonderry*-Men, &c. were the Persons that made the first and noble Stop to King *James* in *Ireland*; and I my self have fed some of them at my own Table, when they were starving, with the greatest Commendations and Promises in their Pockets; which I have seen under King *William's* own Hand.

Hand. In the last Reign, every Body knows who they were that made their most constant Court at *St. James's*, and we see what Favour they are in at present.

Now there is a great deal of Zeal for this Union, I wish from my Soul, that the Advantages may attend it of Tranquility and Security, Power, Peace, and Plenty, as is intended by it; but yet it is possible Men may be mistaken, I won't say they will ever repent of it; but I will take leave to say what I have formerly said in this Place, *That what has been, may be.*

The Lord Beilhaven's Speech in the Scotch Parliament, Saturday the second of November, on the Subject-matter of an Union betwixt the two Kingdoms of Scotland and England.

My Lord Chancellor,

WHen I consider this Affair of an Union betwixt the two Nations, as it is express'd in the several Articles thereof, and now the Subject of our Deliberation at this time; I find my Mind crowded with variety of very melancholy Thoughts, and I think it my Duty to disburden my self of some of them, by laying them before, and exposing them to the serious Consideration of this Honourable House.

I think, I see a Free and Independent Kingdom delivering up that which all the World hath been fighting for since the Days of *Nimrod*; yea, that for which most of all the Empires, Kingdoms, States, Principalities and Dukedoms of *Europe*, are at this very time engaged in the most bloody and cruel Wars that ever were; to wit, A Power to manage their own Affairs by themselves, without the Assistance and Counsel of any other.

I think, I see a National Church, founded upon a Rock, secured by a Claim of Right, hedged and fenced about by the strictest and pointed'st legal Sanction that Sovereignty could contrive, voluntarily descending into a Plain, upon an equal Level with Jews, Papists, Socinians, Arminians, Anabaptists, and other Sectaries, &c.

I think I see the Noble and Honourable Peerage of Scotland, whose valiant Predecessors led Armies against their Enemies upon their own proper Charges and Expences, now divested of their Followers and Vassalages, and put upon such an equal Foot with their Vassals, that I think I see a petty English Exciseman receive more Homage and Respect, than what was paid formerly to their *quondam* Mac-kallamors.

I think I see the present Peers of Scotland, whose noble Ancestors conquered Provinces, over-run Countries, reduc'd and subjected Towns and fortify'd Places, exacted Tribute through the greatest part of England, now walking in the Court of Requests, like so many English Attornies, laying aside their walking Swords when in Company with the English Peers, lest their Self-defence should be found Murder.

I think I see the Honourable Estate of Barons, the bold Asserters of the Nation's Rights and Liberties in the worst of Times, now setting a Watch upon their Lips, and a Guard upon their Tongues, lest they be found guilty of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

I think I see the Royal State of Burroughs walking their desolate Streets, hanging down their Heads under Disappointments; wormed out of all the Branches of their old Trade, uncertain what Hand to turn to, necessitate to become 'Prentices to their unkind Neighbours; and yet after all, finding their Trade so fortified by Companies, and secur'd

secur'd by Prescriptions, that they despair of any Success therein.

I think I see our Learned Judges laying aside their Practiques and Decisions, studying the Common Law of *England*, gravell'd with *Certioraries*, *Nisi prius's*, Writs of Error, Verdicts *indovar*, *Ejectione firme*, Injunctions, Demurers, &c. and frightened with Appeals and Avocations, because of the new Regulations and Rectifications they may meet with.

I think I see the valiant and gallant Soldiery either sent to learn the Plantation-Trade abroad; or at home petitioning for a small Subsistence, as the Reward of their honourable Exploits, while their old Corps are broken, the common Soldiers left to beg, and the youngest English Corps kept standing.

I think I see the honest industrious Tradesman loaded with new Taxes, and Impositions, disappointed of the Equivalents, drinking Water in place of Ale, eating his saltless Pottage, petitioning for Encouragement to his Manufacturies, and answered by counter Petitions.

In short, I think I see the laborious Ploughman, with his Corn spoiling upon his Hands, for want of Sale, cursing the Day of his Birth, dreading the Expence of his Burial, and uncertain whether to marry or do worse.

I think I see the incurable Difficulties of the Landed-Men, fetter'd under the Golden Chain of Equivalents, their pretty Daughters petitioning for want of Husbands, and their Sons for want of Employments.

I think I see our Mariners delivering up their Ships to their Dutch Partners; and what through Presses and Necessity, earning their Bread as Underlings in the Royal English Navy.

But above all, my Lord, I think I see our ancient Mother *Caledonia*, like *Cesar*, sitting in the
midst

midst of our Senate, rufully looking round about her, covering herself with her Royal Garment, attending the Fatal Blow, and breathing out her last with a *Et tu quoque mi fili.*

Are not these, my Lord, very afflicting Thoughts? And yet they are but the least part suggested to me by these dishonourable Articles; should not the Consideration of these Things vivifie these dry Bones of ours? Should not the Memory of our Noble Predecessors Valour and Constancy rouse up our drooping Spirits? Are our Noble Predecessors Souls got so far into the English Cabbage-Stock and Colliflowers, that we should shew the least Inclination that way? Are our Eyes so blinded? Are our Ears so deafned? Are our Hearts so hardned? Are our Tongues so faltered? Are our Hands so fettered, That in this our Day, I say, my Lord, That in this our Day, we should not mind the Things that concern the very Being and Well-being of our ancient Kingdom, *before the Day be hid from our Eyes?*

No, my Lord, God forbid; Man's Extremity is God's Opportunity: *He is a present Help in time of Need, and a Deliverer, and that right early.* Some unforeseen Providence will fall out, that may cast the Balance; some *Joseph* or other will say, *Why do ye strive together, since you are Brethren?* None can destroy Scotland, save Scotland's self; Hold your Hands from the Pen, you are secure. Some *Juda* or other will say, *Let not our Hands be upon the Lad, he is our Brother:* There will be a *Jehovah-Fire*, and some *Ram* will be caught in the Thicket, when the bloody Knife is at our Mother's Throat: Let us up then, my Lord, and let our Noble Patriots behave themselves like Men, and we know not how soon a Blessing may come.

My Lord, I wish from my Heart, that this my Vision prove not as true, as my Reasons for it are
pro-

probable; I design not at this time to enter into the Merits of any one particular Article; I intend this Discourse, as an Introduction to what I may afterwards say upon the whole Debate, as it falls in before this Honourable House; and therefore, in the farther Prosecution of what I have to say, I shall insist upon some few Particulars, very necessary to be understood, before we enter into the Detail of so important a Matter.

I shall therefore, in the first place, endeavour to encourage a free and full Deliberation, without Animosities and Heats: In the next place, I shall endeavour to make an Enquiry into the Nature and Source of the unnatural and dangerous Divisions that are now on foot within this Isle, with some Motives, shewing, that it is our Interest to lay them aside at this time: Then I shall enquire into the Reasons which have induced the two Nations to enter into a Treaty of Union at this time, with some Considerations and Meditations, with Relation to the Behaviour of the Lords Commissioners of the two Kingdoms, in the Management of this great Concern. And lastly, I shall propose a Method, by which we shall most distinctly, and without Confusion, go through the several Articles of this Treaty, without unnecessary Repetitions or loss of time. And all this with all Deference, and under the Correction of this Honourable House.

My Lord Chancellor, The greatest Honour that was done unto a Roman, was to allow him the Glory of a Triumph; the greatest and most dishonourable Punishment, was that of Paricide: He that was guilty of Paricide, was beaten with Rods upon his naked Body, till the Blood gush'd out of all the Veins of his Body; then he was sow'd up in a Leathern Sack, call'd a *Culeus*, with a Cock, a Viper, and an Ape, and thrown headlong into the Sea.

My

My Lord, Patricide is a greater Crime than Parricide, all the World over.

In a Triumph, my Lord, when the Conqueror was riding in his triumphal Chariot, crowned with Lawrels, adorned with Trophies, and applauded with Huzza's, there was a *Monitor* appointed to stand behind him, to warn him, Not to be High-minded, nor puffed up with overweening Thoughts of himself; and to his Chariot were tied a Whip and a Bell, to mind him, That for all his Glory and Grandeur, he was accountable to the People for his Administration, and would be punished as other Men, if found guilty.

The greatest Honour amongst us, my Lord, is to represent the Sovereign's Sacred Person in Parliament; and in one Particular it appears to be greater than that of a Triumph; because the whole Legislative Power seems to be wholly intrusted with him: If he give the Royal Assent to an Act of the Estates, it becomes a Law obligatory upon the Subject, tho' contrary or without any Instructions from the Sovereign: If he refuse the Royal Assent to a Vote in Parliament, it cannot be a Law, tho' he has the Sovereign's particular and positive Instructions for it.

His Grace the Duke of *Queensberry*, who now represents Her Majesty in this Session of Parliament, hath had the Honour of that Great Trust, as often, if not more, than any Scotsman ever had: He hath been the Favourite of two successive Sovereigns; and I cannot but commend his Constancy and Perseverance, that notwithstanding his former Difficulties and unsuccessful Attempts, and maugre some other Specialities not yet determin'd, that his Grace has yet had the Resolution to undertake the most unpopular Measures last. If his Grace succeed in this Affair of an Union, and that it prove for the Happiness and Welfare of the Nation, then he justly merits to have a Statue of Gold

Gold erected for himself; but if it shall tend to the intire Destruction and Abolition of our Nation; and that we the Nation's Trustees shall go into it; then I must say, That a Whip and a Bell, a Cock, a Viper, and an Ape, are but too small Punishments for any such bold unnatural Undertaking and Complaisance.

That I may pave a Way, my Lord, to a full, calm, and free Reasoning upon this Affair, which is of the last Consequence unto this Nation; I shall mind this Honourable House, that we are the Successors of our Noble Predecessors, who founded our Monarchy, framed our Laws, amended, altered, and corrected them from time to time, as the Affairs and Circumstances of the Nation did require, without the Assistance or Advice of any foreign Power or Potentate, and who, during the time of 2000 Years, have handed them down to us a free independant Nation, with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes: Shall not we then argue for that, which our Progenitors have purchased for us at so dear a Rate, and with so much immortal Honour and Glory? God forbid. Shall the Hazard of a Father unbind the Ligaments of a dumb Son's Tongue; and shall we hold our Peace, when our *Patria* is in danger? I speak this, my Lord, that I may encourage every individual Member of this House, to speak their Mind freely. There are many wise and prudent Men amongst us, who think it not worth their while to open their Mouths; there are others, who can speak very well, and to good purpose, who shelter themselves under the shameful Cloak of Silence, from a Fear of the Frowns of great Men and Parties. I have observed, my Lord, by my Experience, the greatest number of Speakers in the most trivial Affairs; and it will always prove so, while we come not to the right understanding of our Oath *de Fideli*, whereby we

are

are bound not only to give our Vote, but our faithful Advice in Parliament, as we should answer to God; and, in our ancient Laws, the Representatives of the Honourable Barons, and the Royal Burroughs are termed Spokesmen. It lyes upon your Lordships therefore particularly to take notice of such, whose Modesty makes them bashful to speak. Therefore I shall leave it upon you, and conclude this Point with a very memorable Saying of an honest private Gentleman to a great Queen, upon occasion of a State-Project, contrived by an able Statesman, and the Favourite to a great King, against a peaceable obedient People, because of the Diversity of their Laws and Constitutions: *If at this time thou hold thy Peace, Salvation shall come to the People from another Place, but thou and thy House shall perish.* I leave the Application to each particular Member of this House.

My Lord, I come now to consider our Divisions. We are under the happy Reign (blessed be God) of the best of Queens, who has no evil Design against the meanest of her Subjects, who loves all her People, and is equally beloved by them again; and yet, that under the happy Influence of our most excellent Queen, there should be such Divisions and Factions, more dangerous and threatening to her Dominions, than if we were under an Arbitrary Government, is most strange and unaccountable. Under an Arbitrary Prince, all are willing to serve, because all are under a Necessity to obey, whether they will or not. He chuses therefore whom he will, without respect to either Parties or Factions; and if he think fit to take the Advices of his Councils or Parliaments, every Man speaks his Mind freely, and the Prince receives the faithful Advice of his People without the mixture of Self-designs: if he prove a good Prince, the Government is easie; if bad, either Death or a Revolution

brings a Deliverance. Whereas here, my Lord, there appears no end of our Misery, if not prevented in time; Factions are now become independent, and have got footing in Councils, in Parliaments, in Treaties, in Armies, in Incorporations, in Families, among Kindred, yea, Man and Wife are not free from their political Jars.

It remains therefore, my Lord, that I enquire into the Nature of these Things; and since the Names give us not the right *Idea* of the Thing, I am afraid I shall have Difficulty to make my self well understood.

The Names generally used to denote the Factions, are *Whig* and *Tory*, as obscure as that of *Guelfs* and *Gibelins*: Yea, my Lord, they have different Significations, as they are applied to Factions in each Kingdom; a *Whig* in *England* is a heterogeneous Creature, in *Scotland* he is all of a piece; a *Tory* in *England* is all of a piece, and a *Statesman*: In *Scotland*, he is quite otherways, an Anti-Courtier and Anti-Statesman.

A *Whig* in *England* appears to be somewhat like *Nebuchadnezzar's* Image, of different Metals, different Classes, different Principles, and different Designs: yet take them all together, they are like a Piece of fine mixed Drugget of different Threads, some finer, some coarser, which after all make a comely Appearance, and an agreeable Suit. *Tory* is like a Piece of Loyal-made English Cloth, the true Staple of the Nation, all of a Thread; yet if we look narrowly into it, we shall perceive Diversity of Colours, which according to the various Situations and Positions, make various Appearances: Sometimes *Tory* is like the Moon in its Full, as appeared in the Affair of the Bill of the Occasional Conformity; upon other Occasions it appears to be under Cloud, and as if it were eclipsed by a greater Body, as it did in the Design of calling
over

over the illustrious Princess *Sophia*. However, by this we may see their Designs are to outshoot *Whig* in his own Bow.

Whig in *Scotland* is a true blew *Presbyterian*, who without considering Time or Power, will venture their All for the Kirk: But something less for the State. The greatest Difficulty is, how to describe a *Scots Tory*: Of old, when I knew them first, *Tory* was an honest-hearted Comradish Fellow, who, provided he was maintain'd and protected in his Benefices, Titles and Dignities by the State, he was the less anxious who had the Government and Management of the Church: But now what he is since *Jure-Divinity* came in Fashion; and that Christianity, and, by consequence, Salvation, comes to depend upon Episcopal Ordination, I profess I know not what to make of him; only this I must say for him, That he endeavours to do by Opposition, that which his Brother in *England* endeavours by a more prudent and less scrupulous Method.

Now, my Lord, from these Divisions, there has got up a kind of Aristocracy, something like the famous Triumvirate at *Rome*; they are a kind of Undertakers and pragmatick Statesmen, who finding their Power and Strength great, and answerable to their Designs, will make Bargains with our Gracious Sovereign; they will serve her faithfully, but upon their own Terms; they must have their own Instruments, their own Measures; this Man must be turn'd out, and that Man put in, and then they'll make her the most Glorious Queen in *Europe*.

Where will this end, my Lord? Is not her Majesty in Danger by such a Method? Is not the Monarchy in Danger? Is not the Nation's Peace and Tranquility in Danger? Will a Change of Parties make the Nation more happy? No, my Lord, the

Seed is sown, that is like to afford us a perpetual Increase; it's not an annual Herb, it takes deep root, it feeds and breeds; and if not timely prevented by her Majesty's Royal Endeavours, will split the whole Island in two.

My Lord, I think, considering our present Circumstances at this time, the Almighty God has reserv'd this Great Work for us. We may bruise this *Hydra* of Division, and crush this Cockatrice's Egg. Our Neighbours in *England*, are not yet fitted for any such thing; they are not under the afflicting Hand of Providence, as we are; their Circumstances are great and glorious, their Treaties are prudently manag'd, both at home and abroad, their Generals brave and valorous, their Armies successful and victorious, their Trophies and Laurels memorable and surprizing; their Enemies subdued and routed, their strong Holds besieged and taken, Sieges relieved, Marshals kill'd and taken Prisoners, Provinces and Kingdoms, are the Results of their Victories; their Royal Navy is the Terror of *Europe*, their Trade and Commerce extended through the Universe, incircling the whole habitable World, and rendering their own capital City the *Emporium* for the whole Inhabitants of the Earth; and, which is yet more than all these things, the Subjects freely bestowing their Treasure upon their Sovereign; and above all, these vast Riches, the Sinews of War, and without which all the glorious Success had proved abortive; these Treasures are manag'd with such Faithfulness and Nicety, that they answer seasonably all their Demands, tho' at never so great a Distance. Upon these Considerations, my Lord, how hard and difficult a Thing will it prove, to perswade our Neighbours to a self-denying Bill!

It's quite otherwise with us, my Lord, we are an obscure poor People, tho' formerly of better

Ac-

Account, removed to a remote Corner of the World, without Name, and without Alliances, our Posts mean and precarious; so that I profess I don't think any one Post of the Kingdom worth the bruing after, save that of being Commissioner to a long Session of a factious Scotch Parliament, with an antedated Commission, and that yet renders the rest of the Ministers more miserable. What hinders us then, my Lord, to lay aside our Divisions, to unite cordially and heartily together in our present Circumstances, when our All is at stake? *Hannibal*, my Lord, is at our Gates, *Hannibal* is come within our Gates, *Hannibal* is come the length of this Table, he is at the Foot of this Throne, he will demolish this Throne; if we take not Notice, he'll seize upon these *Regalia*, he'll take them as our *spolia opima*, and whip us out of this House, never to return again.

For the Love of God then, my Lord, for the Safety and Welfare of our ancient Kingdom, whose sad Circumstances, I hope, we shall yet convert into Prosperity and Happiness! We want no Means, if we unite; God blesteth the Peace-makers; we want neither Men, nor Sufficiency of all manner of Things necessary, to make a Nation happy; all depends upon Management, *Concordia res parve crescant*. I fear not these Articles, tho' they were ten times worse than they are, if we once cordially forgive one another, and that, according to our Proverb, *Bygones be bygones, and fair Play for time to come*. For my part, in the Sight of God, and in the Presence of this honourable House, I heartily forgive every Man, and beg, that they may do the same to me; and I do most humbly propose, that his Grace, my Lord Commissioner, may appoint an *Agape*, may order a Love-feast for this honourable House, that we may lay aside all Self-designs, and after our Fasts and Humiliations, may have a Day

of Rejoycing and Thankfulness, may eat our Meat with Gladness, and our Bread with a merry Heart; then shall we sit each Man under his own Fig-tree, and the Voice of the Turtle shall be heard in our Land, a Bird famous for Constancy and Fidelity.

My Lord, I shall make a Pause here, and stop going on farther in my Discourse, till I see farther, if his Grace, my Lord Commissioner, receive any humble Proposals for removing Misunderstandings among us, and putting an end to our fatal Divisions; upon Honour I have no other Design, and I am content to beg the Favour upon my bended Knees.

No Answer!

My Lord Chancellor, I am sorry, that I must pursue the Thread of my sad and melancholy Story: What remains, I am afraid, may prove as afflicting as what I have said; I shall therefore consider the Motives which have engag'd the two Nations to enter upon a Treaty of Union at this time. In general, my Lord, I think both of them had in their view, to better themselves by the Treaty; but before I enter upon the particular Motives of each Nation, I must inform this honourable House, that since I can remember, the two Nations have alter'd their Sentiments upon that Affair, even almost to down-right Contradiction, they have chang'd Head-bands, as we say; for *England*, till of late, never thought it worth their Pains of treating with us; the good Bargain they made at the beginning, they resolve to keep, and that which we call an incorporating Union, was not so much as in their Thoughts. The first Notice they seem'd to take of us, was in our Affair of *Caledonia*, when they had most effectually broke off that Design in a manner, very well known to the World, and unnecessary to be treated here; they kept themselves quiet during the time of our
Com-

Complaints upon that Head. In which time our Sovereign, to satisfy the Nation, and allay their Heats, did condescend to give us some good Laws, and, amongst others, that of personal Liberties; but *England* having declar'd their Succession, and extended their Intail, without ever taking notice of us, our gracious Sovereign, Queen *Anne*, was graciously pleased to give the Royal Assent to our Act of Security, to that of Peace and War, after the Decease of her Majesty, and the Heirs of her Body, and to give us a Hedge to all our Sacred and Civil Interests, by declaring it High-Treason to endeavour the Alteration of them, as they were then establish'd. Thereupon did follow the threatening and minatory Laws against us by the Parliament of *England*, and the unjust and unequal Character of what her Majesty had so graciously condescended to in our Favours. Now, my Lord, whether the Desire they had to have us engag'd in the same Succession with them? or whether they found us like a free and independent People, breathing after more Liberty than what formerly was look'd after? or whether they were afraid of our Act of Security, in case of her Majesty's Decease? which of all these Motives has induc'd them to a Treaty, I leave it to themselves. This I must say only, they have made a good Bargain this time also.

For the particular Motives that induc'd us, I think they are obvious to be known; we found by sad Experience, that every Man hath advanc'd in Power and Riches, as they have done in Trade, and at the same time considering, that no where through the World, Slaves are found to be rich, tho' they should be adorn'd with Chains of Gold; we thereupon chang'd our Notion of an incorporating Union, to that of a federal one; and being resolv'd to take this Opportunity to make Demands upon them, before we enter into the Succession,

we were content to empower her Majesty to authorize and appoint Commissioners to treat with the Commissioners of *England*, with as ample Powers as the Lords Commissioners from *England* had from their Constituents, that we might not appear to have less Confidence in her Majesty, nor more Narrow-hearted in our Act, than our Neighbours of *England*: And thereupon last Parliament, after her Majesty's gracious Letter was read, desiring us to declare the Succession in the first place, and afterwards to appoint Commissioners to treat, we found it necessary to renew our former Resolve, which I shall read to this honourable House:

Resolve presented by the Duke of Hamilton last Session of Parliament.

“ That this Parliament will not proceed to the
 “ Nomination of a Successor, till we have had a
 “ previous Treaty with *England*, in relation to our
 “ Commerce, and other Concerns with that Na-
 “ tion. And farther, it is resolved, That this
 “ Parliament will proceed to make such Limita-
 “ tions and Conditions of Government, for the
 “ Rectification of our Constitution, as may secure
 “ the Liberty, Religion, and Independency of this
 “ Kingdom, before they proceed to the said No-
 “ mination.

Now, my Lord, the last Session of Parliament having, before they would enter upon any Treaty with *England*, by a Vote of the House, past both an Act for Limitations, and an Act for Rectification of our Constitution. What mortal Man has Reason to doubt the Design of this Treaty was federal?

My Lord Chancellor, It remains now, that we consider the Behaviour of the Lords Commissioners at the opening of this Treaty. And before I enter
 upon

upon that, allow me to make this Meditation, that if our Posterity, after we are all dead and gone, shall find themselves under an ill-made Bargain, and shall have a Recourse unto our Records, and see who have been the Managers of that Treaty, by which they have suffer'd so much: When they read the Names, they will certainly conclude and say, Ah! our Nation has been reduc'd to the last Extremity, at the time of this Treaty; all our great Chieftains, all our great Peers, and considerable Men, who us'd formerly to defend the Rights and Liberties of the Nation, have been all kill'd and dead in the Bed of Honour, before ever the Nation was necessitate to condescend to such mean and contemptible Terms; where are the Names of the chief Men, of the noble Families of *Stewarts, Hamiltons, Grahams, Campbels, Gordons, Johnstons, Homes, Murrays, Kers, &c?* Where are the two great Officers of the Crown, the Constables and Marshals of *Scotland*? They have certainly all been extinguish'd, and now we are Slaves for ever.

Whereas the English Records will make their Posterity reverence the Memory of the honourable Names, who have brought under their fierce, warlike, and troublesome Neighbours, who had struggled so long for Independency, shed the best Blood of their Nation, and reduc'd a considerable Part of their Country, to become waste and desolate.

I am inform'd, my Lord, that our Commissioners did indeed frankly tell the Lords Commissioners for *England*, That the Inclinations of the People of *Scotland* were much alter'd of late, in relation to an incorporating Union, and that therefore, since the Intail was to end with her Majesty's Life, (whom God long preserve) it was proper to begin the Treaty upon the Foot of the Treaty of the 1604th Year of God, the Time when we came first under
one

one Sovereign: But this the English Commissioners would not agree to; and our Commissioners, that they might not seem obstinate, were willing to treat and conclude in the Terms laid before this honourable House, and subjected to their Determination.

If the Lords Commissioners for *England* had been as civil and complaisant, they should certainly have finish'd a federal Treaty likewise, that both Nations might have the choice, which of them to have gone into, as they thought fit: but they would hear of nothing, but of an intire and compleat Union, a Name which comprehends an Union, either by Incorporation, Surrender, or Conquest; whereas our Commissioners thought of nothing but a fair equal incorporating Union; whether this be so or no, I leave it to every Man's Judgment; but as for my self, I must beg Liberty to think it no such thing: For I take an incorporating Union to be, where there is a Change both in the material and formal Points of Government, as if two Pieces of Metal were melted down into one Mass, it can neither be said to retain its former Form or Substance as it did before the Mixture. But now, when I consider this Treaty, as it hath been explain'd and spoke to before us these three Weeks by past, I see the English Constitution remaining firm, the same two Houses of Parliament, the same Taxes, the same Customs, the same Excises, the same Trade in Companies, the same Municipal Laws and Courts of Judicature; and all ours either subject to Regulations or Annihilations, only we have the Honour to pay their old Debts, and to have some few Persons present, for Witnesses to the Validity of the Deed, when they are pleased to contract more.

Good God! What, is this an intire Surrender?

My Lord, I find my Heart so full of Grief and Indignation, that I must beg Pardon not to finish
the

the last Part of my Discourse, that I may drop a Tear, as the Prelude to so sad a Story.

After having sat down, and some Discourses by other Members intervening, he continued his Discourse thus:

My Lord Chancellor, What I am now to say, relates to the Method of Proceeding in this weighty Affair: I hear it propos'd by a noble Member of the other side, that we should proceed in the same Order, as the Lords Commissioners Treaters did. In my humble Opinion, my Lord, it is neither the natural Method, nor can it be done without great Confusion and Repetition. To say, You'll agree to the Union of the two Kingdoms, before you agree in the Terms upon which they are to be united, seems like driving the Plough before the Oxen. The Articles, which narrate the Conditions, seem to be the Premises upon which the Conclusion is inferred; and according as they are found good or bad, the Success will follow. When a Man is married to a Fortune in *England*, as they call it, I suppose he is satisfied with the thing before he determines himself to marry; and the Proposal I have heard of agreeing to the first Article, with a Proviso, That if the rest of the Articles shall be found satisfactory, and no otherwise, is of a piece with the rest, and looks like beating the Air, and no ways consistent with fair and square Dealings. Besides, my Lord, if we were to go upon the first Article, are not all the rest of the Articles, besides many others not contained in the Articles, valid Arguments either *Pro* or *Con*, against concluding or not concluding the first Article? And no Vote in this House can hinder a Man from making use of what Arguments he thinks fit. Moreover, the searching the Records, and the revising the Statute - Books, comparing the

Books

164 *The Speech of the Earl of Argyle,*

Books of Rates, Customs, Excise, Taxes, of both Nations with one another, must all be previously consider'd ere we determine our selves in one single Article; add to this, that the prohibitory Clause, with relation to the Trade of both Nations, must be adjusted, lest, like *Aesop's* Dog, we lose the Old in grasping at the New; the State of the English Companies must also be exposed, how far we shall have Liberty into them, and what Advantage we may propose to our selves by trading to these Places where they are secured; and above all, my Lord, the Security of our National Church, and of all that's dear unto us, must be previously established to us, if practicable, before we conclude the first Article. Therefore, my Lord, tho' my particular Opinion be, tho' we had a *Cart blanche* from *England*; yet the Delivery up of our Sovereignty, gives back with one Hand, what we receive with the other, and that there can be no Security without the Guarantee of a distinct Independency betwixt the Parties treating: Yet, my Lord, for farther Satisfaction to this honourable House, that every Member may fully satisfy himself, I humbly propose, that passing by the first three Articles, which appear to be much of a piece, we begin at the fourth Article of the Treaty; and if I be seconded in this, I desire it may be put to the Question.

The Speech of the Earl of Argyle, at his Tryal on the 12th of December, 1681.

My Lord Justice General, and Remanent Honourable Lords of Justiciary,

I Look upon it as the undoubted Privilege of the meanest Subject, to explain his own Words in the most benign sense.

And

at his Tryal, Decemb. 12. 1681. 165

And even when Persons are under an evil Character, the Misconstruction of Words, in themselves not ill, can only amount to Presumption or Aggravation, and not a Crime.

But it is strangely alledged, (as well as impossible, to make any that knows me believe) that I could intend any thing, but what was honest and honourable, suitable to the Principles of my Religion and Loyalty, tho' I did not explain my self at all.

My Lord, pray be not offended, that I take up a little of your Time to tell you, I have from my Youth made it my Business to serve his Majesty faithfully; and have constantly, to my Power, appeared in his Service, especially in all Times of Difficulty; and have never joyned nor complied with any Interest or Party, contrary to his Majesty's Authority, but have all along served him in his own Way, without a Frown from his Majesty these thirty Years.

As soon as I passed the Schools and Colledges, I went to travel to *France* and *Italy*, in the beginning of the Year 1647, and continued abroad till the end of the Year 1649.

My first Appearance in the World, was to serve his Majesty as Colonel of his Foot-guard; and tho' at that time all the Commissions were given by the then Parliament, yet I would not serve without a Commission from his Majesty, which I have still the Honour to have by me.

After the Misfortune of *Worcester*, I continued in Arms for his Majesty's Service, when *Scotland* was over-run with the Usurpers, and was alone with some of my Friends in Arms, in the Year 1652; and did then keep up some Appearance of Opposition to them, by taking several of the Castles they had garisoned in *Argyle-shire*, and taking and killing three hundred of them in one Day.

After

166 *The Speech of the Earl of Argyle*

After which, I joyned with those his Majesty had commissioned, and stood out to the last, till the Earl of *Middleton*, his Majesty's Lieutenant-General, gave me order to capitulate, which I did without any other Engagement to the Rebels, but Bail to live peaceably; and did, at my capitulating, relieve several Prisoners by exchange, whereof my Lord *Granard* out of the Castle of *Edinburgh* was one.

Is it not well known, that I was imprisoned by the Usurpers, who was so jealous of me, that, contrary to their Faith, they seized on me, and kept me from Prison to Prison, till his Majesty's happy Restauration, only because I would not engage not to serve him, tho' there was no Oath required?

I do with all Gratitude acknowledge his Majesty's Bounty and Royal Favours to me when I was pursued before the Parliament in the Year 1662. His Majesty was graciously pleased not to send me down in any opprobrious Way, but upon a bare verbal Bail, upon which I came down Post, and presented my self a Fortnight before the time; and having satisfied his Majesty at that time, of my entire Loyalty, I did not offer to plead by Advocates, and his Majesty was not only pleased to pardon my Life, and to restore me to a Title and Fortune, but to put me the first in his Service in the most eminent Judicatories of the Kingdom; and to heap Favours upon me beyond whatever I did, or can deserve, tho' I hope his Majesty hath always found me faithful and thankful, and ready to bestow all I have, or can have, for his Service; and I hope he never had, nor never shall have, ground to repent any Favour he hath done me: If I were now guilty of the four Crimes libelled, I should think my self a great Villain,

In the Prosecution of the Story of my Life, in the Year 1666, when the Rebellion broke out, that was repressed at *Pemland Hills*, upon a bare Advertisement from the now Lord Archbishop of *St. Andrews*, without any Order either from the Council or General, the Intercourse being stopped, did I not bring together about two thousand Men, and sent a Gentleman to General *Dailyel*, offering to joyn with him, if the Rebellion had not presently been happily crushed? And, when I met with considerable Trouble from my Neighbours rebelliously in Arms, and had Commissions both in publick and private Accounts, have I not carried it dutifully to his Majesty, and done what was commanded with a just Moderation, which I can prove under the Hands of mine Enemies, and by many infallible Demonstrations?

Pardon me yet a few Words. Did I not in this present Parliament shew my Readiness to serve his Majesty and the Royal Family, in asserting vigorously the Lineal Legal Succession to the Crown, and had a Care to have it expressed in the Commissions of the Shires and Burroughs in which I had Interest? Was I not for offering proper Supplies to his Majesty and his Successor? And did I not concur to bind the Landlords for their Tenants, tho' I was mainly concerned? And have I not always keep'd my Tenants in Obedience to his Majesty?

I say all this, not to arrogate any thing to my self for doing what I was in Honour and Duty bound to his Majesty; But if after all this, upon no other Ground, but Words that were spoken in absolute Innocence, and without the least Design, except for clearing my own Conscience, and that are not capable of the ill Sence wrested from them by the Libel, I should be further troubled, what Assurance can any of the greatest Quality, Trust,
or

or Innocence have, that they are secure, especially considering, that so many Scruples have been started, as all know, not only by many of the Orthodox Clergy, but by whole Presbyteries, Synods, and some Bishops, which were thought so considerable, that an eminent Bishop did take the Pains to write a Treatise (which was read in Council, and allowed to be Printed, and a Copy given to me) which contains Expressions that may be stretched to a worse Sence than I am charged for. Have I not shewed my Zeal to all the Ends of the Test? How then can it be imagined, that I have any sinister Design in any thing that I have said? If I had done any thing contrary to the whole Course of my Life, which I hope shall not be found, yet one Act might pretend to be excused by a Habit. But nothing being questioned but the Sence of Words misconstrued to the greatest height, and stretched to imaginary Inclinations, quite contrary to my Scope and Design; and so far contrary, not only to my Sense, but Principles, Interest, and Duty, that I hope my Lord Advocate will think he hath gone too far in this Process, and say plainly what he knows to be true by his Acquaintance with me, both in Publick and Private, that I am neither Papist nor Phanatick, but am truly Loyal in my Principles and Practice.

The hearing of this Libel would trouble me beyond most of the Sufferings of my Life, if my Innocence did not support me, and the Hopes of being Vindicated of this and other Calumnies before this publick and noble Auditory.

I leave my Defences to these Gentlemen that plead for me: They know my Innocence, and how groundless that Libel is. I shall only say, As my Life has been most of it spent in serving and suffering for his Majesty, so whatever be the Event of this Process, I resolve, while I breathe, to be Loyal
and

at his Tryal, Decemb. 12. 1681. 169

and faithful to his Majesty; and whether I live publicly or in obscurity, my Head, my Heart, nor my Hand, shall never be wanting where I can be useful to his Majesty's Service; and while I live, and when I die, I shall pray, that God Almighty would bless his Majesty with a long, happy and prosperous Reign, and that the Lineal Legal Successors of the Crown, may continue Monarchs over all his Majesty's Dominions, and be Defenders of the true Primitive Christian Apostolick Catholick Protestant Religion, while Sun and Moon endure.

Algernon Sidney's Speech upon the Scaffold on Tower-hill, on Friday, Decemb. 7. 1683.

Men, Brethren, and Fathers; Friends, Country-men, and Strangers;

IT may be expected, that I should now say some great Matters unto you, but the Rigour of the Season, and the Infirmities of my Age, increased by a close Imprisonment of above five Months, doth not permit me.

Moreover, We live in an Age that maketh Truth pass for Treason: I dare not say any thing contrary unto it, and the Ears of those that are about me will probably be found too tender to hear it. My Tryal and Condemnation doth sufficiently evidence this.

West, Rumsey, and Keyling, who were brought to prove the Plot, said no more of me, than that they knew me not; and some others equally unknown unto me, had used my Name, and that of some others, to give a little Reputation unto their Designs. The Lord *Howard* is too infamous by his Life, and the many Perjuries not to be denied, or rather sworn by himself, to deserve mention;

M m

and

and being a single Witness would be of no value, though he had been of unblemished Credit, or had not seen and confessed, that the Crimes committed by him would be pardoned only for committing more; and even the Pardon promised could not be obtained till the Drudgery of Swearing was over.

This being laid aside, the whole Matter is reduced to the Papers said to be found in my Closet by the King's Officers, without any other Proof of their being written by me, than what is taken from Suppositions upon the Similitude of an Hand, that is easily counterfeited, and which hath been lately declared in the Lady *Car's* Case to be no lawful Evidence in Criminal Causes.

But if I had been seen to write them, the Matter would not be much altered. They plainly appear to relate unto a large Treatise written long since, in answer to *Filmer's* Book, which by all intelligent Men is thought to be grounded upon wicked Principles, equally pernicious unto Magistrates and People.

If he might publish unto the World his Opinion, That all Men are born under a Necessity derived from the Laws of God and Nature, to submit unto an Absolute Kingly Government, which could be restrained by no Law or Oath; and that he that hath the Power, whether he came unto it by Creation, Election, Inheritance, Usurpation, or any other Way, had the Right; and none must Oppose his Will, but the Persons and Estates of his Subjects must be indispensably subject unto it; I know not why I might not have published my Opinion to the contrary, without the Breach of any Law I have yet known.

I might as freely as he, publicly have declared my Thoughts, and the Reasons upon which they were grounded, and I perswaded to believe, That
God

God had left Nations unto the Liberty of setting up such Governments as best pleased themselves.

That Magistrates were set up for the Good of Nations, not Nations for the Honour or Glory of Magistrates.

That the Right and Power of Magistrates in every Country, was that which the Laws of that Country made it to be.

That those Laws were to be observed, and the Oaths taken by them, having the Force of a Contract between Magistrate and People, could not be violated without danger of dissolving the whole Fabrick.

That Usurpation could give no Right, and the most dangerous of all Enemies unto Kings, were they, who raising their Power to an exorbitant Height, allowed unto Usurpers all the Rights belonging unto it.

That such Usurpations being seldom compassed without the Slaughter of the reigning Person, or Family, the worst of all Villanies was thereby rewarded with the most glorious Privileges.

That if such Doctrines were received, they would stir up Men to the Destruction of Princes with more Violence than all the Passions that have hitherto raged in the Hearts of the most Unruly.

That none could be safe, if such a Reward were proposed unto any that could destroy them.

That few would be so gentle as to spare even the Best, if by their Destruction, of a wild Usurper he could become God's Anointed; and by the most execrable Wickedness invest himself with that Divine Character.

This is the Scope of the whole Treatise; the Writer gives such Reasons as at present did occur unto him; to prove it. This seems to agree with the Doctrines of the most revered Authors of all Times, Nations and Religions. The

best and wisest of Kings have ever acknowledged it. The present King of *France* hath declared, that Kings have that happy want of Power, that they can do nothing contrary unto the Laws of their Country, and grounds his Quarrel with the King of *Spain*, *Anno* 1667, upon that Principle. King *James* in his Speech to the Parliament, *Anno* 1603, doth in the highest degree assert it: The Scripture seems to declare it. If nevertheless the Writer was mistaken, he might have been refuted by Law, Reason and Scripture; and no Man for such Matters was ever otherwise punished, than by being made to see his Error; and it hath not (as I think) been ever known, that they had been referred to the Judgment of a Jury, composed of Men utterly unable to comprehend them.

But there was little of this in my Case; the Extravagance of my Prosecutors goes higher: the above-mentioned Treatise was never finished, nor could be in many Years, and most probably would never have been. So much as is of it was written long since, never reviewed nor shewn unto any Man; and the fiftieth part of it was never produc'd, and not the tenth of that afforded to be read. That which was never known unto those who are said to have conspired with me, was said to be intended to stir up the People in Prosecution of the Designs of those Conspirators.

When nothing of particular Application unto Time, Place, or Person, could be found in it, (as hath ever been done by those who endeavour'd to raise Insurrections) all was supplied by *Innuendo's*.

Whatsoever is said of the Expulsion of *Tarquin*; the Insurrection against *Nero*; the Slaughter of *Caligula*, or *Domitian*; the Translation of the Crown of *France* from *Merovius* his Race unto *Pepin*; and from his Descendants unto *Hugh*
Capet,

Capet, and the like, applied by *Innuendo* unto the King.

They have not considered, that if such Acts of State be not good, there is not a King in the World that has any Title to the Crown he bears; nor can have any, unless he could deduce his Pedigree from the eldest Son of *Noah*, and shew, that the Succession had still continued in the eldest of the eldest Line, and been so deduced to him.

Every one may see what Advantage this would be to all the Kings of the World; and whether that failing, it were not better for them to acknowledge they had received their Crowns by the Consent of willing Nations; or to have no better Title unto them than Usurpation and Violence, which by the same Ways may be taken from them.

But I was long since told, that I must die, or the Plot must die.

Lest the Means of destroying the best Protestants in *England* should fail, the Bench must be filled with such as had been Blemishes to the Bar.

None but such as these would have advised with the King's Council, of the Means of bringing a Man to death; Suffered a Jury to be packed by the King's Solicitors, and the Under-Sheriff; Admit of Jury-men who are not Freeholders; Receive such Evidence as is above mentioned; Refuse a Copy of an Indictment, or to suffer the Statute of 46 *Edw.* 3. to be read, that doth expressly enact, It should in no Case be denied unto any Man upon any Occasion whatsoever; Overrule the most important Points of Law without hearing. And whereas the Statute of 25 *Edw.* 3. upon which they said I should be tried, doth reserve unto the Parliament all Constructions to be made in Points of Treason, they could assume unto themselves not only a Power to make Constructions,

tions, but such Constructions as neither agree with Law, Reason, or Common Sense.

By these Means I am brought to this Place. The Lord forgive these Practices, and avert the Evils that threaten the Nation from them. The Lord sanctifie these Sufferings unto me; and tho' I fall as a Sacrifice unto Idols, suffer not Idolatry to be established in this Land. Bless thy People, and Save them. Defend thy own Cause, and Defend those that Defend it. Stir up such as are Faint; Direct those that are Willing; Confirm those that Waver; Give Wisdom and Integrity unto All. Order all Things so as may most redound unto thine own Glory. Grant that I may dye glorifying Thee for all thy Mercies; And that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a Witness of thy Truth; and even by the Confession of my Opposers, for that *Old Cause* in which I was from my Youth engaged, and for which Thou hast often and wonderfully declared thy Self.

Dr. Cartwright the Dean of Chester's Speech to King James the Second, August the 27th, 1687.

Allow us, great Sir, to Express our loyal Joy, in beholding here the Face of your Sacred Majesty. Our Eyes are now blest'd, while we see amongst us that mighty and wonderful King, who equals in Clemency his late Royal Brother; in the Sincerity of his religious Purpose, his Father the glorious Martyr; in other Princely Vertues, both his Grandfathers, the great *Henry of France*, in Courage and Conduct of Wars; and King *James the First of England*, in Wisdom, and Defence of this National Church: And what more recommends this generous Patronage, he preserves that Altar from

from being overthrown, at which he does not Worship.

'Twere to be wished true, that all who enjoy this Protection, had return'd suitably their thankful Addresses: However it be, we humbly hope, that your Majesty, like God, (whom in Governing-power, you represent upon Earth; and in Pardoning-mercy, you do imitate) will be kind to the Unthankful; and, according to your accustom'd Goodness, will spare the Place for the smaller visible Number of good Men therein.

So great Grace certainly heals their Infidelity and Revolt, especially when they are thus invited to believe and adhere to a Prince, of whom we have had the Experience, that he will no sooner recede from his Promise, than he would fly from an Enemy in the Field.

As for what concerns Us of this Royal Foundation, with all Humility, I undertake for my self, and several of my Brethren, That we will continue to advance amongst your Subjects the strict Principles of a mannerly, peaceful, and active Loyalty, making earnest Prayers to Almighty God, that he would in this World grant your Majesty Length of Day, and hereafter Eternal Life and Glory.

F I N I S.

New Books just Publish'd, Printed for Sam. Briscoe, and sold by B. Bragg at the Raven in Pater-noster-row.

1. **T**He Works of Mr. *Thomas Brown*, in Prose and Verse; Serious, Moral, and Comical. In two Volumes. Containing, A Dialogue between two *Oxford* Scholars. A pleasant Dialogue of the Saints; after the Manner of *Lucian*. An Essay on the Satyr of the Ancients. A short Essay on Modern Satyr. A Satyr of *Persius*. A Satyr against Woman. A Satyr on Marriage. A Satyr on the French King, occasion'd by the Peace of *Reswick*. Mr. *Brown's* Petition to the King and Council, under Confinement. The Satyr against Wit burlesqu'd: An Oration in Praise of Drunkenness. A Declamation of Adverbs in Latin. The same in English. A Declamation in Praise of Riches. A Declamation in Praise of Poverty. Mr. *Brown's* Table-talk: or, Amusements, Serious and Comical. — his Pocket-Book. — his Comical View of *London* and *Westminster*. — his Sermon at the Quakers Meeting. Poems, Epigrams, and Latin Verses. Observations on *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, &c. Collected from his MS. never before printed, with Mr. *Brown's* Collections of Letters. Original Letters, address'd to several of his Friends. *Aristanetum's* Letters, in two Parts, translated from the Greek, with large Improvements. Letters from the best Latin Authors. Letters from the best French Authors. Letters from the Dead to the Living, in three Parts; the third Part never before Printed. To which is prefix'd, A Character of Mr. *Tho. Brown* and his Writings, by *James Drake*, M. D. Fellow of the College of Physicians and Royal Society.

2. The next Term will be publish'd all the Works of *Lucian*, containing a general Satyr on the Vices and Follies of Mankind. Translated from the Greek Original, by Sir *Henry Sheers*, *Charles Blount*, Esq; *Walter Moyle*, Esq; — *Atkins*, Esq; *James Tyrrel*, Esq; *N. Tate*, Esq; Poet Laureat to K. *William* and Q. *Anne*, Col. *Blount*, Capt. *Ayliffe*, Capt. *Spragg*, Mr. *Laurence Echard*, Mr. *Tho. Brown*, Mr. *Hill*, Mr. *Sellers*, Dr. *Drake*, Dr. *Fern*, Dr. *Baden*, and several other Persons of Eminent Wit and Learning. With the Life of *Lucian*, and a Discourse on his Writings, and a Character of some of the present Translators. Written by *John Dryden*, Esq; Poet-Laureat and Historiographer to K. *Charles* and K. the 2d.

3. Works of the Duke of *Buckingham*, in two Volumes.

4. The Poetical Works of the right honourable the late Earl of *Rocheſter*, and the Earl of *Roscommon*: With the Life of the Earl of *Rocheſter*, by *Monſ. St. Everimont*.

5. There is in the Press the Works of *Titus Petronius Arbitr*, being a Satyr on the Court of *Nero*. Translated by several Hands: With Curs, and the Author's Life.

6. The Works of *Monſ. Voiture*.

